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THE  
SMILES AND FROWNS  
OF  
FORTUNE.

BY CLARISSE.

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LONDON:  
JAMES BLACKWOOD, PATERNOSTER ROW.

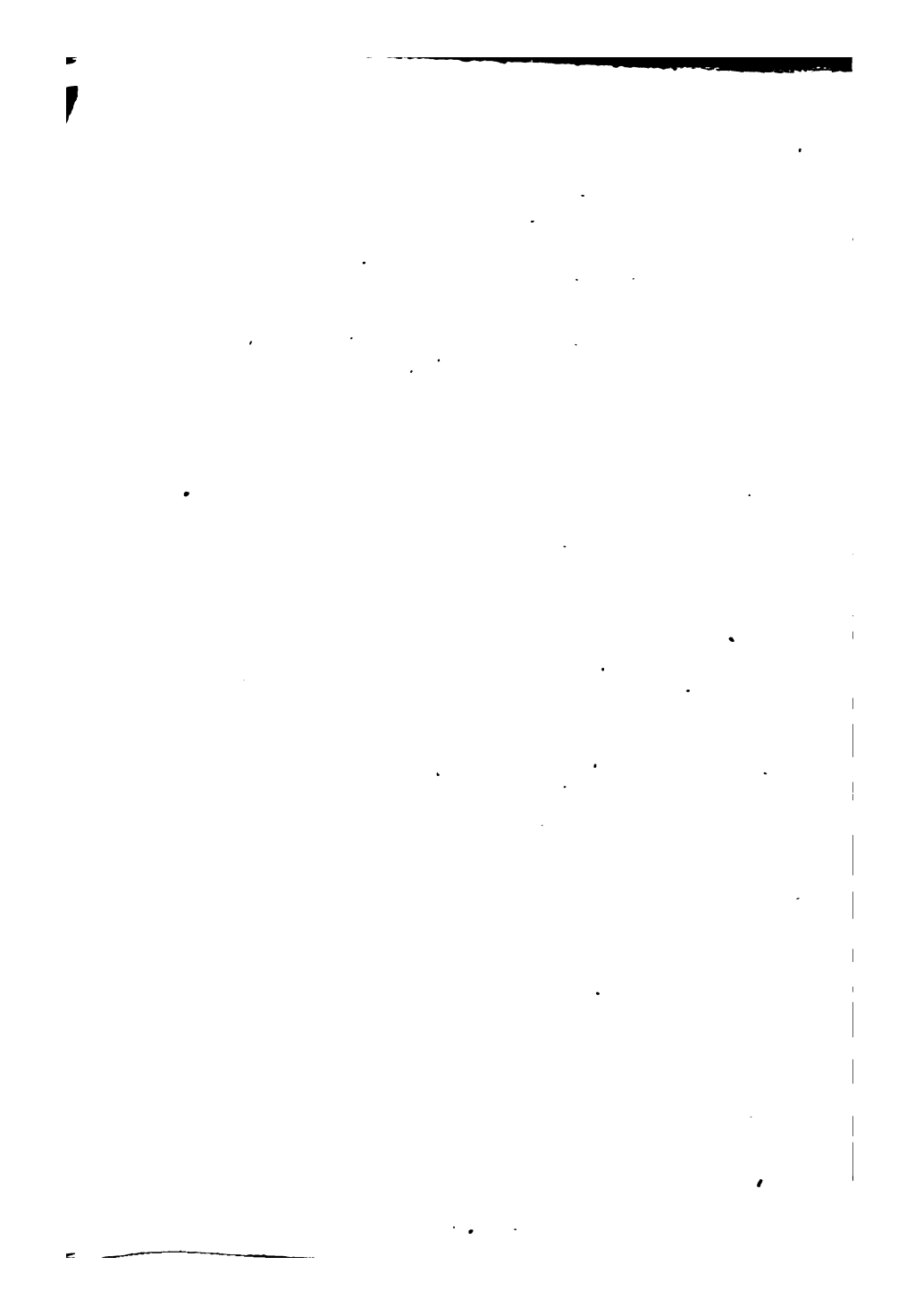


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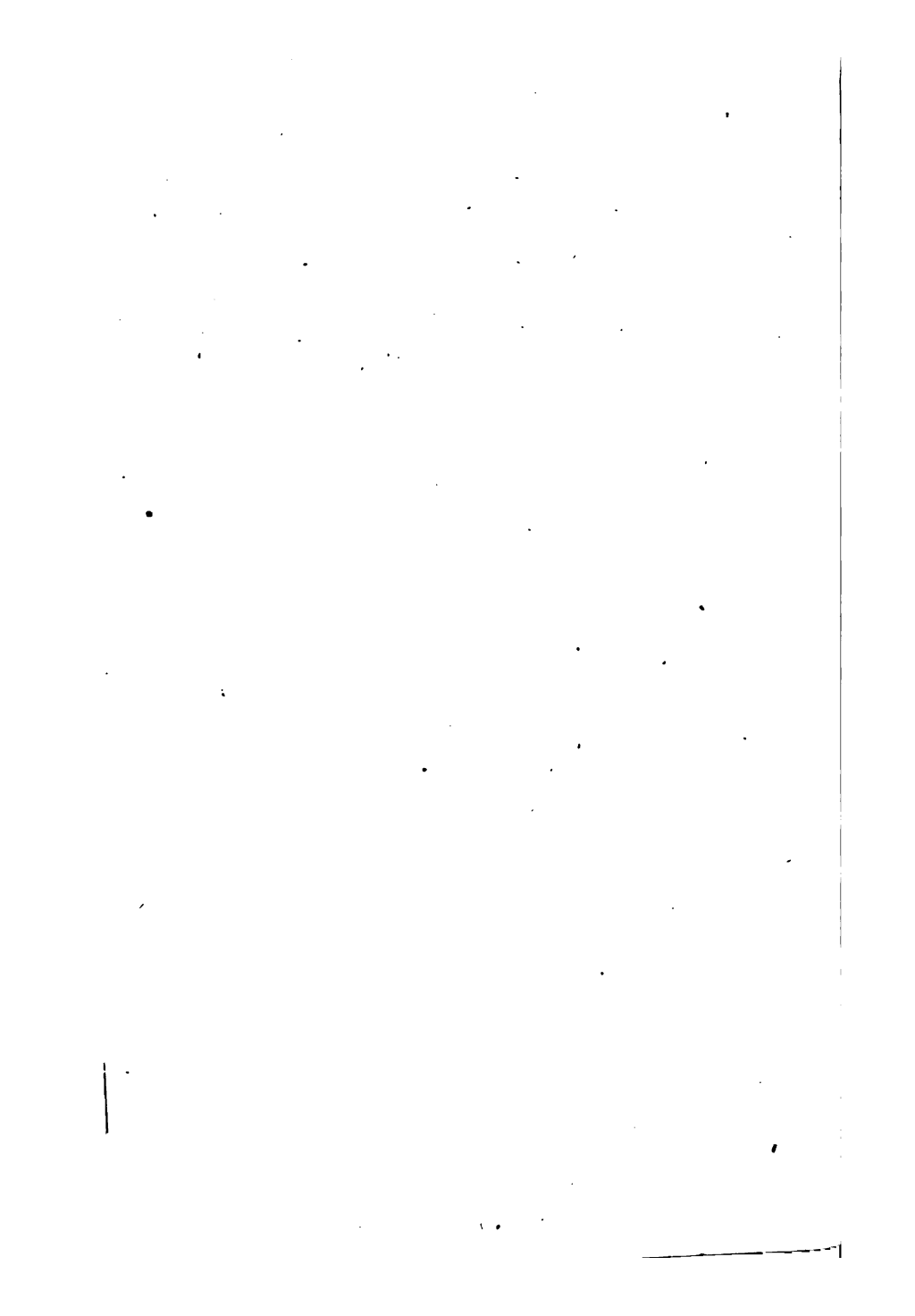


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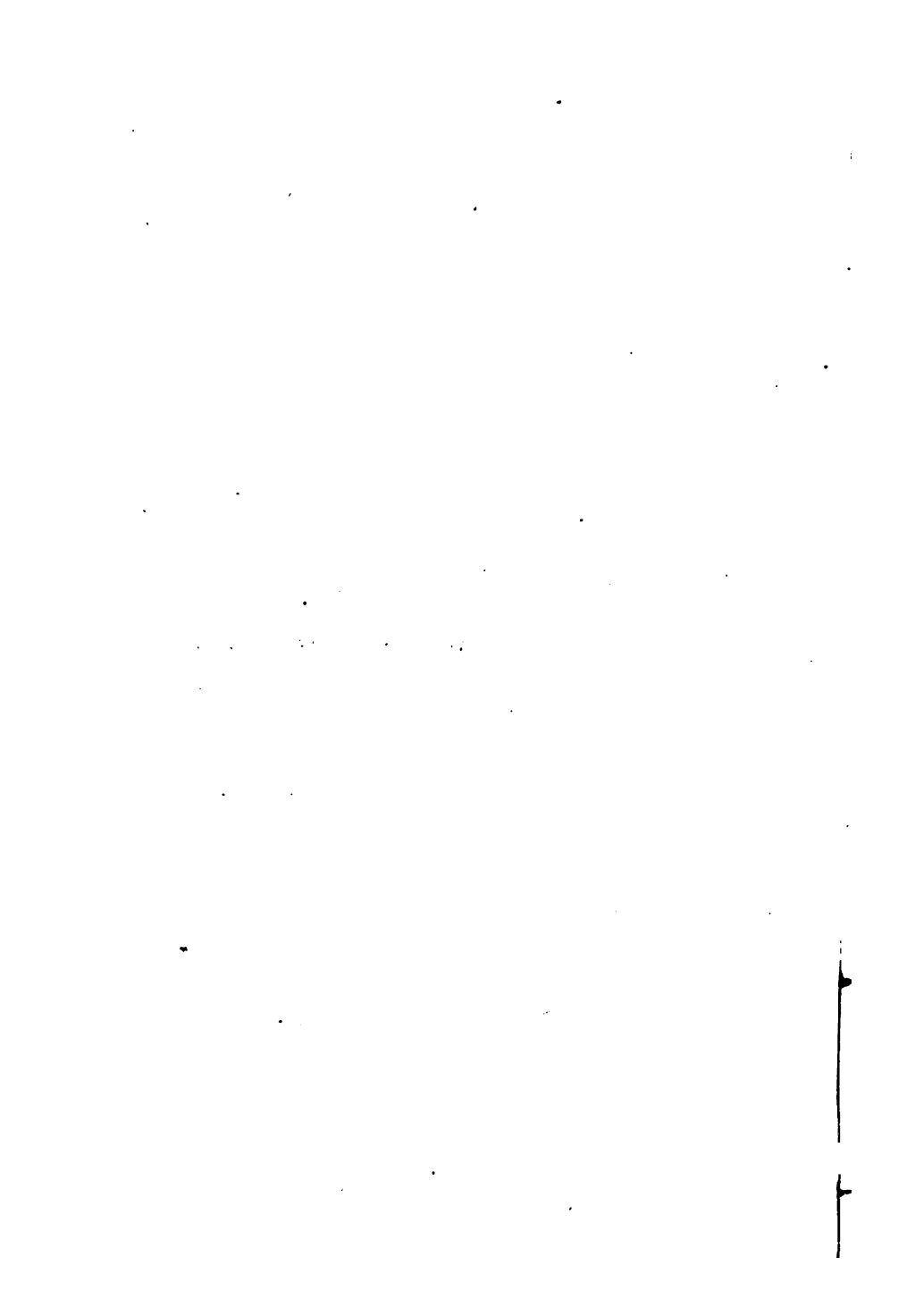


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1862.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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IN submitting the following pages to the public, the writer hopes to be excused from the imputation of mere egotism. Written, as they have been, in a desultory manner, and sometimes at long intervals, the plot must necessarily be loose, and somewhat unconnected ; but through all the writer's design has been to raise, as it were, a beacon to warn against the shoals on which, in the experience of all who can look abroad into the world, so many are wrecked, and the temptations to which, not weakness only, but the most unsuspecting innocence, is exposed.

It would avail nothing to analyze the characters who constitute the *dramatis personæ* of this work ; they will develop themselves to the kind reader who will take the trouble to follow their various journeyings, and if (though the wish be hackneyed, it is certainly sincere)

even one be benefited by the perusal, any ambition the writer may have is fully satisfied.

It has been often matter of wondering and painful thought to the writer, that in the strictures which moralists feel called on to make against the vices of *drunkenness*, &c., &c., they seem to imagine that social rank merely is a sufficient demarcation, and that certain classes are exempted alike from the gross indulgence itself, and from its consequences. That this is not so, the sad experience of many a bruised heart will bear agonizing witness; and griefs deeper than the careless world can fathom, are often borne with a serene front, hiding, as the treacherous snow does, the fatal crevass, the grave of the hopes of youth, for which maturity can bring no resurrection; and when at length the evil can be no longer hidden from the world's cold hard eye, which among us asks, "What silent anguish, what unspeakable grief has been borne, before the misery has been laid all open, and the lowest depths reached?"

Again, who, when the eye rests on a form of youthful beauty, does not allow the tongue freely, and with the exaggeration which we seem to think permitted us, to

minister incense to the mind often weak, nearly always unformed? And the word, forgotten by us as soon as spoken, is treasured up by the vain impressionable creature, whose mind has been predisposed to receive the poison poured into the ear, by the unconscious agency of those who would be the first to throw a stone at the fallen being, whose descent from the path of virtue they had helped to smooth; but it is needless to amplify on this matter. If the writer has achieved the object aimed at, there is no need of further comment—if not, the fault will not be remedied here; and so the work is put before the public and its kind patrons, with the hope which the writer has before expressed, and with deep humility.

CLARISSE.

DUBLIN, 1861.



THE  
SMILES AND FROWNS OF FORTUNE.

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CHAPTER I.

There's not a heart, however cast  
By grief and sorrow down;  
But hath some memory of the past  
To love, and call it's own.

It was a beautiful evening in the month of September, and the yellow harvest moon was just peeping with her pale face through the trees. All was calm and beautiful; the streaks of a lovely golden sunset had not quite left the sky, when a postchaise might be seen wending its way towards the Enniskerry Hotel, which proved its place of destination. It contained three passengers: one, a tall graceful woman in deep mourning, a thick crape veil entirely concealing her face; the other two, an elderly man and woman, evidently of humbler rank, who were also in mourning. The elderly woman offered her arm affectionately to the lady, saying—

“Lean on me, acushla,” and led her into the hotel.

The landlady came herself to receive them, and show them the apartments engaged for them. “This way, ma’am, please,” said she, as she led the way; “I expected you yesterday, and had a fine fire in your bedroom, so it is well aired. I hope you have not been ill?”

“No, thank you,” said the lady; “it was business delayed me,” and she looked anxiously towards the door she was startled by a noise in the corridor.

Her attendant noticed her alarm, and said—"Now, child, I tell you, you may make your mind aisey; it is only Connor bringing your luggage to your bedroom."

"You shall have no interruption here," said the landlady; "these rooms are quite apart from the rest of the house. I hope you will feel comfortable, and that you will find every thing to your wishes. The lady who wrote to say you were coming, is an old friend of mine; I should be sorry if her friends were not made comfortable."

"Thank you," said the lady; "if I want any thing, I shall let you know."

"I trust you will, ma'am," said her hostess curtsying, as she wished her a good night's rest.

The lady sat down on a sofa, and her attendant removed her muffling, and, putting a pillow to her back, said—"My poor child, you must be hungry now; what would you like to have?"

"A cup of tea, please, Mary; I think it will refresh me, and order dinner for yourself and Connor."

"Musha, anna, it's little we think about aitin' or drinkin', until we see yourself takin' something; you, that's fastin' since yesterday mornin'."

"Indeed, Mary, I feel much better, and will enjoy my tea; you may go and have your dinner, and take care of poor old Connor—you know how fond I am of him—poor mama was fond of him, too! You are both weary, and require refreshment; but, Mary, you must sleep in my room. Tell Connor I shall speak to him to-morrow about our further arrangements."

Alas! poor Madeline, you have scarcely shaped your thoughts for to-morrow, being undecided as to whether she would be safer to remain at the hotel until friendly assistance came, or to proceed to Mary Connor's cabin; but her faithful nurse and her old husband are willing and ready to follow her, no matter whither. With your permission, kind reader, we shall leave them to enjoy their repast, while we give you a short sketch of the lady's history.

Madeline was the only child of a wealthy merchant, trading in the city of Dublin; at an early age he was left sole master of a large establishment, and, we may add, a large fortune also, by the death of his father. His mother died in giving him birth, so that Henry Fitzroy never enjoyed the blessing of a mother's care or instruction. His father tried to make up for the loss by loving him to a fault, and by indulging him in every wish and thought; he was an eccentric old man, and, having married late in life, the residue of his affections was given entirely to his wife, and now that he had lost her, his affections were doubly centred in her child, who, as he grew, had unlimited indulgence from his father. How far such parental kindness was good will be seen hereafter. Beginning the world at eighteen, with his large fortune and a liberal education, accompanied by a handsome appearance and a dashing generous spirit, need we wonder that the young merchant had friends "more than enough?" He was surrounded by a circle of unprincipled men, who found it useful to be "even" seen in his society; as, through him, they got admittance to men that otherwise would have looked on them with suspicion and contempt. Those fellows had no money to lose, and still less character or position; they would come, not unfrequently when he was immersed in business, and say—"Well, Harry, are you for the races? Hang it, man, don't look so serious! The good old man made the money for you, and surely you can afford to enjoy yourself once in a way, and leave the work for your managing man to do. What do you pay those fellows for? I tell you, if you persevere in working like this, you will kill yourself, and never live to enjoy what you possess."

The poor dupe would go off with those *very attentive* friends, and spend perhaps "hundreds" of the money: that the indulgent, industrious old man worked hard to accumulate, and who perhaps never saw a race-course in his life; but Harry was what they called a trump, and liked to do things respectably, but what else could he



do, as his friends were what young men call "hard up?" Their fathers held the purse so tightly, that the sons seldom had enough money to pay their tailors' bills, or to pay what they called their debts of honour, and were not unfrequently obliged to borrow money from their too easy victim to enable them to remain at large. Henry did not give himself up entirely to those gentlemen of the sod; he was only infatuated for the time being. He was very much sought after in private life, to which he was an ornament. Few young men could boast of his acquirements, his talent, or his wit; besides, his large fortune made him a most eligible visiter to papas and mamas, who were anxious to procure what they call "a good match" for their daughters. He was a delightful companion to old and young, ugly and pretty, as they came, and had the art of putting all at ease who came near him; he could sing and play *well*, and was a most perfect dancer, so that no party was complete without him—in a word, he was a highly polished man, and, without being conceited, knew his advantages, mental and otherwise; and, though the most unsuspecting of men, frequently saw the matrimonial traps that were laid for him by fathers and mothers, who would start at the idea of a "tradesman" approaching their daughters, but considered the word "merchant" implied a very different meaning. These traps he would pass unhurt in the most smooth and gracious manner, without giving the slightest offence, and thus never lost a tittle of his popularity. In such cases he always acted most generously, inasmuch as he carefully avoided giving pain by word or action. He was not a man that would be single in his attentions to any lady, or try to win her affections merely to gratify his vanity, as is too often the case, and leaves many an innocent, confiding girl a prey to sorrow and disappointment: he was too kind and noble-hearted for that—on the contrary, he pleased all by being polite and attentive to every one, but particular to none. When a child he formed an attachment for a beautiful little girl, whose parents lived in a very pretty cottage

rented from his father ; the gardens were only divided by, a low hedge, through which the little lovers made an easy entrance, and enjoyed themselves all the more from being prohibited. Henry had an old maiden aunt, to whose care he was intrusted from his birth ; she took great care of the garden and greenhouse, but, to her great annoyance, the beds would be trampled on, and the choicest fruit plucked, even though it was unripe, and trees broken in the effort to climb up to the ripe fruit. If the little lady pointed to any particular one, it should be had at any risk, and very frequently the best flowers and buds in the greenhouse were cut, to make the bouquet for little Marian. They became so troublesome that Henry had to be sent to Eton, with the view of attending to his education, and also to estrange him from this little girl, whom he really loved with all the fondness of a brother. His father and the old lady his aunt agreed, it was very imprudent to have allowed such an intimacy between the children. The old man would say, "My boy will be wealthy ; he must marry a woman of family, and she must be wealthy too. Those Leslies are a low set, and very poor ; they cannot even afford to send that little girl to school—her mother is trying to teach her at home. I am very sorry I ever gave them that cottage ; they owe me a great deal of rent—now, I wish they would leave, and I would forgive them all they owe me—I don't like them."

The Leslies were indeed poor, but not low ; they were very respectably connected. Mrs. Leslie had an annuity of one hundred pounds per annum, left her by her father. Mr. Leslie had been paralysed for years, which left him a helpless burthen on his wife, who tried to care him with untiring affection, and contributing to his comforts as far as her small means would allow. However, she found it difficult to meet all her demands, yet she did meet them. She educated her daughter herself (being a highly educated woman) ; she spared no trouble to cultivate her little girl's mind and tastes, and thereby fit her to earn her bread as governess, an

event she knew was inevitable, as her annuity would drop at her death. She felt her health sinking under the fatiguing task she had to perform daily—her hours were divided between attending her husband and giving tuition, which she was obliged to do to enable her to provide all the little comforts necessary to an invalid ; and she had a rare and beautiful flower to cultivate at home, who certainly compensated her for all her care. Marian Leslie was a lovely and gifted child—she was a perfect *blonde*, and innocent as she was fair. She would often say, “Mother, why am I not to see Harry any more, has he been a naughty boy ? If he has, I am sure he did not mean it, and he would be very sorry if he knew it.”

Her mother would say, “No, my love, Harry has not been naughty, but your father and I do not wish you to know him ; besides, his father has forbidden him to play with you because you are poor, and Harry is too good a boy to do any thing contrary to his father’s wishes ; and I am sure you love your father and me too well to disobey our wishes. Harry has gone to school, and you too must attend to your studies, but with a different view. You, my child, will have to earn your bread, and be perhaps without a home, while he will have an ample fortune.”

How far Mrs. Leslie felt the first part of this conversation we can only guess, but no matter what she felt ; she carefully concealed her feelings from her child, and firmly exacted obedience for the present. Years rolled on without any further change in the families, but that Mrs. Leslie always managed that her daughter would be on a visit with some friends when Henry got his vacation, so that the young people did not meet for nearly seven years

## CHAPTER II.

Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,  
There's one heart, unchanging, that beats but for thee.

MOORE.

It was midsummer, and Henry was home on vacation ; they were all sitting at breakfast, the old gentleman pulled the bell—the servant came.

"John," he said, "go and ask how Mr. Leslie is."

"I need not, sir," said John ; "there's a piece of crape on the door. I hear he died last night at eleven o'clock ; and Mrs. Leslie is very bad, too ; they say she won't live much longer."

"Poor man—poor man ! I am very sorry for him," said old Fitzroy ; "I hope he left money to pay the last year's rent."

Poor Henry did not wait to hear his father's concluding speech, but rushed to his bedroom. Oh, what a delightful retreat one's little room is ! He remained nearly an hour pacing up and down his room, sometimes talking to himself.

"Poor Marian," he said, "how will you bear up against this trial ! so young, too—one parent dead, and the other dying ; *she* may die, too, and then—oh, heaven ! I cannot bear the thought ; I will see her in spite of father or aunt. 'Tis wrong—very wrong—to carry their pride and folly so far, because the Leslies are 'poor.' It is not to disobey my father I do it ; it can't be any harm ; and then it was his pride and folly that dictated the command—'not his heart ;' besides, I was then only a child, I am now eighteen !"

Oh, sweet eighteen ! which of our readers, whether

male or female, can look back to eighteen without pleasure and pain?

Henry took his hat and left the house, without well knowing what he was going to do; he found himself at the cottage door, the blinds were all down, and the crape on the knocker fluttering in the breeze; he hesitated a moment or two, and then gently pulled the bell. The old servant opened the door, she was in tears.

"Good-morning, Master Henry," she said, "this is a sad house; I knew the poor master could not last. I was prepared for that; but the mistress, that always bore up against every thing; to see her down, it breaks my poor old heart."

"I am very sorry, indeed, Mary," said Henry, "but how is Miss Leslie—how does she bear it?" He uttered these words in a thick, choking voice. He added—"Will you tell her, Henry Fitzroy called, and wants to see her particularly?"

"Yes, sir," said Mary, who went up to her mistress's room, and beckoned Marian to the door. "Master Henry is below, and wants to see you particularly, miss." Marian turned paler, if possible, than before, and pressed her forehead with her hands, and remained silent; the servant took her hand and said—"Don't be frightened, my darling, it's not the rent he's come for; bad as they are, they would not do that now."

Poor old soul! she little knew the storm that was raging in poor Marian's heart, but it was over; Marian said calmly—"Tell Master Henry I am obliged to him for calling, but that I cannot see any one at present."

Henry was disappointed, yet he expected as much; he returned home. There was another ring at the door of the house of mourning—a venerable old man, the parish priest, stood at the door; when opened, he said—"Good-morrow, Mary, how did Mrs. Leslie get the night?"

"Pretty well, your reverence," said Mary.

"Tell Miss Leslie I am here, and wish to speak with her in the parlour, before I go to her mamma."

Marian had heard his voice, though he spoke in a whisper, and entered the parlour just as he was giving the message; he met her kindly, and seated her beside him.

"My poor child," he said, "all this is telling sadly on *you*; but put your trust in God." The good old man's kindness caused her to give vent to her grief in tears, they were the first she had shed since her father died. He did not try to soothe her, he knew the tears would relieve her heavily laden heart; he had had charge of her spiritual education, and discharged his duty well; he knew every secret of her heart, which was all innocence and purity. When her feelings became calm, he took her hand and said—"My child, you know you have no secrets from me; I am anxious to know how you are situated as to money matters; tell me every thing, I must be a father to you now."

Marian proceeded to tell him how her poor mother had disposed of every available thing, even her watch, which was a present given her by her husband on her wedding-day, to supply the dying man's wants, and to pay the doctor's last fee. Marion had one pound left. Alas! her sorrows were great without having to contend with cold, pinching poverty; but God in his mercy always protects the orphan and the afflicted, if they only put their trust in Him. He is sure to help the good and virtuous, not perhaps in the way that we blind creatures wish, but in the way that is best for us.

The good man then said—"I suspected as much, though your poor mother never told me, and therefore, without consulting either of you, I ordered the funeral; so your mind may be easy about that; and, after your father's remains are interred, we can look into other affairs. Take this, and it will supply you for the present," handing her a five-pound note that some pious lady had just given him as a present.

Marian was in the act of declining this last act of kindness, but he stopped her, saying—"Not a word—you must practise obedience as well as patience," and

proceeded to her mother's room. He was shocked to see the progress disease had made in so short a time, for he had seen her late the night before.

The poor stricken creature raised her head, and said —“Thank God, father, you are here! I feel my time is come; I shall soon join my poor husband in a better and happier world, I trust; but, oh! my child—what will she do, left thus suddenly alone in this harsh, cold world, desolate? but, my God, ‘thy will be done!’ into thy hands I commend my child.”

The good priest turned aside to brush away a tear; he tried to give all the comfort religion and affection could suggest, prayed long and fervently with her, and succeeded in drawing that poor broken heart from earth to heaven.

## CHAPTER III.

Where is she, where, the blooming bough,  
That once my life's sole lustre made?  
'Torn off by death, 'tis withering now,  
And all its flowers in dust are laid.

MOORE.

"FATHER," she said, "I wish to speak with you on worldly matters, and then I can die." She drew a key from under her pillow and gave it him. "It will open the drawer of this table," she said, "and in that you will get a small purse."

He did so, and handed her the purse.

"Father," she said calmly, "I have long been prepared for the event of my husband's death, but hoped that God would spare me, but such is not his will. I put this by (handing him ten pounds) that I might be able to give him a decent burial. I have suffered many pressing and pinching wants, and would not touch it; will you act the good Samaritan, and see him laid in the grave? I really have no friend but you."

"My child," he said, "I have made arrangements for the funeral. I did not think you had this little store; but we can give it to Marian, she will want it all to care you. I trust you will soon be better, and then we can talk about the future."

"No, my friend," she said, "do not try to deceive yourself or me; I feel I am dying, and would wish to place my child under your protection. When I am gone, sell all that is in the house. There is a year's rent due to Mr. Fitzroy, he must be paid; also the apothecary, who has been very kind indeed. There will be little left."

Marian tapped at the door impatiently, and entered



the room with a letter in her hand, which she gave to her mother; it contained a twenty-pound note, with only the words—"From a friend."

Neither mother nor daughter knew the writing; nor were they aware of having any friend but the good old priest at this trying moment. The mother desired her to put it away carefully; and, should she discover the giver, to return it with thanks. "You must learn to be independent, my child, and lean only on yourself for support when I am gone. Your education is good, and that will secure you independence, with the blessing of God." She ceased to speak; and looked long and painfully at her child, and then struggling with feelings unexpressed, said—"Marian, 'tis true we are 'poor,' and you have been nursed in poverty, yet I have always tried to be independent to those who would frown on us for being 'poor.' *You must never use that money.* I am sure it is kindly meant; but, no—my child, you must not use it."

She sank down on the pillow exhausted, and covered her eyes with her hand. She lay there pale and silent for some time, her child and the old priest watching her; she breathed quick and heavily. Marian stooped down and said—"Dear mother, are you in pain?" but she answered not.

Whatever her feelings were, they never knew. With a sudden effort, she raised herself in the bed, and said—"If it was the will of God, I wish I had been spared this last pang." And then, pressing her hand to her heart, said—"My child—my child! into—thy hands—I commend her! Oh, God! may'st thou watch over—her—and protect—her!"

She sank back gasping for breath, and closed her eyes, and remained silent for nearly ten minutes; breathing so faintly, that more than once, during those burning moments of anxiety, even the old man thought the spirit had vacated its earthly habitation. It was a painful moment for poor Marian; yet she moved not, spoke not, nor did she shed a single tear.

Mrs. Leslie opened her eyes, and stretched out both her hands; taking her child's and the priest's hands, she smiled, and said—"Yes," as if answering some call, and then exclaimed—"God be merciful to me a sinner!" and expired.

Her child and the old man silently knelt down by the bedside and prayed, each in the depths of their own heart. When the good man recovered this unexpected shock, he rose from his knees, and tried to raise the drooping flower before him.

"You must leave this place," he said; "it is no place for you."

He was leading her from the chamber of death, when she stopped and said mournfully—

"Father, I must not go; mother is not dead—no, no, she is not dead! God would not take her from me at this awful moment—I could not spare her."

These words were uttered in a tone of such unutterable woe that no pen can describe, as the poor girl sank lifeless in the old man's arm, who, though accustomed to scenes of misery, poverty, and death, in the discharge of his sacred duties, was scarcely able to sustain himself in this trying moment; every thing occurred so unexpectedly, so rapidly, that even *he* could not believe it was all reality that had passed before him. He was stupefied; he felt as though it was a horrid dream. He called aloud for help, and the old servant came rushing in, and seeing her child, as she always called her, fainting in the good old man's arms, she assisted him to lay her on a sofa that was in the room.

"Mary," he said, "run across in all haste for the doctor; tell him not to delay one moment, or he may be too late."

The faithful creature waited to hear no more; but ran, with a speed unnatural to her, to execute the order given her. She thought the terror and anxiety evinced by the priest was all on Marian's account, never for a moment thinking a greater affliction awaited her.

The doctor entered the room, and was in the act of

shaking hands with his reverend friend, when he was struck with the look of terror and grief that was depicted on his countenance. He asked, "What is the matter, my friend?"

The priest pointed to the bed on which Mrs. Leslie was lying, and said—"Sir, can you do any thing? It is not possible—it can only be a faint; she cannot be dead."

The doctor approached the bed; he took her hand, and felt her pulse, but it beat not; he put his hand on her heart, but no; all was still. Her spirit had fled to seek repose in a better, and we trust a happier, world. He was greatly shocked—shocked beyond our powers of description. "Tis all over," he said; and the two men stood regarding each other in silent awe. They both turned mechanically to the sofa, where the servant, and her daughter, Mary Connor, were trying to recover Marian; but the old woman, when she heard the doctor say "Tis all over," for the first time comprehended the extent of their affliction, she left Marian, who hitherto had been all her care, to her daughter, and threw herself on her knees beside her mistress's bed, and set up a cry so piteous and mournful that would rend the heart of the most hardened. She was inconsolable; she had loved and served her mistress faithfully, and with all the devotion of a warm, truly Irish heart.\* She had nursed Mrs. Leslie, and loved her as her own child.

Marian by this time had partially recovered, and the doctor had her removed to her own room. She made no resistance, but suffered them to carry her away. She was unable to walk, nor did she appear to remember any thing that had passed; she did not speak, but looked vacantly when they tried to arouse her.

\* You will seldom see such pure, disinterested affection any where, as amongst the humbler classes of the Irish.

## CHAPTER IV.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws  
A dark shade alike o'er our joys and our woes;  
To which life nothing darker, nor brighter, can bring,  
For which joy hath no balm, and affliction no sting.

MOORE.

WHAT a depressing thing it is to see the preparations for a funeral! Every one is struck with awe; each feeling in his own heart that such may be his own case ere long. And 'tis a strange fact that, no matter what the feelings of our friends and neighbours may have been during life, the laurels they envied us, and plucked from our crown whilst living, they willingly place on our tomb when we are dead. And so it was with our friends, the Leslie's. Even old Mr. Fitzroy was sorry—very sorry indeed for Mrs. Leslie. He thought her a very decent, respectable woman; she had always paid her rent so punctually, she must have been better off than he thought. He had been informed that she had left some means for her daughter, and to pay her debts. Of course he was sure of the last year's rent being settled at once, at least so he had been informed by a private friend; he and Henry, of course, should go to the funeral, though they were not invited; but that, he knew, was not intended as a slight. Under existing circumstances, and owing to the very great respect he had for the Leslie's, he would look over that, and go.

All was bustle at that once beautiful and happy little spot, Auburn Cottage. There were a great number of gentlemen standing outside the door; for though the Leslie's were poor, they were much respected. Standing near the door was our friend, Father Dunn, with whom,

the reader is already well acquainted, in earnest conversation with two dignified, quiet-looking gentlemen, one the Protestant clergyman of the parish, whose daughters Mrs. Leslie had been teaching music, and the other the doctor. The remains were placed in the hearse.

We have seldom seen any thing so painful or melancholy as the two coffins with the remains of a husband and wife placed in one hearse. It would appear that two beings, who were so devoted and attached to each other during life, would not be separated even in death.

Each one took his seat in the carriages appropriated to them—Mr. Fitzroy had his own ; the two clergymen and the doctor were the chief mourners. All was now ready, and the sad procession moved away. Most of our readers have felt the pang of that dreadful moment, when the hearse moves slowly away, taking from their sight for ever some dear one ; and, oh ! how the sound of those wheels pierce the heart. We feel as if those wheels passed over our hearts, tearing away a portion, and leaving a void never to be filled up—a wound never to be healed. Such was the case with poor old Mary ; but Marian was spared that last trial. She was quite delirious, brain fever had set in. She loved her mother tenderly ; and, to see her thus suddenly taken away, and her father lying dead in another room, was enough to destroy stronger nerves than hers.

The remains were interred in Glasnevin Cemetery, and four fine, noble men stood beside that grave until the last sod of earth was placed on it, and paid the tribute of tears of honest grief, tears of sympathy they had no need to be ashamed of ; they were leaving the spot, when, for the first time that morning, Father Dunn saw Henry Fitzroy. He took his hand and pressed it warmly, and passed on without a word, with the clergyman and doctor, to their carriage, and Henry to his father's. Mr. Fitzroy did not leave the carriage, on the plea of having a bad cold, but in reality owing to his great fear of death ; he had not nerve enough to look on the abodes of the dead. He always complained of

illness if he went to a funeral, and would lie in bed for two and three days, owing to his nervousness about death.

And yet Mr. Fitzroy must one day die, and leave all his hoard of treasured wealth after him for others to spend, who will very soon forget him. How often do we hear of men of large fortune leaving half their wealth for charitable purposes when they are dying; but we say, with the old adage, "Tis better late than never." But what a pity that those whom God has blessed with the means of doing good, have not the will to apply it to the use it was intended for, whilst they are yet spared to enjoy, even in this life, the reward sure to be given to those who take care of the poor of Christ. Oh! if they knew the delightful pleasure of giving, it far exceeds the pleasure of receiving; how pleasing it is to see the grateful, happy smiles of the poor we have relieved, to hear their prayers for us, and the blessings they call down on us! Oh! how little the selfish rich man knows, who shuts his heart against the suffering poor, how many pleasures he denies himself by thus refusing them the little they require of him; but let him remember it is their right; he is only the treasurer or caretaker, he should look on it as trust-money, and should lay up his treasure "where neither moth nor rust can consume it." Sometimes a kind word is all that is required of us, and in our selfish independence we deny even that; it was all poor Mrs. Leslie required from her exacting landlord. Poor thing! how her proud, honest heart would die within her at the sound of his voice, when she would not be prepared for his annual call; and how she struggled against poverty, and tried to make her home independent by her own untiring industry! Many a dreary, cold, wet day, after a sleepless night in attending on her sick husband, she sallied forth (with an aching heart and head) to give tuition, that helped her not only to pay her rent, but also to procure the many delicate little comforts necessary to an invalid, and performed those duties with a smiling, cheerful countenance, that

concealed a breaking heart. She was admired and esteemed by many, particularly by the good and virtuous. There was one whose sympathy she entirely won, namely, the Rev. Charles Scott, the Protestant rector of the parish, and, we may add, that of his good and pious wife, whose children Mrs. Leslie was engaged to instruct in music. They were, indeed, truly charitable and kind to her; Mrs. Scott would seldom let her depart without some little delicacy, as a present for Mr. Leslie, and never without preparing luncheon, knowing her scanty means at home; in truth, Mrs. Leslie not unfrequently went out without breaking her fast, and thus broke down a constitution that otherwise was strong and healthy. Sorrow does its work slowly but surely, and brings its victims, as it did poor Mrs. Leslie, to a premature grave.

As the gentlemen returned from the funeral, the Rev. Mr. Scott proposed that Marian should be removed to his house, where she would receive the care she required from his wife, assisted by old Mary; who, by the bye, when she heard it, was not very willing to go. "How do I know," she would say, "but he wants to convert my child?" (she meant to say pervert;) but no, Mr. Scott was too high-souled a man to perform his acts of piety or zeal by bribery. If any one wished his instruction, he entered heart and soul into their cause: he lived but for God and his fellow-creatures. It was arranged that Marian should be removed to his house, and that the Rev. Mr. Dunn should proceed to execute Mrs. Leslie's last wishes, which he did scrupulously to the letter, supplying all the deficiencies out of his own purse, which was scanty enough, as he gave in charity nearly all that was given him for his own comforts.

## CHAPTER V.

Oh! if your tears are given to care,  
If real woe disturbs your peace;  
Come to my bosom, weeping fair,  
And I will bid your weeping cease!

MOORE.

WE must follow Henry Fitzroy after his visit to the Leslies. He was deeply mortified at Marian refusing to see him, for two reasons; first, he thought that Marian had ceased to love him; that her offended parents had taught her to despise him, thinking, perhaps, that he shared his father's mean, mercenary feelings; and secondly, he feared that she might think he called with an unfriendly feeling to demand money. "Could she think," he would ask himself, "that I would call at such a moment to pain or oppress her? No, no! Marian must remember her little playfellow loved her too well for that; her not seeing me was not meant as a slight. Indeed, had I reflected for a moment, I might have known she would not see any visitors; particularly if she has been taught to regard me as a mercenary being. Oh, my father! why has your love for money closed your heart to all the better feelings of your nature! If Marian only knew how little I share in those feelings, and how much I love her! Though it is now more than seven years since I saw her, yet my love is still the same. Yes! I would sacrifice all the wealth of this earth, if it were mine, to restore her to happiness."



All this he kept muttering to himself while he paced up and down his room, whither he repaired on his return from his unsuccessful visit. At length his father called him, and said he wanted him to write some letters, as he did not feel very well. Henry instantly obeyed his father's wishes; for, bad as Mr. Fitzroy was to the world, he loved his son tenderly, and his love was amply returned. He did what his father required of him, and carefully sent the letters to the post, with directions given in a low voice to the servant. He then had a walk with his father. They talked over the melancholy circumstances that had occurred at the cottage; it shocked Mr. Fitzroy very much. He could not banish the thought of death from his mind; he felt as if he had taken the contagion, though there was none to take, for the reader is already aware Mrs. Leslie died of a broken heart, and her husband of epilepsy; but we use the word "contagion" figuratively. He never, perhaps, in his whole life, thought so seriously of death; he thought very naturally the same thing might happen to himself, and that thought alone was dreadful to him. His boy saw with pain his depression, and tried to arouse him. They walked together for a long time without speaking; each engrossed with his own thoughts. At length the father broke silence by saying—"I intend going to the funeral; and I wish you to accompany me."

Henry said—"Oh! of course, we must go to the funeral; that is the least we can do. I shall ascertain the hour and order the carriage."

The old man said—"It will interfere with my business; but, for the sake of appearances, we must go."

Henry coloured deeply at his father's hollow-heartedness, and said—"I go, sir, with feelings of the purest friendship."

His father looked very much displeased, and said—"Henry, there cannot possibly be any feeling of friendship between you and those people; your positions are quite different."

"Yet, sir, our positions will one day be the same."

You seem to forget they are past caring for your friendship or your opinion now."

"I allude to their daughter," said his father, getting still more hardened; "but, of course, the persons interested for them, and who are their equals, will remove her from the cottage, and see me paid my year's rent. They shall not stir a stick until I am paid; I never liked them. However, we shall go to the funeral; and when I have got my money from them—— By the bye, I must see that old Papist priest about it; I am informed it is he that has got the settlement of their affairs. I must see him, and make sure of my own."

The reader can easily imagine how poor Henry felt during this disagreeable conversation. Just at this moment they met the Rev. Mr. Scott, who joined them in their walk. After the usual inquiries after each other's health, the conversation naturally turned to the Leslies. Mr. Fitzroy went through the whole tirade again that we have just related. The good clergyman, who was much pained and disgusted with Fitzroy's remarks, said—"Make your mind easy, my friend; you shall be paid."

But Fitzroy said—"I have no confidence in those popish priests, they are a designing set of men; and I am told that old fool, Father Dunn, has got charge of their affairs."

The Rev. Mr. Scott was much hurt at this rude, disrespectful allusion to his old and much-respected friend, and said—"Mr. Fitzroy, you mistake the character of the man you speak of so lightly. He is a gentleman, and an honest man in heart and soul; and, though I differ widely from him in matters of religion—or, in other words, though he is not of the household of faith,—nevertheless, I love and respect him, for his charity and goodness are unbounded. That man would not keep a second coat to his back, and know his fellow-creature to be in want. He cares not whether you are Jew or Atheist; if you want help he will help you for God's sake, and that is what I call a true Christian. So, make your

mind easy, my friend ; Mr. Dunn will see you paid. It was an awful visitation from God, to see those poor creatures taken away so very suddenly. We should all take it as a warning ; we do not know how soon we may be called on ourselves to give an account of our stewardship."

Old Fitzroy felt the truth of the remark, yet he could not bear to entertain it. They had just arrived at Mr. Scott's house ; he asked them in, but they declined. They parted, and Mr. Scott went to seek his friend, the priest ; he told him all that old Fitzroy said about his rent, concealing of course his bigoted, disrespectful remarks.

"You must pay the year's rent," he said, "before you take any step, or you will find Fitzroy troublesome."

"But I do not possess so much," said the good old man, slightly colouring at this admission of poverty."

It did not surprise Mr. Scott—he knew Father Dunn was always giving away his means to the poor ; so he replied, without taking any notice of his friend's embarrassment—"Oh, I can give it you ; we must settle every thing quietly, as poor Mrs. Leslie would have done if she were spared. Poor thing ! she had so much honest pride about her ; I cannot tell how much my wife and myself lament her. She was a true woman. I forgot to tell you that the Fitzroys are going to the funeral."

"That is a great condescension," said Father Dunn, who well knew the feeling that existed between the two families.

"So the old man seems to think," said Mr. Scott.

"Well, we did not ask them," said the priest tartly ; "it is manners to wait to be asked. I am glad you can lend me the money to pay them, and be done with them. When Marian recovers, that is, if she does recover, we must provide some place away from this—that young fellow has an eye on her—it will not do to have her in his way ; but Henry is a noble boy, and has not a bit of his father's disposition ; he is like his mother, she was a very superior woman. Still, my friend," said the

priest, "I don't like mixed marriages ; they never turn out happily—don't you agree with me ? "

"I do," said Mr. Scott musingly.

They parted till the morning, when they were to inter the remains of their friends. The reader is already aware of all that took place at the funeral.

## CHAPTER VI.

It is not the tear at this moment shed,  
When the cold turf has just been laid o'er them,  
That can tell how belov'd were the friends that are fled,  
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore them.

MOORE.

AFTER the funeral, Father Dunn returned to the cottage to arrange Mrs. Leslie's affairs, according to her last wishes. How gloomy every thing appeared now in this once bright spot! every thing remained just as it was in the morning. He ordered Mary Connor to remove all the traces of death, and get every thing to rights, and he called to pay Mr. Fitzroy a visit.

He asked—"Is Mr. Fitzroy at home?"

The servant said—"Yes, sir, but he is not well—he went to bed after coming from the funeral."

"Then can I see Master Henry?"

"Yes, sir, I think you can."

He was shown up to the drawing-room, and, after a short time, Henry came. He received the old man kindly and respectfully, and talked of his father being so ill—he is always so after being at a funeral. "He is very nervous about death," he said; and then, changing the discourse, he asked—"How is Miss Leslie?" I called, but she declined seeing me."

"You could scarcely expect her to see you under such painful circumstances," said the priest. "I am sorry to tell you, she is very ill; the shock her mother's sudden death gave her was too much for her delicate nerves—it has turned to brain fever. We had her removed to

Mr. Scott's for the present. I am going to call an auction, and wished to pay your father before any thing should be done. As he is ill, you can give me a receipt, and I shall give you the money."

This, though not meant, was to Henry's sensitive feelings like a rebuke. "They know my father's love for money," he thought—"would that the world knew how little I care for it!"

He wrote the receipt, and the old man counted the money to him, and took his leave; he then proceeded to make the necessary arrangements for the sale, and returned home wearied both in mind and body. Meantime, Mr. Fitzroy became very ill; he had been several days in bed, and the doctor told Henry he would like some other doctor to be called in. Henry desired him to have whom he wished at once; and they held a consultation, the result of which was, that Mr. Fitzroy was suffering from a nervous affection, and they feared paralysis might follow. They recommended him change of air and scene. It was proposed that he would visit the continent: it was mentioned to him, and he was delighted at the idea, and said he felt much better, and would be able to undertake the journey the following week. After the doctors left the house, he sent for his son, and talked the whole matter over with great interest. "You must come with me," he said, "though it will cost me a lot of money, and I can badly afford it just now; my absence from business, too, will be a dreadful loss: you see, Henry, every thing comes at the worst time. I wanted to look after those people who have charge of the Leslies' affairs; I fear that old Papist priest will make away with every thing, and I will never get a penny, and a whole year's rent due! It is a pity, Harry, you are not a smarter fellow; you ought to be able to see after such things for me: I fear you will never be a man of business."

"You are making yourself uneasy without cause—the Rev. Mr. Dunn called and settled the year's rent you are so uneasy about."

"The Rev. Humbug!" said his father; "I protest, Harry, you are half a Papist; you speak of that old rogue as if he were a deity."

Henry coloured deeply, and said, "I think he is an honest man, and I speak of him as a clergyman and a gentleman, which is the character he universally bears."

The old man became very much excited, and was just about bursting into a violent fit of passion, when Henry handed him the money he had received: it had the desired effect of calming his father's feelings; he was pleased at getting the money, and was able to speak quietly about his intended journey. The next day he was able to get up and take an airing in his carriage, and to pay a visit to his doctor, who pronounced him very much better, and recommended him to make immediate preparation for his journey. All was now hurry and bustle amongst the servants, the master was going to travel. There was a great deal of whispering, as if they had been intrusted with a great secret, and each one appeared to say they knew a great deal if they wished to "tell." Some went so far as to say they heard it for "certain," that the master was going to be married to a very rich lady, a foreigner—others said it was a change before death, that they would bet a wager the master would never return alive; while others hinted that the firm of Fitzroy & Son was in debt; and when the idea was laughed at they would shake their heads wisely, and say, "It is hard to know how those large houses stand, they often fail for thousands, and sometimes to their advantage too."

'Tis strange, when any sudden change occurs in a family, what a deep interest the neighbours and servants take in your affairs. It was finally settled amongst the gossips that Mr. Fitzroy was going to be married, that the courtship had been going on for some time, but that Master Henry did not know the truth of the matter "yet," but that he suspected something was going on.

Poor Mr. Fitzroy little knew what an object of interest he had become. The thought of matrimony never for a

moment entered his mind—he did not admire women—he thought them too *extravagant*—he believed in his heart there never was a *perfect* woman but one, and that one was his lost wife, the mother of his only child. He mourned her loss to the end of his life, though it was hinted he did not value her while he had her.

Alas! Mr. Fitzroy was not singular in that case; there are few of us know the value of our treasure until we lose it; such is the case, particularly with men. How often do they spend their youth endeavouring to win an object, and how frequently do they abuse it when they attain it! We do not give it for granted that such was the case with Mr. Fitzroy; we only said it was hinted. Every thing was now prepared for their journey, and the poor old man felt a kind of superstitious fear coming over him; he began to think he would get his health better at home, but then the doctor said he must go, it was absolutely necessary, and of course it must be done. Still, he became more and more uneasy; at length he told Henry of the unhappy state of his mind, and declared his fear of dying on the way.

Poor Henry was greatly grieved at this, and said—“Dear father, why go if you are nervous about it? I think you should see Mr. Scott, and give him your confidence; he will be better able to advise you than me.”

His father thought his advice very good, and told him to order the carriage at once, and that they should pay Mr. Scott a visit; they did so, and fortunately found him at home. He welcomed them most heartily, and, after chatting for nearly half an hour, Mr. Fitzroy told him of all his nervous fears. Mr. Scott rallied him, and said it proceeded from the nervous system being disarranged, and that he only wanted change of scene.

“At the same time, my friend,” he added, “’tis well to be prepared; if I were you, I would settle all my affairs before leaving. In fact, you should make your will; it does not shorten life a bit, and ’tis just as well to have it done. I made my will five years ago.”

Mr. Fitzroy began to feel even more uncomfortable



than before, yet he could not help feeling that his friend was right. He could not divest himself of the idea that death was approaching, slowly but surely, and at length made up his mind to take his friend's advice. He chatted awhile with Mr. Scott, and Henry went to the window to look at a drawing that one of Mrs. Scott's little girls had just finished. He complimented Miss Scott on her good taste, and carelessly asked—"How is Miss Leslie? I understand she is staying with you for the present."

Mrs. Scott replied—"She is much better to-day."

They were interrupted by Mr. Fitzroy taking his leave, and promising to see them again previous to his departure. It is wonderful how much a little friendly influence can do, even with the most obstinate people. Mr. Fitzroy went home, perfectly converted to the necessity of making his will, even if he were not going away at all.

"It's strange," he said to his son, "what an objection persons have to make their will; it is really absurd, for, after all, it does not hasten one's death a bit."

## CHAPTER VII.

Here, at thy tomb, these tears I shed ;  
Tears which, though vainly now they roll,  
Are all love hath to give the dead,  
And wept o'er thee with all love's soul.

MOORE.

WE must ask our readers to come back with us to learn something of Marian Leslie. The dreadful shock she received at her mother's sudden death was near proving fatal ; she was quite delirious for three weeks. The doctors feared that reason had been destroyed ; for several days they had no hope of her recovery, she baffled all their skill. It was proposed that one or two eminent men should be called in ; the two doctors that were in daily attendance became extremely anxious about her. They wished to have a consultation ; it was arranged the gentlemen were to meet the next day, and our friends, Father Dunn and Mr. Scott, were also to be there, being more than anxious for their charge. The four doctors met at the appointed hour, and, after seeing their patient, they retired to the drawing-room, and their mutual opinion was that, if she recovered, she would be an idiot for life. They appeared to have no hope of her ultimate recovery ; they gave some directions and departed. Father Dunn was at the bedside ; he took her hand in his, and began rubbing it—it was quite cold. She was unconscious for some time, and, fixing her eyes on him, she said—"It is him ; he is come at last." This he did not mind, she raved so incessantly, and giving him another scrutinizing look, she said—"Oh, father !

why did you stay away so long? I feared you would not return."

The poor old man merely said—"My child, I could not help it, but I shall stay with you now." He feared to destroy the delusion she was under, lest the little ray of returning intellect might be destroyed too; he thought to himself—"She knows me, at all events."

Mr. Scott came in just as she had done speaking, and she wished him good-morning, and said it was very kind of him to come so often to see her. Mr. Dunn left the room to tell the doctors, but they were gone.

"He is gone again," she said, "and I want him."

"He will be here in a minute or two, dear," said Mr. Scott.

"I wish you would call him, and tell mother to come too," she said; "they always go away just when I want them."

This was just the dangerous point, and it required all their care and ingenuity to divert her mind from the point she was most anxious to speak on.

When Mr. Dunn returned, she asked him to stay with her, and said—"Why does mamma not come to me?"

"She is gone to the country for change of air, my child," said the old man, the words faltering on his lips.

The doctors gave strict directions that she should be thus deceived, in case she ever asked for her mother, fearful that another shock would be fatal. Her mind was still wandering, yet she knew every one about her. She fell into a sound sleep which lasted several hours. Father Dunn sat by the bedside, watching every breath she drew, and poor old Mary was anxiously watching with him; they all feared she would die in this sleep, it lasted so long. Still she slept on calmly until morning, when she awoke very much refreshed and very much better. She looked about the room, for the first time she perceived she was in a strange place; she rubbed her eyes, and said it must have been a dream—a horrid dream. They all feared to speak, lest she should ask again for her mother. Father Dunn poured out the

draught that was ordered to her, and, without noticing what she said, asked her to take it.

She pushed it away, and said—"You are greatly changed to me; why don't you speak to me, and comfort me as you used to? Tell me where I am—and why I am here; such strange things are crowding on my mind. At first I thought I had been dreaming, but now—I remember, I have lost my poor father; and how is my mother—where is she—or is *she* dead, too? I remember she fainted, but she did not die—did she, father?" she said, looking earnestly in the old man's face.

"My child," he said, evasively, "you have been very ill, and you must try to keep very quiet for fear you should get a relapse."

"But where's mamma?" she said, sadly; "shall I ever see her again?"

"You will, my pet; we shall all meet and be happy, I trust."

"Yes, father," she said; "but not here."

The doctor entered at this moment, and relieved Mr. Dunn.

"Well," he said, cheerfully, "how do you feel to-day, Miss Leslie?" He shook his head smilingly, and said, "I fear, sir, I must prohibit your visits to my patient. I ordered her to be kept quiet, and here I find you and her in full chat. This will never do, sir—this will never do."

"Indeed, doctor," said Marian, "it was not his fault; but you must not prohibit his visits."

"Very well," said the doctor, "on condition that you don't talk. Tell me now," he said, "how you feel?" He took her hand and felt her pulse. "You must keep very quiet, and do just as you are desired. If you attend to these directions, you will very soon be well; but, if you act contrary, I cannot answer for the consequences. You may visit her, Father Dunn, but you must not talk."

"My head aches very much," she said.

"That all comes from your talking. I shall order

something to relieve the headache; but it will be of no use if you do not keep quiet."

She promised to do all he required, and he left the room with the priest.

"Well," he said, "this sudden change is almost miraculous. We must baffle all her questions for a while at least."

"The power of God is great," said the good old man. "I did not expect she would ever awake from that sleep."

"That is what saved her," said the doctor. "I will change her medicine," he added, "and they must be particular to give it to her every hour. I shall be here to-morrow at nine o'clock. I think what I said will prevent her asking you any questions for the present; don't stay long with her, because, while she sees you, the mind will be disturbed by what she would wish to say."

The doctor went away, and shortly after Mr. Dunn took his leave, promising to come again in the morning. She took her draughts, and rested very well that night. Next morning the headache was gone, and she said she felt hungry. However, she had to wait until the doctor came. He was punctual to a minute—he came at nine o'clock; and was much pleased with his patient. He ordered some nourishment, and talked with her for a long time.

"Now," he said, "if you are a good girl, I hope to take you out for half an hour every day in the carriage, after a week or so."

"And what day is this, doctor?" she said.

"This is Thursday," he said. "Now, remember, you must try and get strong; mean time I shall see you every day—good-bye."

Mr. Scott met him at the door, to hear what he thought of his little girl, as he generally called her, and was glad to learn that she was getting on well.

"It will be a great matter," said the doctor, "if we can get her up, even for an hour every day, next week. If she was once able to come down-stairs, and mix with

the family, it would get up her spirits. She appears to suffer very much from depression of spirits."

"Oh, yes!" said Mr. Scott, "she has good reason; she has been reared in adversity. Her mother suffered a great deal, too; and of course her child shared her sorrows, more or less, being her only companion. Poor child! it will be a great sorrow to her when she comes to know the extent of her loss; she will find a great change, too, when she goes among strangers to earn her bread. She is highly accomplished; her poor mother seemed to have had a forewarning of all that has happened; and spared no trouble to fit her, as she used always tell her, to earn her bread, and her 'fears have boded all too right.' I trust we shall be able to get her a situation in a nice, quiet family, when she is strong enough. If the first trial was over, the rest would be comparatively easy to her; she has much of her mother's firmness and strength of mind."

"It is well she has such kind friends," said the doctor, "she is so young and so beautiful; she requires the guardianship of true friends, which are not easily found; but happily, in her case, she has been more than fortunate in securing the friendship of such men as yourself and Dunn. No—no! I don't mean flattery; 'tis truth," he added, as the Rev. Mr. Scott was about to disclaim the merit due to him.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Thou art not dead—thou art not dead,\*  
No, dearest mother, no;  
Thy soul to realms above us fled,  
Though like a star it dwells o'erhead,  
Still lights this world below.  
Thou art not dead—thou art not dead,  
No, dearest mother, no.

MOORE.

MARIAN LESLIE recovered rapidly. She was blessed with kind friends—a blessing seldom to be found in adversity. She went out every day for a drive in the doctor's carriage; and her old friend, Father Dunn, came regularly every day to visit her. Once during his visit she said—

“Dear Father, there are things that hang very heavily on my mind; the silence you have imposed on me is more harrowing to my mind than the knowledge of the real state of my affairs (even though my worst fears are realized) can possibly be. You need not be afraid to tell me all—I can bear to hear the worst. Where is my poor mother? or”——

She hesitated, and the old man said—“She is in heaven, I trust, my child. God has called her away to make her happy, and to reward her for all her sorrows.”

She did not speak a word, for several minutes she remained like a statue; nor did she cry! It is wonderful how sorrow dries, nay, burns up the heart. At length she said—

\* The above beautiful lines are slightly altered—not with any presumptuous view of improving them (that would be impossible), but to make them suit my purpose.

"Do, sir, tell me all; it will relieve me to hear the sad history. I just remember that she fainted, and there seems to be a veil thrown over all the rest."

"Well then, my child, you shall know all," he said. "You remember your father, after much suffering, died in her arms. It was a blessed sight to see with what resignation that man bore his sufferings, and how he longed to be united to his God. Your mother, worn out by sorrow and fatigue, sunk completely under this last trial; she fainted several times, and took to her bed, from which she never rose. She knew she was dying, and sent for me the next morning two hours earlier than I promised to call. I did not delay a minute, but hurried off, and was shocked to see her so much changed for the worse in so short a time; for I had been with her up to ten o'clock the night before (if you remember, I remained at your father's bedside until he expired). I tried to cheer her, but it was useless; she felt she was dying, and I did all I could for her so far as ministering to her spiritual wants, after which she said she wished to speak on temporal matters. She intrusted me with her last wishes, of which you were the principal subject. You came into the room to give her a letter you received—she read it, and appeared annoyed at its contents, she spoke a few words and blessed her child. The rest is soon told; she expired so suddenly that neither you nor I believed her dead. I sent for the doctor, but all was over—her pure spirit had vacated its earthly habitation. You fainted, and had to be removed. Your father and mother's remains occupied one hearse, and one grave received them. There was only twelve hours between the death of each. You got brain fever and remained delirious for weeks, and was altogether despaired of, when the power of God interposed, and restored you suddenly, at the moment that the doctors, who held a consultation, retired to consult each other; and it was the opinion of all that your case was hopeless—when they heard it, they said it was miraculous. So now, my child, you have heard the



particulars of all that occurred as faithfully as it happened."

Poor Marian wept bitterly during the recital of this sad history; and that greyheaded old man wept too. At length she said—

"But how came I here? I must have inconvenienced those good, kind people very much during my illness."

"Well, my child, Mr. Scott and myself thought it better to remove you from the scene of your sorrow in the first instance; and, secondly, we thought you would have more care under the roof with his good wife. May God bless her—she is indeed an angel of charity!"

"How shall I ever requite you all for your goodness to me?" sobbed the poor girl. "I must go and seek Mrs. Scott, to thank her."

"You need not, my darling," said Mrs. Scott, who had entered the room unnoticed; "you have nothing to thank me for, my pretty one. I only did my duty, and am fully rewarded by seeing you so well; but I don't like to see this little face of yours all red and bleared from crying (and she wiped poor Marian's face as she spoke), just when I wanted you to look as pretty as possible. I have invited a few young friends to dine with us. Come now, cheer up, and let me see that you can be grateful."

"So I am," said Marian; "but your kindness makes me cry more."

"Oh, not to me!" said Mrs. Scott, "but to God, who has restored you to us when we thought we were losing you." Kissing away her tears, she said—"There now, dearest, try and look cheerful. Just smooth your hair and come down-stairs; don't change your dress, you look very nice, beside, they all know you have been ill."

There was a tap at the door, and the deep manly voice of Mr. Scott asking—"Is there any admittance, ladies?" He put in his head and said—

"Oh ho, Miss Marian! you have a little party, and did not invite me. Never mind; but you see I did not forget you. I have brought you some fruit, and a beau-

tiful bouquet. Now, my little girl," he said, kissing her fair brow, "tell me how you feel to-day, and why you did not send for me as well as this good old chap?" shaking Mr. Dunn warmly by the hand. He said—"Old friend, I have good reason to be jealous—you rival me every where."

Marian smiled sweetly through her tears, and took each by the hand, and said—"Dear friends, don't be jealous, I love you both very much."

"But what is this I see?" said Mr. Scott, not pretending he noticed her tears before; "is it weeping you are? Well, well, Father Dunn, you were near getting turned out by the doctor a short time ago, for somebody talking too much to you, but I shall turn you out now, if I see any more weeping."

The dinner-bell rang, and they all went down to dinner, Marian leaning on her two friends. She was warmly greeted by her young friends, and dinner passed off cheerfully and happily. After dinner the ladies retired; and, as it was a beautiful evening, it was proposed they should go to the garden. Mrs. Scott had been watching her husband preparing a surprise in the shape of a present of a Bath-chair for Marian; she was not yet strong enough to walk.

When they brought her a shawl and bonnet, she said—"You forget I am not strong yet to walk. Don't mind me; I shall watch you from the window."

So they all said they would carry her. They took her to the door; and, to her surprise, the gentlemen were waiting with the little vehicle.

"Come, my little fairy queen," said Mr. Scott, "step into your carriage, and who knows but a nice little pair of ponies would spring up. What, if you would strike the padre and myself with your wand, we might turn into ponies."

By this time she was seated, and looked quite delighted. The two gentlemen got behind and pushed it on, each declaring he should get sixpence for his services. Thus those good people cared and cheered

the lonely, desolate child of sorrow ; who, for a short time, seemed to forget her griefs, and looked happy. As they were enjoying their sport Mr. Fitzroy's carriage was seen on the road ; the servant came up the lawn with a letter for Mr. Scott, who opened it, and, after reading its contents, sent a verbal answer ; and, calling after the servant, he said—"Tell Master Henry not to forget writing to me."

Marian's heart beat quickly ; it was with great difficulty she concealed her feelings. "Henry is in the carriage," she thought, "and would not come up to see me ; and he must have seen us through the trees."

These were her thoughts, when Mr. Scott joined them again. "Well," said he, "old Fitzroy is off. He made up his mind at last."

"Off where, sir ?" said Marian.

"To travel, my little bird," he said. "He has been delicate, too ; and his doctor ordered him to the south of France."

"And who is going with him ?" said she.

"His son, of course," he replied.

They were all chatting away, when Minnie Scott, who was walking beside Marian, said—"Oh, papa, look ! Marian is getting ill !"

In fact she had fainted. They all thought they kept her out too long. She was taken into the house, and appeared to baffle all their efforts to restore her ; an hour passed and she showed no symptoms of returning animation. Mr. Dunn secretly thought that all was over with her.

## CHAPTER IX.

Our purses shall be proud,  
Our garments poor, for 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;  
As the moon breaks through the darkest cloud,  
Honour 'peareth in the meanest garb.

ANON.

MR. FITZROY at length made up his mind to *waste* a certain sum of money (that is to use his own words). He would calculate the probable sum it would cost him to spend six months on the continent, with all a miser's care. At one time he would make up his mind to stay at home; again he would say—"I must take care of my health; for, after all, I am not strong. I must go myself—it is necessary for me; but I will not take Harry with me. I cannot afford it; it would cost too much money."

He had been in a thinking mood for several days, and almost excluded Harry from his presence. The day was fine, and he thought he would like a walk; and, though he grudged to take his son with him on his journey, yet, so necessary was he to him, that he could not even go for a walk without him. He loved his boy, but he loved his money better. He sent for his son, and told him he was going for a walk, and wished him to accompany him. Henry obeyed, we must say, reluctantly. He was disgusted with the old man's cringing, mercenary ideas; and he knew he was any thing but an agreeable companion in a walk. He was always asking his opinion, and then was sure to quarrel with him if he dared to differ with him in the slightest

respect, so that he dreaded the result of their conversation. During their ramble they walked for a long time in silence; and at length he said—"Harry, I fear I cannot take you with me; it would cost so much money."

"I am sorry, sir, I cannot go to take care of you; you are so delicate now. I shall be very anxious about you while you are away."

The old man shrugged his shoulders and smiled, as though he doubted the sincerity of his son.

This Henry saw, and felt acutely; for he loved his father much. "You seem to doubt me, father," he said, and his fine face coloured deeply, "and you wrong me; for, were I to consult my own feelings, I would prefer staying at home. Would it not be dreadful, if you got ill, and you amongst strangers, without one to care for you, only as you paid them?"

His father never looked on it in this light; he never thought of getting sick, he only thought of recovery. "Ha!" he said, and walked in silence for nearly a quarter of an hour; a silence that Henry was too indignant to break. At length his father said—"I should like to know your reasons for wishing to remain at home. You are greatly changed of late; I hope you have not been going after that chit of a girl, sympathising and whimpering with her. She is an artful beggar."

Henry could no longer listen calmly; he drew himself up proudly, and looked in his father's face—"Of whom do you speak, sir?"

"I speak of Leslie's daughter, sir," said his father warmly.

"I have not seen Miss Leslie for years but once, while we were visiting the Scotts," said Henry. "I called at the time of her father's death, but she declined seeing me; and I must tell you, sir—with all due deference to your opinion—she is neither artful, nor a beggar. She is artless as she is beautiful; and perfectly proud and independent. Every one but yourself speaks in the kindest terms of her. Indeed, sir, I think

*your* unkind feelings towards one who has never injured or offended you in the slightest degree, should be buried in the grave with her poor father and mother."

"Oh, indeed!" said the old man, "she has got a warm advocate in you, I perceive; but I tell you what it is, you must not dare to dictate to me, and in future keep your opinion until 'tis asked for. Do you hear me, sir? attend to what I tell you, as you value my friendship."

Henry was greatly grieved; his father had never spoken unkindly to him before—he could not think why he did so now; he was evidently annoyed with him for the last week, but poor Henry could not tell for what; he was not aware of having done any thing to offend him, therefore could not account for the change in his manner. We may say with the poet—

Alas! how light a cause may move  
Dissension between hearts that love.

Mr. Fitzroy was certainly disturbed—we cannot tell why; he saw he had insulted his son's feelings, and was sorry for it. He possessed that strange mixture of ill-nature and good-nature that so often makes one's self and others very unhappy, and yet it is strange what a happy way such people have of conciliating those whom they have offended; such was Mr. Fitzroy. They returned home in silence, and Henry was in the library alone for nearly an hour after their return; he tried to read, but he could not, his mind was too much disturbed. He was turning over the leaves of a book, but not reading, when the butler came to say his father wanted him. He was sorry his father sent for him, as he feared it was only to vent his ill temper on him further. He, however, obeyed the command; he entered the parlour, and, to his surprise, his father looked quite cheerful.

"Come, Henry, my boy, have a glass of wine with your father; I am really quite fatigued."

Henry sat down, wondering what would come next; they sat sipping their wine for some time, and at length the old man said—"I have changed my plans, Harry,

as to my intended journey ; you shall come with me—I could not live without you, my boy—you are the life of me, my only comfort ; and then, as you say, if I got sick, I'd want you—I cannot live without you, Harry."

We wonder which was it, the wine or his heart, was speaking, or was it that monster selfishness that urged him to take his son, we cannot say—we must only leave the reader to decide.

"We shall go next week, Harry, but we must try and do it cheaply—we don't want any humbug or show-off ; we can't afford it. We must mind the pounds, shillings, and pence, Harry—we can travel second class, and we shall go without any servant. I did intend taking that old Tom with me, but we can do without him, and it will be so much saved. Nobody will know us, and, if we like, we can travel under an assumed name—any thing to save the money. We know we have it to call on if we want it, but there is no use in wasting it."

"I shall do any think you wish, father," said Henry ; "but do you think it wise to expose yourself to cold, and all the inconveniences of travelling second class ? You are going with the view of improving your health, and yet you expose yourself to great danger, all to save a few paltry pounds ; besides, you do not know whom we may meet that knows us, and it will look so badly. However, I am prepared to do any thing sooner than let you go alone."

"That's right—that's right, my boy !" said he, only noticing the few last words his son said. He filled his glass again, and felt very much inclined to talk.

"Harry," he said, "I have made my will, and, in case any thing happens to me, I have left you well off. You know," he said nervously, repeating Mr. Scott's words, "it's as well to have it done ; it does not hasten one's death, and it is well to have it done." He held his glass in his hand, looked into its contents as if it were a book of fate, and that he was reading the pages of futurity ; and after a long pause, he said—"Harry, you must not be extravagant when I am gone ; your father worked very

hard to make the money he has left you—it is very strange, I feel I shall never return.”

“Oh, father!” said Henry, “do not speak thus. Your health is improving, and I trust that you will be spared many years to me, and to enjoy the money you have made.”

As they were thus talking, a gentleman visiter was announced.

“Mr. Maxwell, sir,” said the servant.

“Ho, how are you?” said the old man. “Sit down, old friend.”

“How are you, Harry—where have you been hiding yourself for the last week? I have been here three or four times, and did not see you—not lovesick, I hope, eh?”

Henry replied somewhat coldly to Mr. Maxwell’s intrusive speech; he never liked this man, though he was his father’s constant visiter. He was a cold, calculating, heartless libertine, and had any amount of audacity; therefore he was not a bit daunted by Henry’s cold, haughty demeanour towards him—it rather spurred him on.

“How is Miss Leslie?” he asked. “Of course the sorrow of losing her parents, and her own illness, has affected you very much.”

“I respect Miss Leslie very much, and am sincerely sorry for her sorrows and her illness,” said Henry, with marked emphasis.

“Oh! there is a little more than respect, eh! my dear fellow,” said Maxwell, his black eyes emitting sparks of wicked satisfaction.

“In any case, sir,” said Henry, “I should think it is no affair of yours—remember I have said *I respect Miss Leslie*. I trust you understand what that means, sir.”



## CHAPTER X.

Is there a pang like that that thrills the heart,  
When bitterness comes o'er it, from the lips it loves.

ANON.\*

As Mr. Maxwell shall be an important character in this little work, it is due to our readers that we should introduce him formally, and describe his person and character.

Now, good reader, Mr. Maxwell was not, as you might suppose from his intimate acquaintance with Mr. Fitzroy, an old man; on the contrary, he was young, and generally considered handsome. He was only twenty-seven years of age; but, though he had not counted many years, he was old in habits of vice of every description. His parents had given him the means and liberty to enjoy all the dissipation to be met with in great cities. He had been all over the continent of Europe, and had fought duels; had made engagements of the most sacred kind, and broken them with the coolest indifference; in fact, he was the *beau idéal* of fashionable men. He had been in the army for a short time, and, getting tired of military discipline, he sold out, and was free once more. He was certainly a very polished man, and was received in good society; and yet he was only a few years Harry Fitzroy's senior. Mr. Maxwell was tall, beautifully formed, with an air of graceful ease and elegance in all his movements. His complexion was decidedly dark; he had jetty-black hair, that fell in

\* The above lines are taken from a work written by Mr. Owen Twyson, entitled "Rest at Eventide."

clustering curls around his well-formed head ; he had fine black eyes, yet they had a mean, cunning expression ; his nose was aquiline, and his mouth and teeth good ; but the *mouth*, so indicative of character, had such a peculiarly disagreeable expression that we find it difficult to describe. Being a polished, well-bred man, and perfectly courteous and polite, particularly to ladies, you could scarcely frame an excuse for not admitting him to your society. Still, his presence inspired you with a want of confidence. He would speak to you in the softest, kindest silvery-tones imaginable, and yet so disagreeable was he to the good and virtuous, that you felt an unutterable impatience to get rid of him ; feeling intuitively that he was subtle and slippery as a serpent, and that his heart was a fair green field to the eye, but was, in reality, nothing more than a filthy, stagnant pool.

Such is the man we are now obliged to introduce to our readers. He was only a very short time come to the neighbourhood of —. He purchased a beautiful house, and lands attached ; he furnished his house magnificently, and with perfect good taste. He intended staying here for three or four months in the year—it would serve as a quiet retreat for the worn-out man of fashion, when weary and tired of all the pleasures and enjoyments that such a man can enjoy. He was a constant visiter at Mr. Fitzroy's ; he liked the old man, and liked his wine better ; but he thoroughly hated Henry. We cannot tell why, unless it is that vice is always abashed in the presence of innocence. He never felt at home when Harry was there ; he would constantly say to his companions—

"I hate that greenhorn ; he is nothing better than a milksop. It gives me such pleasure to thwart him, and I have got the key. He is in love with that girl whose father and mother died the other day. Report says she is handsome—I never saw her ; but I have learned from old Fitz that she is nobody—just a low-born, bread-and-butter sort of girl. I wish I could meet her ; of course I would fall desperately in love with her, and promise her

all sorts of things. My fortune and style of living would dazzle and flatter her vanity: women are all alike, you can easily win them with a little show: they are like flies that flit around a burning candle; they are allured and won by the brightness, and then are consumed in the blaze that attracted them. This is particularly the case with poor beauties."

"And would you marry this wonderful beauty, Max?" said one of his friends.

"Very likely!" he replied; "would you marry your mother's maid?"

"I would if I liked her," said the reckless young man; "and cannot understand how you can deliberately premeditate destroying the peace of one that has been so bereaved; of one who is so young, so beautiful, and so innocent. The idea is unmanly, and unworthy of you. I don't profess to be a bit better than other people, but that is cold and heartless. Give it up, man; or at least don't speak on the subject to me again."

"That's all very fine talk; but I don't give up my game so easily as that," said Maxwell, with a fiendish laugh. "But tell me, Jack, are you going to become a Quaker or a parson? Really, one would be inclined to think so, *if they did not know you*, when they look at the sanctimonious, hypocritical face you can put on. You moralizing indeed, that is one of the fastest men on town!"

"Well, Maxwell, I may be wild—I may be bad; but I never yet injured innocence."

"I don't care," said Maxwell, impatiently; "I am determined to thwart that beardless boy, that snubs me every time I go to the house. I shall work life and death to obtain an introduction to old Scott's house; I shall visit them constantly, and wound the fellow's pride by saying she speaks disparagingly of him. I shall pretend to be smitten with her, but that I despise her for the way she speaks of him; thus, I shall arouse his jealousy, and throw him off his guard, for I am determined to have the girl at any price."

Poor, desolate Marian ! how little do you know of the world that you are about to enter, and still less of the many snares that are being laid for you ! but your pure, virtuous heart shall be your safeguard. Little does Mr. Maxwell imagine the strong fortress he is about to attack, and that all his dazzling grandeur will appear insignificant in your eyes ! We have often wondered and asked the question, Why it is, that girls who are poor, and necessitated to earn their bread, are looked on as fit objects for insult, so looked down on by men, and women too, just because they are a few steps behind them in point of means. We have seen fine, proud, intellectual women snubbed and insulted, and every feeling trampled on (as though they were intended for nothing better) by the pompous sons and daughters of affluence, for no greater fault than being proud, industrious, and independent ; and in many cases, under circumstances where they dare not complain, for fear of losing that which yields them a miserable existence—girls who, perhaps, are working to support an aged widowed mother, a delicate father, sister or brother, and who toil cheerfully to comfort those dear ones, and support themselves, and think the bread they eat all the sweeter for being their own earning. For our own part, we do not know of any thing more admirable than a woman's energy, when it is called forth by poverty or affliction ; and why it is trampled on is to us the mystery ! But so it is ; governesses, milliners, dressmakers, and shopkeepers, or "shop-girls," as they are most frequently called, are the victims we allude to. Would to God we could alleviate the sorrows of such noble women ! We would willingly strew their thorny paths with roses so well earned ; but those proud selfish ones, who have got the roses, have their thorns too. "There's no rose without a thorn ;" and if any such injured ones, as we have mentioned above, look into these pages, let them cheer up and be comforted, and let them work with heart and soul to perform the task that God has marked out for them. It is a noble one, and they work for a

*good master*, who will reward them sooner or later ; and when they are trampled on, or persecuted and slighted by persons who think themselves superior, but are rendered inferior by idleness, selfishness, and ill-nature, and sometimes by ignorance, let them look forward to a bright future, which is the certain reward of virtue and industry ; and let them also bear in mind, "Tis always the darkest the hour before day." There is a bright, sunny spot in the world for every one, if they only take the trouble of looking for it ; so let them cheer up for the good time that's coming. We are digressing, a circumstance we would wish to avoid carefully ; but we cannot close this chapter without having a word with the sons and daughters of affluence. We do not mean to offend or pain them, by thus sympathising with our suffering sisters.

We are well aware there are innumerable charitable, kind-hearted men and women in high life, who are not in the *least* afraid of lessening their dignity by being familiar, kind, or gracious to the suffering portion of mankind (and also amongst the wealthy middle classes), but fulfil their mission faithfully and kindly. If those pages are offensive to any of our readers, we can only say we are "*sorry*," not for what we have said, for it is an undeniable truth, but sorry that it should suit, or come home to the heart of any one ; we trust it will be a salutary lesson, and prevent them ever again embittering the bread of dependence. It is an act that is sure to be rewarded either in the morning or evening of our lives.

Mr. Maxwell, true to his word, strained every point to get introduced to Mr. Scott's family ; he even contented himself to sit two hours in church on Sundays, listening to what he was pleased to call trash, that he might be noticed by Mr. Scott ; but in this case his patience was severely taxed. In the mean time he visited old Fitzroy constantly, and tried every means in his power to poison the old man's mind against his son ; he was quick enough to find out all his weak points, and work on

them—the weakest point of all was the idea of his boy making an imprudent marriage. Marian Leslie, whom he detested on account of her father and mother, all of whom were equally innocent of giving offence, furnished an ample subject for this topic. He led the old man to believe that she was an artful girl, and was using every stratagem to entrap Henry, whom he represented as a simple, unsophisticated youth; he even hinted that Henry and Marian had secret meetings. This it was that made Mr. Fitzroy so displeased and cold to his son, excluding him nearly altogether from his society; and this it was, also, that made him watch and place so much importance on every word that the unconscious boy said about the Leslies. That he loved the girl is an undeniable fact, but that he had not seen or spoken to her for several years is just as true; but he constantly inquired for her, and knew all about her, nor did he make any secret of his actions.

Mr. Maxwell had learned that Mr. Scott walked out every evening; and, finding all other means fail, he got introduced to some young men, friends of Mr. Scott's, and asked them to try and bring about a meeting, as though it was by accident. He pretended to be an ardent admirer of Mr. Scott and his high principles, which alone made him wish for the introduction.

"You should have left your card," said the gentlemen; "but, by the bye, here comes the man himself, 'speak of an angel, and he'll appear.'"

There was a great deal of bowing and raising of hats —Mr. Maxwell was introduced.

## CHAPTER XI.

My kindred are dead, my love is fled ;  
Courage, my heart, thou canst love no more—  
Pale is my cheek, my body is weak,  
Courage, my heart, 'twill soon be o'er.  
Dim are my eyes with tears of sorrow ;  
They ache for a night without a morrow.

M. N. S.

MARIAN LESLIE recovered slowly ; she tried to rally in vain. It was several months before she recovered her usual strength ; her young heart was stricken by her sudden and dreadful bereavement. She felt her dependent state, and could not bear the idea of being a helpless burthen on such truly kind friends as Mr. Scott and his family had proved since the death of her parents ; she wished very much to speak with Mrs. Scott concerning her plans for the future, but the good lady would say—" We must not talk about that *yet* ; you must first get strong before you think of leaving us, unless you feel tired of us, and that would grieve us very much, as you know we all love you sincerely, and hope we are not indifferent to you ; besides, you must be obedient." Still, the subject was uppermost in her mind, and her conversation always turned that way.

One evening, during one of their little *tête-à-têtes*, they were interrupted by Mr. Scott entering his wife's dressing-room.

" Well, well," he exclaimed, " as usual, I find you closeted in deep conversation, Mrs. Scott," he said playfully. " I feel quite jealous ; Marian tells you all her

secrets, and I am always excluded; but I have a grand secret of my own, and I shall not tell her."

This was all said in joke, and his wife could see plainly that *his* secret was far too great a burthen to be kept long. Not so with poor Marian; she thought he might be in earnest, and begged to assure him that she had no secrets that he might not hear, and was about to inform him of the subject of their conversation, when Mrs. Scott interrupted her, saying—"No, no, Marian, you must not tell him our secret, until he tells us his great one that he boasts so much of; I should like very much to hear it. I know it's something good, he looks in such high spirits; besides, I can see he is all impatience to tell us. He never could keep a secret—never tell him any thing; so now we have made our terms."

"Well, then, agreed," said the kind man; "I must confess I am anxious to tell my little secret, so the sooner I commence the better.

"I met some friends of mine to-day, who introduced me to that Mr. Maxwell who purchased Mr. Johnston's house and grounds. He invited us all home to luncheon with him—he expressed himself much pleased in making my acquaintance, and told me of all the improvements he had made. Of course none of us could well refuse such an invitation; we accordingly repaired to his fairy palace, indeed I can call it by no other name; every thing is arranged with the most perfect good taste, in fact, there is an air of ease and elegance everywhere you turn—he is really a very fine fellow, and did his part as host admirably. I was never so agreeably disappointed in a man's character before; but that is not all—he begs to be introduced to my wife and family, to use his own words, and our beautiful visiter; he has long wished for this introduction, but an opportunity never offered. He says he now places himself in my hands. I promised to gratify him, if, on consulting the ladies, I found it agreeable to them, so now there is my secret—what do you think of it?"

"Why, my dear," said Mrs. Scott, "it was quite an



adventure; of course we shall be happy to see Mr. Maxwell when he comes. Cheer up, Marian, my darling, you see you have made a conquest; it would never do, under such circumstances, to entertain what we were speaking of, at least for the present."

"May I ask to be admitted into your confidence?" said Mr. Scott.

His wife smiled, and looked at Marian, and replied—"I think, dear, we may tell him—the fact is, Marian wishes to leave us."

"What!" exclaimed the kind-hearted man.

"Oh, no!" said Marian, "it is not a wish to leave you; but I should like to do something by way of earning my bread, I am very strong now, thank God, and your good care. I am well able to work, and thereby cease to be a burden on friends who have so affectionately tried to supply the place of those beloved ones whom death has snatched from me."

"Well now, not another word on that subject," said Mr. Scott, "for two reasons; first, it offends Mrs. Scott and myself; and, secondly, I think we shall shortly be able to make permanent arrangements for the future, if you are a good girl, and try to get strong. Well, dear," he said, addressing his wife, "shall I ask Mr. Maxwell to dinner to-morrow?"

"Not to-morrow," she said, "but the day after, if you wish, and I shall ask a few friends to meet him in the evening. What do you say, Marian?"

"Oh, I shall do any thing you wish," she said; "but I have no wish in the world to meet the gentleman—society has lost all charms for me now."

"But you must try to overcome that feeling, and you will find it will wear away in time," said Mrs. Scott; "besides, it is a duty you owe to your friends, and also to yourself. The Almighty is pleased to try us all in turn, but never beyond our strength."

Marian promised to exert herself, and try to profit by the advice of those kind friends.

Minnie Scott came in saying—"Fair lady, I have

been waiting for nearly an hour with my bonnet and shawl on; have you forgotten our engagements? You know we have three visits to pay."

"I am ready now, Minnie," said Marian, colouring deeply, "and beg your pardon a thousand times for keeping you waiting—it is all my fault."

"Minnie," said her father, "but never mind, I am going to give you a dance on Thursday evening; and, what is more, to introduce a brand new beau, but I fear you will have no chance while Marian is present. There, now, Marian will tell you the particulars."

"Oh! you are a darling good papa, and I shall practise my new song for you when we come home," said Minnie, bounding out of the room in perfect delight. In the ecstasy of the moment she forgot that poor Marian was unable to imitate her speed. Suddenly she checked herself and returned, good-naturedly drawing her friend's arm within her own, saying—"It is *my* turn to apologize now."

"You have nothing to apologize for, Minnie," said her friend.

"But, dear Marian, do tell me all about the party papa is giving. Do you think he was in earnest about the nice new beau he is to get us? I wonder who is he, but then he said I'd have no chance."

Marian could not help smiling at the eagerness with which Minnie put all those questions, and said—"I do not think your papa means to give a party; I think he only intends asking two or three friends to meet this gentleman, I think he called him Mr. Maxwell—he is the new beau; but, as to his being nice, you must decide that yourself."

"Did you ever see him?" asked Minnie.

"Never," said Marian; "so you need not be in the least afraid that I will rival you."

"Oh! I thought papa meant a party, and that I should get a new dress."

Marian, though only two or three years older than Minnie, had lost all that youthful eagerness for pleasure

that her little friend felt. Poor Marian ! sorrow had done the work of years, and made her prematurely old ; but she tried to enter into all her friend's light-hearted views, and made her mind easy about the absence of the new dress, by assuring her she looked beautiful in the white muslin that she got for her birthday.

"And what shall you wear?" said the thoughtless girl.

"You forget," said Marian, pointing to her crape dress ; "indeed, I would much rather not appear at all : only that I know it would annoy your papa and mama, I would absent myself."

"And then you would lose the new beau," said Minnie.

"Oh!" said Marian, smiling at her friend's simplicity, "in any case you shall have *him all* to yourself. You know I don't care for beaux, so you need not thank me in the least ; and then your papa was only joking when he said you had no chance."

## CHAPTER XII.

When I see thy friends I smile,  
I sigh, when I hear thy name ;  
But they cannot tell the while,  
Whence the smile or the sadness came.  
Vainly the world may deem  
The cause of my sighs they know :  
The breeze that ruffles the stream  
Knows not the depth below.

S. LOVER.

WE shall leave the Scotts to prepare for their party, or meeting of friends, or enemies, as the case may be. Alas ! that the latter enter such happy circles is but too true on some occasions ; whether it is so on the present one we must leave to the future to reveal. We shall ask the reader for the present to follow Mr. Fitzroy and his son ; they are away nearly two months, and have not written a line to any one but Mr. Colcolough, "the managing man" in the firm of Fitzroy & Son, who, by the way, was greatly esteemed by the old man. He had been many years in his employment, and he believed him to be truly trustworthy and honest. When Mr. Fitzroy condescended to confide in any one, he did so implicitly ; and though a very suspicious, cautious man, he was frequently deceived, and invariably bestowed his friendship and confidence on men who deserved it least ; whilst he left the honest, candid, hard-working man unnoticed, and, we may add, unrequited. It is very strange, a man of real worth was never known to get promotion in the establishment ; none but knaves and flattering fools could find their way to Mr. Fitzroy's favour. He strangely mistook knavery for talent,

flattery and meanness for tact and cleverness. His son Henry was more clear-sighted on most occasions, and *he* also respected Mr. Colcolough very much; in fact, he looked on him as an elder brother, and opened his mind freely to him. He gave him the secret of his heart, and told him all about his affection for Marian Leslie; he would often say—"I tell you, Colcolough, if I were an emperor I would make *her* my empress. It is no childish love; it may have been so at first, but it has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength; and yet," he added, "I think she dislikes me. I would give worlds to tell her how much I love her, or even to get one kind look or word from her. I cannot account for her coldness towards me; I called on her twice, and she declined seeing me, though I knew she was at home."

"I cannot make it out," said Colcolough; "one would think a poor girl like her would be proud to be noticed by a young man of your prospects."

"There it is that your discernment is at fault; she is not a girl that would be influenced by pecuniary matters at all. I am very sorry to be obliged to leave the country at this particular time; but, of course, my father's health requires it, and that is a duty not to be neglected. But I shall depend on you to write regularly, and let me know all about Miss Leslie's health; you can easily find out by asking the people in the neighbourhood, and, as you belong to Father Dunn's congregation, you could ask him now and then about her."

This conversation took place the day before Henry left. We said Mr. Fitzroy nor his son did not write to any one since they left home but Colcolough. If they did write to any one else, the letters never came to their destination. Mr. Maxwell called every morning just at post-hour, to learn something of his friends. It was rather surprising the interest he took in the welfare of persons that heretofore were little more than commonplace acquaintances. One morning he entered the counting-house of his friend with his usual studied

salute, saying—"Well, Mr. Colcolough, any news from the travellers to-day? It is a d——d strange thing they have never written to me."

"It is, indeed, sir, *very strange*," said the man of invoices; "but, I am happy to tell you, they are going on very well," and he laid down the letter he had been reading.

Maxwell glanced at it—"That is like Henry's writing," said Maxwell.

"Yes, sir—just a few lines," said the clerk.

"A fine fellow, that," said Maxwell; "I would give any thing for a few lines from him."

"His letter to me is private, or I should give it to you to read," said Colcolough; "indeed, it is quite confidential."

"Well, well," said Maxwell, "he is a strange boy; he acts in downright contradiction to what he speaks. You are about the last man in the world I should expect him to make a confidant of; but, I verily believe, he gives his confidence to every one, and would lead each one to think he were the only confidant. I'd bet a sovereign I could tell the substance of that letter in your hand."

"*Done, sir!*" said Colcolough, giving a half doubtful, half confident wink.

"Pshaw, man," said Maxwell; "it is all about Miss Leslie. The boy is really cracked."

"Beaten, sir—down with the sovereign."

"Oh, certainly not!" said Maxwell; "unless you convince me by letting me see the letter."

"Oh, honour bright!" said Colcolough; "you must remember I said the letter is strictly private, so, therefore, I cannot give it you to read; you must trust to my honour."

"Oh! but that is not fair dealing," said Maxwell laughing; "there should at least be an umpire on such an important bet," and he laughed again loudly, and rubbed his hands, as though they were extremely cold.

It may be well to say here, to Colcolough it *was* an important bet. He had one great fault, and that was

love for money. He would sell his *mother* for money ; hence, he was more than anxious about the bet. We need scarcely tell our readers that Maxwell cared all as little about it when his vanity or his curiosity was to be satisfied. In the present instance, he would have given twenty sovereigns to get possession of the letter ; particularly as he thought he saw his own name in it.

"I say, Colcolough," said his companion, "how are we to decide this matter ? I really don't want to act shabbily ; but then I must be fairly beaten."

"Well, sir, you are fairly beaten. Mr. Henry has certainly inquired for Miss Leslie, but he has inquired for some one else, too ; and a d——d sight more particularly than he did for her. So, if you wish to draw out of the matter you may ; the bet was this—you said, 'You'd bet a sovereign the contents of the letter is *all* about Miss Leslie.' Now, I tell you, on the word of a man, it is not ; but that the principal portion of the contents is about another, and a very different person."

"Oh, dang it, man ! there is the sovereign ; we must not fall out about it ; I am sure it is all right. I always had a high opinion of your honour. You have never been to see my Swiss cottage ?"

"No, sir," said Colcolough, recovering his good-humour by pocketing the money.

"Well, then," said Maxwell in a very patronising tone ; "I always had a great respect for you. I shall be at home this evening ; you may as well come and dine with me. I don't know what we shall have for dinner, but I can promise you some first-rate wine, and some of John Jamieson's first shot ; I dine at seven o'clock, so will you favour me ?"

"I shall do myself the honour," said Colcolough, quite flattered by receiving so much attention from the man of fashion, who wished him—"Good-morning."

Colcolough rose and walked to the street-door with him ; he felt it gave him a certain consequence to be on such familiar terms with the wealthiest man in town.

When he returned to the counting-house, he retired

to the private office, and silently congratulated himself on his success. "After all," he said (muttering to himself), "one is all the better for mixing in good society. Maxwell is a first-rate fellow—he has no pride or nonsense about him; he knows how to value real worth."

No doubt the respectable Mr. Colcolough was quite satisfied that he possessed a large amount of *real worth*, when he won Mr. Maxwell's esteem so readily. He never thought for a moment that he could have any underhand reason for bestowing his friendship; therefore dismissed the matter for the present, to commence the business of the day.

Meantime, Mr. Maxwell sauntered thoughtfully towards home, revolving the conversation he had just had with Colcolough. "I must make this fellow useful to me," he soliloquized; "but I must be cautious. He has a slight dash of what *he* and the world calls honour; yet I can see he possesses not a whit of it. He can be bought. I must see that letter; I am certain I saw my own name in it. I see! my plan is, to weaken the fellow's good opinion of the boy Fitzroy, and flatter him. I can readily make him believe there will be a great change in the establishment if the old man died; and show him how great a tyrant Henry would be in power. *Yes!*—I must flatter him on his abilities for business; then, I shall make him dissatisfied, by telling him he is not paid enough for the good service he renders the house, and then promise to use my influence to get him a better situation, and a better 'screw,' as he calls his salary. I shall place him under heavy obligations, and thereby have him in my power. He shall be my tool; he shall be a creature of my own."



## CHAPTER XIII.

Well, now, my whole venture is forth, I will resolve to depart.

BEN JONSON'S *Every man out of his Humour*.

MR. SCOTT, though a man of good means, was not a man who would spend his income or straiten his family by seeing company; he loved to see his wife and children happy, and gave them every comfort. He knew the world thoroughly, and estimated it at its proper value; he liked to do good, and serve his fellow-creatures where and when he could, but he was not a party-going or a party-giving man, therefore a small dinner party was quite an event in their quiet household. Poor Minnie was in perfect ecstasy; twenty times in the day would she draw Marian into her room, take out all her finery, try it on, and consult *her* as to what she looked best in. We may as well here inform our readers that the poor child's wardrobe was but scantily supplied with finery; any thing in that way she possessed, was the faded, cast off finery worn by her mother before her marriage; but to Minnie's unpractised eye they were beautiful, and, being a little vain, she thought she looked beautiful in them. Having settled every thing for herself, she said to Marian—"What shall you do for a head-dress? I don't like that cap you wear" (Marian had to wear caps, having had her head shaved during her illness).

"Oh, my dear," she said, "I shall just appear in my usual dress; if I had to change it I would not appear at

all; beside, you know," she said, smiling archly at her young friend, "I do not want to make a conquest. It is only a quiet dinner your papa is giving to Mr. Maxwell and one or two others."

"But, dear Marian, mamma has invited some friends for the evening; the Rev. Mr. Thompson and his daughters are invited, and they are always talking of the lovely dresses they get from London: I hope they won't look nicer than I, or that Mr. Maxwell will not admire them more than me—us—I mean." And, as the innocent girl talked on, her bright healthy face looked perfectly beautiful.

At length the wished-for evening arrived, and Mr. Maxwell was introduced to as happy a family as ever received a friend; he was a highly bred, polished man, and had a fund of brilliant, witty conversation; he was well versed on every subject you could introduce; he was very musical, and had a fine voice. The little party were all assembled in the drawing-room, and a bright, cheerful conversation kept up. When the dinner-bell rang, Mr. Thompson offered his arm to Mrs. Scott, and Mr. Scott took charge of Marian; while, to Minnie's perfect delight, Mr. Maxwell presented his arm to her. Mr. Dunn conducted the two Misses Thompson to the dinner-room. While the little party were chatting before dinner, Marian (always retiring) shrank back to the further end of the room, from the bright, gay conversation so little in unison with her own feelings, and there she remained a silent observer of all that was passing before her. However, she did not pass unnoticed; there was one present who was greatly disappointed when introduced to Miss Leslie; one who expected, from all he had heard of her, to see a fine, brilliant beauty, a beauty who was poor and proud, and therefore would be flattered by an introduction to himself, and would calculate on the probable results of such an introduction; depending, as he thought, on her artful ambition and her extreme beauty. It would be difficult to describe his disappointment and surprise when, instead of meet-

ing a person such as we have described, he met the modest, retiring, noble-hearted girl, who cared little for his rank, fortune, or friendship, but shrank intuitively from the insinuating proud glance of his lustrous, black *sneak-like* eye. Our readers, doubtless, have recognised Mr. Maxwell in the gentleman alluded to. He was completely taken aback when, instead of all he anticipated in Miss Leslie, he beheld her in her quiet, modest, queenly beauty, the more delicately and transparently beautiful for the sorrow and delicacy she undergone, all of which was heightened by her mourning dress. The Rev. Mr. Dunn, of all persons served how coldly Marian received the introduction; nevertheless, dinner passed gaily enough, every one appeared happy, particularly Minnie Scott, who, being and ears in love with Mr. Maxwell before she saw was doubly so now that he sat beside her at the dinner table, giving her all those little nice attentions to which most girls attach so much importance, and men so like. Poor Minnie treasured up every word in her heart, for such is woman, whilst men forget them soon as they are uttered. When the ladies retired to the drawing-room, Minnie looked in his reluctant to break the spell by leaving his side, received that sweet, insinuating smile and glance had won so many much more artful hearts before, meant nothing.

When the ladies retired, Mrs. Scott tried to amuse them as best she could; the conversation grew slack, and Minnie, whose mind was engrossed with the one subject, said—"Dear mamma, is not Mr. Maxwell a most delightful creature? I never met so nice a gentleman."

Mrs. Scott agreed with her daughter; she was secretly as much pleased by his attention to her as the child was herself: in fact, Minnie was quite a child in experience. Though Mrs. Scott loved Marian much, and knew that Mr. Maxwell begged to be introduced to her, yet she loved her daughter better, and, with a mother's foolish fond heart, she secretly thought it would be a great thing

if she could get such a match for her child, whom she thought, of course, "the finer girl of the two." It is a vulgar saying, but a true one—"Every crow thinks her own young the whitest."

When the gentlemen were alone, and unrestrained by the presence of ladies, the wine went freely round; they talked on politics, a theme so interesting to gentlemen.

Mr. Maxwell said—"We are selfish in leaving the ladies so long—by the way, what a fine creature that little girl of yours is; she is so bright and intellectual, he makes one forget he has grown old while speaking to her; she is, indeed, a charming girl."

"She is a good child, sir," said Mr. Scott; "I trust he may be spared to bless my old age."

The gentlemen rose to join the ladies, and found them all employed, some *tête-à-tête*, some looking over books and prints, others examining the music. Mr. Maxwell joined the musical party, being very musical himself. On looking over and discussing the merits of some songs, he found "Marian N. Leslie" written on every song he looked at.

"You sing, Miss Leslie?" said Mr. Maxwell.

"Yes, just a little," said Marian.

"Oh, indeed," said Minnie, "she sings enchantingly; if you only heard her, you would be delighted; papa says she sings as well as Grisi."

"Well," said Mr. Maxwell, "perhaps Miss Leslie will favour us by singing one of her pretty songs," and he offered his arm to lead Marian to the piano.

She suffered herself to be led to the piano, and sung that beautiful song by Moore, "'Tis the last rose of summer." Mr. Maxwell was indeed spellbound, as was every one in the room; they had all heard that Miss Leslie had a fine voice, but perhaps in their whole lives had never heard any thing to equal the peculiarly sweet, bird-like voice they now listened to. She was, indeed, singularly gifted by Nature; she finished her song, receiving the most flattering compliments. She was also a splendid performer on the harp and piano; she

played several pieces, and at length she was requested to sing a duet with Mr. Maxwell. Their voices harmonized most beautifully together; he declared (and we must do him justice to say, sincerely) he never heard any thing half so delicious as her voice.

And there he was, that practised man of the world and of fashion, and, we may add, a most polished libertine, who had dared to ask an introduction to that bereaved beautiful girl, with the premeditated intention of working her ruin, simply because he wished to frustrate Henry Fitzroy's happiness, and now found himself at her feet, ready to offer her his name and fortune. Her simple, retiring manner, and quiet unpretending beauty, had won him more than all the dazzling beauty he had ever met in crowded courts or glittering drawing-rooms. Poor Marian had made a conquest unconsciously, and little cared for the prize she had won; she shrank from his compliments, and secretly wished to be away. At length, while Mr. Maxwell was accompanying himself at the piano, she joined her more than father, Mr. Dunn, who had watched her with a most jealous eye the whole evening; who, with the Rev. Mr. Thompson, received her kindly, saying—"You must take care not to fatigue yourself."

Dancing commenced, but Marian declined to dance, particularly as her doctor, who was invited for the evening, declared it would fatigue her too much. The Misses Thompson were rather pleased that she did not dance, as it gave them a chance of some little attention from Mr. Maxwell, with whom they were absolutely in love. They could not see what it was that attracted Mr. Maxwell; they thought her nice-looking, but not beautiful, and she played well, but not better than *they* did; at least so they thought; and there was certainly nothing in her dress to please any one. But there was one little girl there who saw her with very different eyes. Poor Minnie Scott said in a half-whisper to her father—

"Dear papa, did you ever see any one so beautiful as Marian? She is like a queen, or something more beau-

tiful! I think she is like an angel; don't you think so, too, papa?" she continued. "I wonder does Mr. Maxwell think her like an angel?" when a voice beside her said—

"Indeed I do, my little charmer; and you are like one, too."

## CHAPTER XIV.

I have a task to perform ; I must frustrate the boy.

M. M. B. T.

THERE is a good fire burning in the handsome parlour of Mr. Maxwell's Swiss cottage, and he and Mr. Colcolough sat sipping their wine after dinner.

"I wonder, at your time of life," said the host, "you never thought of establishing yourself in business; and I really wonder still more at your serving those people, who neither care for you, nor pay you in proportion to your services. Now, though I esteem both father and son very much indeed, for old Fitzroy is a fine old fellow, yet I blame them greatly for not treating you better, in *every* sense of the word. You understand, eh?"

"Well, indeed, my salary is small, comparatively speaking; but my situation is permanent, and they place every confidence in me."

"They do," said Maxwell, whom we may justly term the "fiend of discord;" for so he proved to poor Colcolough. "They do," he repeated; "because they cannot get any one else to do the same work for the same money; at least so I have heard that young fellow say a hundred times."

"Did he really say that?" said Colcolough, whose pride by this time was sorely hurt, and who, in spite of the wine and good dinner, felt any thing but at home or at ease.

"Indeed he said it to me the very day before he left," and he pushed the decanter over to his visiter and his victim.

"Well," said Colcolough, "he is a two-faced young rascal! If you were only to know how he has spoken of you to me!"

"Oh!" said Maxwell, with well-feigned indifference, at the same time refilling his glass, "that is impossible, my dear fellow; for, though I tease the boy terribly, I am fond of him, and I know he is fond of me, and feels flattered by my notice of him."

"You doubt me, *then*?" said Colcolough, who had a strict sense of truth and honour.

"Not exactly doubt you, my friend," said the artful host, "but feel convinced you make a mistake."

"But I say I do not!" said Colcolough, striking the table with his clenched fist; "and I have sufficient proof here in my pocket, in a letter I received this morning, and which you saw me reading, and say you saw your own name in it; and so you might, and more than once, twice, or thrice."

Maxwell, who saw his advantage, and was well-pleased with the success of his plans, was far too experienced a contriver to appear in the least anxious to see the letter; on the contrary, he affected to doubt his dupe's assertion, and thereby wrung the fatal letter from him—a letter written by Henry, in all his boyish confidence, to the man he thought, above all others, proof against temptation in any thing contrary to honour or honesty; and who can one trust, if they cannot trust those who have been about them from childhood? at least so thought Henry Fitzroy, and perhaps for the first time had his confidence abused, nor was he long in ignorance of the fact. Maxwell seized the letter; it ran thus:—

"PARIS, Oct. 14th, —"

"DEAR COLCOLOUGH,—How I long to have an hour to myself, that I may freely unburthen my heart to the only man in the wide world who can sympathise with me! Oh, that my father knew me as you do, and that I could confide in him as I do in you! I have written several letters to the parsonage, and have not received a



reply to any of them : I am in a dreadful state of suspense, and cannot make out the cause of their silence. We parted on the best of terms, and Mr. Scott promised to write constantly, and he is a man who would not break his word without some very strong reason ; can you throw any light on the matter ? I cannot tell you how my heart sickened when I read the part of your letter in which you told me of that detestable villain Maxwell's introduction to the parsonage. How can Mr. Scott's keen judgment be so much at fault, as to introduce such a consummate ruffian to his wife and daughter ! But they are haply beyond his reach ; but, alas ! my darling Marian, the idol of my boyhood's dream, is desolate, and (though under Mr. Scott's roof) more or less open to his impertinent attentions. The thought sometimes nearly drives me mad ; at one time I think, from the complete silence of all parties, that perhaps Marian has been tempted by his wealth to listen to his false-hearted promises ; at another, I feel it is impossible she could forget the companion of her childhood ; and again, I ask myself what right I have to expect such constancy from one whom I left without even saying farewell, or offering the slightest consolation to in the hour of need ? I blame myself much for not opening my heart to her before I left, and thereby ascertain the exact state of her feelings towards me ; besides, I was bound to caution her against that villain, Maxwell, knowing him, and having studied him as I did. I can only now beg of you to keep a strict watch on his actions and his visits to the parsonage, and report all to me faithfully. You might inquire at the post-office if the letters arrived, and were they delivered. I trust your health is improving. Dear Colcolough, believe me, yours faithfully,

“ HENRY ALFRED FITZROY.

“ To MR. COLCOLOUGH.”

“ Very flattering, indeed, to this individual !” said Maxwell, pointing to himself, as he folded the letter,

after carefully perusing its contents twice, and handing it to his visitor ; " but it is just like the fellow. Of course, you will not take the trouble of making any inquiry about his letters, he does not deserve any thing from either of us. As for my part, I'd marry the girl, and make a handsome settlement on her, if it were only to crush the fellow. She is certainly a lovely girl, but I have seen girls just as lovely, going cheap. I believe she intends going out as a governess, and, if she was once from under the care of this whimpering old fool the parson, my proposals would be of a very different nature."

" Mr. Maxwell, you surprise me," said Colcolough.

" How so ? " said his host.

" Why, first, in the way you speak of Mr. Scott, whom I believe to be a truly good and *pious man*, though I don't belong to his congregation ; and, secondly, by the inference one can draw from your last remark relative to Miss Leslie."

" Never mind," said Maxwell, sending round the wine to him (but not the decanter from which he drank himself)—" never mind : I see you are getting conscientious ; so do I when I am after three or four bottles of wine, I always get extremely religious."

Maxwell had drugged the wine he intended for his victim, who very shortly became very drowsy, and was eventually quite overcome and fell into a sound sleep. As soon as Maxwell saw him perfectly insensible, he deliberately rifled all his pockets, took possession of all his letters, amongst which were many of Henry's private ones, and, having done so, he quietly left him to his repose, and retired to his own comfortable bedroom, where he slept soundly, and dreamt of the destruction of Henry Fitzroy's prospects. About four o'clock in the morning, Colcolough awoke stiff with cold, and sore in every limb, and of course in utter darkness ; for a long time he could not recollect where he was, nor any thing of the preceding night. Every thing was in darkness, and he was perfectly bewildered ; he called for help but

no help came ; every thing was silent as the tomb, and strange figures flitted before his eyes (at least in imagination) ; he trembled from head to foot, his hair stood on end, as he fancied his old and tried friend, Mrs. Fitzroy, stood before him with her boy at her side ; he was perfectly paralysed with fear, as well as cold, and groaned in an agony that we cannot find words to describe, but which the reader can imagine if he is at all sceptical.

## CHAPTER XV.

Hope is a lover's staff; walk home with that,  
And manage it against despairing thoughts.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

WE must ask our readers, with us, to follow Mr. Fitzroy and his son, of whose pursuits we have heard nothing for nearly nine or ten months. When Henry was leaving Ireland he did not take a formal leave of his friends at the rectory, which piqued them all very much; but there was one who felt it *more* acutely than all the rest—we need scarcely add that one was no other than Marian Leslie. They had grown up together, and loved each other as children; and, though separated while yet children still, their love grew with their growth and strengthened with their strength, at least so it was with Marian. Her mother told her she must not know him or see him, and she was taught to bow with strict obedience to every command of her parents; she did not know him nor see him, but she was not forbidden to think of him; therefore she did not think it wrong, either before or after her mother's death, to think of him, and treasure up his image in her little heart. As a child her thoughts would frequently burst forth, in some remark or question about her little playfellow, when sitting or walking with her mother. Mrs. Leslie saw, with a woman's clear perception, that to suppress that artless liberty of her child would be to destroy and blunt some of the finest feelings of her nature: she studied to win her child's confidence, and could read her heart as an open letter, and thus tried to guard her from

the sorrows of disappointed affection; she knew Henry was fond of his little friend as a child, but, as a man, she feared he would forget her, particularly as their positions in the world would be so different. He would grow up the pampered, flattered son of affluence, and she taught the cold bitter lessons that poverty never fails to teach her children; yet Marian was reared not only tenderly, but elegantly, and received a most accomplished education; and when her mother opened her mind on the subject to her old friend the priest, while on her deathbed, he strongly advised her to let matters stand as they were, and to leave her daughter perfectly unfettered by any promise on the subject. "Leave it in the hands of God, who will take care of the orphan and provide for her as he thinks best;" therefore, Marian was free to admire her friend, who had suddenly changed from a boy to a fine, noble, graceful young man. She saw him once or twice after her mother's death, and her heart yearned to him as of old, but prudence forbade her to betray her feelings in the slightest degree, which formality Henry considered coldness, consequently he feared to trust himself to say good-bye. He accordingly wrote to Mr. Scott to ask Miss Leslie if he might write to her during his absence. Mr. Scott, who had a high opinion of Henry, saw no objection, and told Marian so, and, having settled the matter satisfactorily, his reply was that Miss Leslie would be glad to hear from him.

He, in due time, poured forth the feelings of his heart to his beautiful young friend. His letters were duly posted, and arrived safely to the keeping of the postmistress of the village of ———; but never came to their true destination. The postmistress was rather a good-looking young girl of twenty-two, and was extremely vain of her appearance. Any foreign letters for Mr. Scott or Miss Leslie she carefully put on one side, with another parcel which were to be called for; all others she gave to the postboy to deliver. There was a gentleman in the village who preferred calling for his

letters, and gave directions that they would be kept till called for. He admired the pretty postmistress exceedingly; that is, "he said he did," and we must leave it to our readers to decide whether the ladies should believe *all* the pretty speeches gentlemen make; particularly if those *pretty flattering* speeches are made by men *far* above them in society. As for ourselves, we can only say that, if one can judge by appearances, "this gentleman," for one, must be sincere in his professions of friendship and admiration. He presented the most lovely bouquets—not from his own greenhouses, which contained some very choice flowers indeed—but ordered specially from London for the lady of his love. His attentions were studiously delicate and respectful; he dared not act otherwise, as the lady in question prided herself on being not only high-minded, but strong-minded also; he therefore studied her tastes and feelings with the utmost care, and contributed to them accordingly. Fruit, flowers, music, and poetry, and of course the last new novel, were the offerings made to the pretty postmistress. She read so much that she really thought herself the heroine, and thought writers did not colour their writings as much as people imagined; in fact, she was head and ears in love with her newly-found beau. He, in return, made her all kind of promises, and made appointments to meet her in the evenings after her business was over. These were always stolen marches, as her mother, though a very old and ignorant woman, was very particular whom she allowed her daughter to associate with. We shall just give our readers a short sketch of their conversation during one of those stolen meetings—

"Dearest Lizzie, why are you so sad? Has any thing occurred to fret you at home?"

"No, dear William, nothing has occurred to fret me but my own actions. I feel I have done wrong; that I *am* doing wrong."

"Why so, dearest?" said the gentleman, in his softest, kindest tone. "Surely it can be no harm, after your hard

day's work, to take a little walk in the evening ; and, every one will admit, it is much more respectable to be attended by a gentleman than to walk alone."

"Ah, yes!" said she; "but that is not exactly what is weighing on my mind."

"Oh!" said the gentleman, "Lizzie, I fear you are very ill. You are quite feverish ; really, your hands are scorching. You must come home, and make your mother give you a warm drink before you go to bed."

All this he uttered scarcely knowing what he said, and caring very little, so as he diverted her mind from what was weighing so heavily upon her ; but it is not so easy to hush the still voice of conscience. They walked for some time in silence. At length she said—

"I am not sick in body, but I am sick at heart. It was wrong, very wrong, for me to interfere with Mr. Scott's letters, and those belonging to Miss Leslie. What will become of me if it is ever found out ? my poor mother will break her heart."

"But, my darling girl, you are fretting yourself without cause ; it never *can* be found out, and the letters are of no importance. All the harm that can come of it is what has already occurred, and that is to stop the correspondence between those people ; in fact, you are doing a real good to young Fitzroy, and to Miss Leslie as well, as old Fitzroy would cut his son off to a shilling if he ever married the girl. Beside, I don't believe he means to marry her. He is a very bad young man, and I have his father's authority for detaining his letters."\*

"But no one has a right to interfere with another's letters. Would to God I never did ! I feel something bad will come of it. You know, William, I could be transported for it."

The gentleman smiled, and said—

"Not while you have my interest and fortune to defend you. But, come, come—no more of this ! I cannot bear to see you thus ; your fears are without the slightest

\* This was an untruth, as well as the foregoing assertion.

cause ; beside, when we are married we shall leave this horrid place. We shall live abroad, and then we shall be far removed from all the trouble you anticipate."

"But you too may change ; we may never be married. I have a presentiment you will leave me in my sorrow."

The gentleman became quite indignant at this insult, as he termed the poor girl's words, to his feelings and his honour. Alas ! he possessed very little of either.



## CHAPTER XVI.

Spare my grief, and apprehend  
What I shall feel.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, *The Lover's Progress.*

MR. FITZROY and his son had all the means this world affords to make them happy, and were trying to enjoy themselves ; but neither of them was happy. The old man's miserly heart was breaking lest any thing should go wrong in his absence ; beside, Mr. Colcolough had written to say he wished to leave. This was a most unaccountable thing, as he advanced his salary before he left home. Henry advised his father to offer a further advance, adding, "He is well worth twice the salary he has ;" but the old man thought he could not afford it. Thus, from the constant state of excitement his mind was kept in, instead of his health improving, it was getting worse every day. He sometimes kept his bed for several days together, from nervous excitement. He was annoyed, too, that Mr. and Mrs. Scott did not answer his or Henry's letters. Every one was slighting them ; he heartily wished he had never left his home ; he felt all through he never would live to see it again, and the warning was a true one, as time will show. Henry, too, was miserable, being so perfectly isolated, so cut off from all that were dear to him. He would say to himself:—

"I went the most honourable way of opening a correspondence. The permission I asked was granted : I have Mr. Scott's letter (and he would open the letter

and read it again and again) to that effect; and yet all my letters to Marian and Mr. Scott remain unanswered, and they must have got them, or they would have been returned through the post. I shall just write one more, and ask an explanation."

While he was turning matters over in his mind, the servant brought in a parcel of Irish letters. Henry hastily looked through them; they were all for his father, and he was about to push them from him, when suddenly the under one caught his eye. He looked again, and found it addressed to himself. He knew the writing; it was from Mr. Colcolough. He hastily broke the seal, and hurriedly glanced over the contents with a beating heart and throbbing brow. It ran thus:—

"DEAR HENRY,—I have had so much business pressing on me during the last few days, that I could not sit down to give you all the information you required in your last. I was most fortunate in having an interview with the old priest—by the way, he is in great trouble about having been ordered to Sidney. You see, my dear boy, priests are like soldiers, they must obey orders. He is very anxious about Miss Leslie; he speaks of taking her out with him, and placing her in a convent. Miss Leslie is well, and goes into society. The Scotts have given two or three parties; the people in the neighbourhood can talk of nothing but Miss Leslie's beauty and accomplishments. Your 'friend,' Mr. Maxwell, has been to all their parties, and is a constant visitor at the rectory. It is reported he proposed for Miss Leslie. He was in this morning, and asked very kindly for you; he complains loudly that you do not write to him. He put in very hard to see your letter, which I was reading when he entered my office; but I told him it was a private letter, and put him off. If he had known its contents, he would not have been in the least flattered. What induced you to write such a letter? My dear boy, take an old man's advice, 'Never commit your feelings to paper in such terms; always remember writing can be

filed !' and, after all, Mr. Maxwell is a very gentlemanly man. He has invited me to dine at the cottage to-day. I shall have more news in my next; I will sound him about the report of his intended marriage with Miss Leslie. Accept my best wishes, and believe me, ever yours—

“COLCOLOUGH.”

We need not say this letter was written and posted before Mr. Colcolough went to dinner. Our readers are aware how the evening turned out, and the exposure of the fatal letter. Henry read the clerk's letter over; he could not believe the evidence of his eyes. Maxwell a visiter at the rectory, and they giving parties! He now understood why his letters were unanswered: Maxwell admired Marian and proposed for her, and she consented. He determined not to stay another day in Paris—he would go home, and, if possible, prevent such an ill-assorted marriage; he would candidly open his mind to Mr. Dunn, who is her proper guardian, and would willingly resign her to a convent sooner than see her Maxwell's bride. Marian could not care for such a man—it is her desolate dependent state that made her accept him; but no—it shall never be, he said aloud, and struck the table with his clenched hand.

“What is the matter, boy?” said his father, who had entered the room unobserved, and had been watching his son's anxiety for some time. Henry started, and looked annoyed and confused at being thus discovered.

“What is wrong, boy?” said his father.

“Only fancy, sir, that scoundrel Maxwell going to be married to Miss Leslie!”

“Pshaw, you fool!” said the old man; “do you believe for one moment that my friend (whom you so politely term a scoundrel) would connect himself with a beggar? but, even if it were the case, what has it to do with you?”

Henry saw there was no use in contradicting his father, therefore tried to change the subject by handing

the letters to him, and thus diverted his attention for the present. Mr. Fitzroy did not feel well, and requested his son to be ready to come out with him in an hour hence, and until then requested to be alone. Henry took advantage of the leisure hour, and wrote to Mr. Scott, complaining that all his letters remained unanswered, and begged to know if any of them contained aught that could offend either him or Miss Leslie? This letter chanced to come to hand, owing to Miss Lizzie Hart being ill. Mr. Scott was much surprised when he read its contents; and called at the post-office to inquire about the missing letters. Miss Hart said she forwarded all letters as they came. Poor girl! her heart died within her; she felt as if her death-warrant was signed. She lost no time in seeing Mr. Maxwell, and told him all that occurred; he too became uneasy, and proposed that they should be married at once. This pleased the simple girl very much.

"We shall start for London in a few days, and we can be married there."

Lizzie felt a misgiving; she did not like the idea of leaving her home without first being married, and she told her lover so, which offended him very much; he reproached her for doubting him, and said it was a poor recompence for his confidence and love. In his pretended indignation, he said, if she regretted her choice in the least, it was not too late to retract—that he would release her from her promise to him. This he knew would be death to the poor girl; she would suffer any thing sooner than give him up. At length she consented to run away with him.

He gave her plenty of money, and she lost no time in making preparations for her journey; she ordered all her purchases to be forwarded to Kingstown. Mr. Maxwell made his home arrangements, merely saying he would be absent for a week or two; he wrote to Mr. Scott, expressing his regret that he could not wait on him previous to his departure—that he was going to

attend the deathbed of a relative, and hoped to have the pleasure of seeing him on his return ; in conclusion, he begged him to make his apologies to the ladies. He took poor Lizzie from her home more dead than alive, for she loved her mother tenderly, and she could not bear to think of the affliction her absence would cause in her home. When they arrived in Kingstown she was surprised to see the elegant arrangements he had made for their journey. He had engaged a maid to attend her ; he proposed that herself and the maid should go first, and told her he had made all arrangements for their reception in London ; that he would follow in a day or two. This he did to throw the people off their guard ; besides, he wished to see how they would take the mysterious absence of the postmistress, particularly at the present crisis ; therefore changed his mind, and returned to the cottage. Lizzie was dazzled at the splendour of her new position ; she forgot for a time her mother and her home ; she thought to herself, When I am married I can have my mother to live with me, and make her happy.

Alas ! she little knew the precipice she was blindly plunging into ; her departure caused the greatest alarm in the neighbourhood ; her mother was like a lunatic ; nobody saw her leaving ; she could not have intended it herself, as all her clothes and jewellery were lying in her room. Mr. Maxwell called the next day for his letters, and affected the greatest surprise when he was told the story.

"There must be a search made," he said ; "she may have fallen into the canal, or she may have been murdered."

The gossip spread far and near ; somehow or other, the report got abroad that Mr. Scott had been asking about some foreign letters that were missing, and the persons who were badly disposed, did not hesitate to say amongst themselves, that there must have been money in the letters, and that she had made away with it. She had been greatly envied for her beauty by the young women

of her own age and class; they would say it never was with her own money she bought all the fine dress and ornaments she wore lately—somebody paid for them. Mr. Maxwell, too, shook his head and said—It was very strange that she should disappear so suddenly, and at such a moment. However, he too disappeared, but no one suspected him for having smuggled away the pretty Lizzie. He arrived in London, and was received with open arms.

“Dearest William,” said poor Lizzie, as she clung to him; “I thought you would never come.”

“My lovely wife,” he said, “will you always doubt me?”

“No, no!” she said, “it was not doubt, but you cannot define my feelings—men never love as women do.”

## CHAPTER XVII.

The soul, secure in its existence, smiles  
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
*Anon.*

OLD Father Dunn was ordered on a foreign mission by his bishop; in vain he begged to be left in his quiet little parish. But no! they wanted a man such as he in Sydney, and he must go. He was greatly perplexed by the change for many reasons: his great anxiety was, what he should do with Marian, having promised her mother he would never lose sight of her while he lived. He thought of taking her with him, but that was impracticable, unless he could place her in a convent, and she did not feel called to that life. While matters were thus pending, he was dining out at Lord B——'s, and in the course of the evening he fell into conversation with a widow lady. She told him that she was going on the continent for a few years, as her own and the children's health required change of scene; she was at a loss for a lady that would take charge of the children's education, and be a pleasing companion for herself. She found it so hard to get a suitable person, though she would give a liberal salary—she would give forty pounds a-year, "and that was considered a good salary for a governess."

The old man was turning all she said in his mind, and at length, after some consideration, he said—

"Madam, I think I can find a lady to suit you; there is only one draw back, and that is she is very young, but she is very steady.

"Oh!" said the lady, whom we must introduce as Mrs. White, "I should like her all the better for being young, if she is capable to instruct my daughters."

"She is well qualified for the task," said Mr. Dunn; "she is my ward, her mother left her in my charge on her dying bed, never to lose sight of her; and now, that I am ordered away, I am sadly puzzled how to manage. She is young, and beautiful, and highly accomplished;" and as the old man spoke the tears stood in his eyes—"I think," he said, "I could feel happy in leaving her with you." The lady begged to have an interview with Marian; she said she was staying at Lord B——'s for a month. It was arranged that Marian should wait on her the next day. The following morning Mr. Dunn paid an early visit at the rectory, and opened his mind to Mr. and Mrs. Scott, both of whom declared they would rather keep Marian as their child; she had so wound herself round their hearts that she had become necessary to them. Marian was then consulted, and she thanked her kind friends, but said she could not think of living a burthen on them. She said, "My darling mother taught me lessons of industry and independence that I must not forget; yet I know it will be a great trial to part with you all," and the tears of gratitude fell fast as she called them her dear kind friends, but, she added, "I must nerve myself to the task; besides, it's a task my mother imposed on me, and I look on it as a sacred one, and, my dear friends, you see God has sent it to me just in the right time. I feel very strong, and able for any thing."

It was agreed, for many reasons, that Marian should be introduced to Mrs. White as Miss Norman; this was her mother's name; and Mr. Dunn thought it would baffle Mr. Maxwell if he should make any inquiry after her. She waited on Mrs. White at the appointed hour, who was quite charmed by her exquisite beauty and elegant manners. Every thing being arranged, Mr. Dunn, who accompanied Marian, was sent for to pay his respects to Mrs. White, with whom he was a great favourite, though the lady herself was a strict Protestant against Popery;



nevertheless she married a Catholic, and her husband's dying request was, that his three children should have Catholic teachers, and be brought up piously in the faith their father lived and died in; his wife promised, and held her promise sacred. Mr. Dunn proposed to take Marian to London, where he would have to stay a month or better, having some church business to attend to; he wished to have her with him to the last moment, if possible; he had a strange foreboding that something evil would occur to his ward, and that she would want his protection, perhaps, when he would be far away. How often those sad feelings will force themselves on us when we are about to part from any one who is dear to us, and she was inexpressibly dear to the old man's heart, and, left as she was by her poor mother in his care, his feelings were as a father to a beautiful and only child! It was settled that she would go with him and meet Mrs. White in London. Every thing was arranged for their journey, when a new difficulty arose; it was about Mary Connor, who declared she would go wherever Marian went. She had a daughter nearly the same age of Marian; she knew that she would take care of her father, but the old woman would follow Marian's fortunes, come weal, come woe. When Mrs. White heard of the faithful creature's determination to follow her child, as she called her, she engaged her to wait on herself, and then all things appeared smooth. Parting with the Scotts was a great trial to Marian, but it must be done—the hour of their departure arrived, and Mr. Scott said he would go as far as London with them. When they arrived there, they stopped at the house of an old lady, and made themselves as happy as they could. Poor Marian felt the parting from her kind friends at the rectory very much; her spirits sank under the trial that was past, and she looked forward to the parting from the old man with great sorrow. She felt as if every tie that was dear to her was rent asunder, and for the first time felt perfectly desolate. They took her to every place of amusement, and tried to dissipate her fears. One day, as

they were driving down Regent Street, what was their surprise to see Mr. Maxwell and the pretty postmistress, as she was called, standing looking at something in a draper's window. Mr. Scott desired the driver to pull up at a little distance, and determined to watch their movements; a feeling of surprise and disgust took possession of him, as it was only a few days ago that Mr. Maxwell spoke in the most ungenerous terms of the poor girl who had become his victim, and did all in his power to make the worst impression on Mr. Scott's mind about her. From her sudden disappearance, and his departure so soon after, and now seeing them together, it was plain to him that all was not right; and he was determined to watch them. Lizzie was magnificently dressed, and looked lovely indeed. Mr. Scott got out of the cab, promising to meet his friends at dinner, and dogged the unsuspecting pair to their hotel; and, having thus satisfied himself, he returned to dinner, determined to call on the runaway pair in the morning. When Mr. Scott left the cab, Mr. Dunn said to Marian—

"Well, I suspected all through that matters were not all right between Maxwell and that girl, but I had no positive proof, therefore refrained from speaking to her mother. I did not like to see the villain lounging about there so often; and I noticed that she became a very fine lady of late, but little thought it would come to this;" and he looked tenderly at his ward, and said, "May God protect you, my child; if ever you meet that man avoid him as you would a serpent! I did not like his marked attention to you at Mr. Scott's; but was much pleased with *your* cold reception of his attentions."

When they all met at their lodgings they talked the matter over; Mr. Scott was determined not to lose sight of the girl, and would bring her back if possible; when Marian left the room he said to Mr. Dunn—

"I fear that Maxwell is a bad man: I am greatly disappointed in his character; I thought him a fine noble

fellow, but this looks badly—very badly; he spoke very seriously about Marian, and I referred him to you.”

“The villain, he knew better things than come to me, but I observed his attentions,” said Mr. Dunn.

Next morning Mr. Scott had a hasty breakfast, and left his friends to call at Maxwell’s hotel; when he called he was told they were not down yet.

“Whom do you mean?” said Mr. Scott to the servant.

“Mr. Maxwell and his lady, sir,” said he.

“Give him this card,” said Mr. Scott.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Her lips were silent, scarcely beat her heart,  
Her eye alone proclaim'd, we will not part;  
Thy "hope" may perish, or thy friends may flee,  
Farewell to life, but not adieu to thee.

BYRON.

At a later hour in the day Mr. Scott called at the hotel, and, to his surprise and disappointment, he was told that Mr. Maxwell and his lady had left; it was plain the servants were paid to hold their tongues, for none of them could tell whither he was gone. At last they said, All they knew was, that he was gone on a visit to some friends; they praised him and his beautiful bride, and said she was the finest lady they ever met. Mr. Scott turned away disgusted and annoyed; he saw at once that Maxwell passed the poor girl off for his wife; he did not believe that he really married her, because if he had why should he take her away in such a mysterious manner, and expose her to so many unkind remarks? He blamed himself for not speaking to them when he saw them together; had he done so, he might yet have saved the girl, and have restored her to her home. Alas! how bitter is self-reproach! the good man was miserable, and could not cease to reproach himself all that day.

We must now inform our readers how Lizzie passed the first few days in London before her lover's arrival. After she arrived in London she expected her lover in two days, but he did not come, nor any word from him. Still he had made every provision for her comfort; her attendant was an English girl, who had lived in France

for years. She was a creature of his own; she had been employed in a similar way several times before; in fact, he always had her as an accomplice. Well paid, no matter how atrocious or revolting the crime he wished to engage her in, she was a willing and an accomplished agent. The third day after Lizzie's arrival she thought she would go out for a drive, but to her surprise she found herself a prisoner; when she desired her maid to prepare to come with her, what was her astonishment to be replied to in the following terms—"I say, where are you going, young woman?" Lizzie looked with unutterable disdain, and asked her did she know to whom she was speaking.

"Oh! indeed I do, my pretty bird; are you tired of your golden cage so soon? There, now, don't get into such a rage! I have had charge of prettier wenches than you, and kept their wings well clipped, I promise you." Lizzie's heart died within her; the most dreadful things rushed through her mind, but she tried to preserve her dignity, and quietly ordered the maid from her presence, saying, when her master arrived he should hear of her conduct.

"Dear me!" said the termagant, "what a fine lady you have grown all in a minute! Oh, then, you may take it easy, for master won't be in a hurry coming! It is plain he has some better game on hands, and he knows he has *you* secured; so make your mind easy, and enjoy yourself till he comes!" and the wretch slammed the door after her, saying—"You'll not go out this day or early to-morrow." The next day she was much more civil, and Lizzie found it impossible to keep her off; she made the most abject apology, and begged she would not tell master on her, and that it should not occur again. Lizzie was softened by her apparent sorrow, and promised to look over it this time.

It may be well to inform our readers of the cause of her penitence. She had been used to receive ladies in charge, and have them left to her tender mercies for months, as she said, when her heartless employer had any better game on hands, and she supposed such might be the case in the present instance; but what was her

surprise to get a letter informing her he would be in London the next day, and enclosing one for her mistress ! Lizzie understood why her letter was enclosed, and felt delighted at the hope of seeing her lover. He desired her not to meet him, as he preferred meeting her at home ; accordingly, she received him at home with all the warmth of her young heart. He brought a gentleman with him, whom he introduced as a clergyman, an old friend ; that he met him by mere chance, and invited him home for two reasons—first, through friendship, and secondly, my love, you know we have not had the words said yet. The poor girl regarded this as an additional proof of his kind consideration for her feelings ; whilst the villain was nothing more than a hireling, dressed up to deceive her, and the deceit was so perfect, that the poor dupe submitted to the sham marriage, and believed herself happy, at least for the time being. They lived in the greatest luxury, at least it was such to Lizzie ; he spared no expense to dazzle her, and she was blindly dazzled. She forgot the home of her childhood, her mother, and the bitter anguish and disgrace her absence had caused her ; little thinking a time would come when she would be glad of the humblest place under that poor forsaken mother's roof, and would find neither home nor mother, but would have the bitter knowledge of having drawn down her sorrowing, greyheaded parent to the grave.

Such is the fruit of disobedience ! Let all young girls take a lesson from the fate of poor Lizzie ; and if they have a secret, let them remember the only one worthy of their confidence, and who won't abuse it, is their mother. However, we must not digress. When Mr. Scott saw Maxwell and Lizzie loitering about Regent Street, he thought he was not observed himself, but he was much mistaken. Maxwell had seen him the day before, and was determined to watch his movements ; he accordingly employed a fellow to watch him ; he was not aware that his friends were with him, and his guilty conscience made him dread the presence of the good

man. So sure and acute are the stings of conscience, that he thought all his villany was discovered, and that Mr. Scott was in pursuit of him to bring him to justice. At one time he thought it would be just as well to dispose of him quietly ; the supposed clergyman would do the deed for a prescribed sum, yet he feared the possible consequences, and came to the conclusion that flight was easier and less expensive, and so they disappeared ; he settled in a beautiful villa he had some miles from London, and every thing went on well for a time. At length he became tired of his way of living, the novelty was worn threadbare, and he would absent himself for several days together ; at first he used to make excuses, and at length became quite indifferent. One evening he returned after an absence of ten days, during which time Lizzie had time to reflect on her own conduct, and her miserable condition. Several times during his absence, the man she received as a clergyman came and held conference with her maid, and they both got perfectly intoxicated ; this aroused the worst suspicions in her mind, she saw that he was an impostor, and that she was not a wife. When Maxwell returned after ten days' absence, he was unusually cold to her ; when she ran to embrace him he coldly pushed her away, and ordered the servants to prepare for the reception of three or four friends, who would arrive in an hour or so. Of course they were gentlemen friends ; poor Lizzie never saw the face of a woman, since she went there, but the wretch she called her maid, and one or two other servants. The gentlemen came, and the poor girl was shocked at their rude, impertinent familiarity ; she looked at Maxwell to resent it, but he laughed, and said in his half-drunken tone—" It's all right, old girl ! "

No pen can describe the unfortunate woman's misery ; her heart died within her, for it was not yet callous ; she became fully awake to her situation—she was soon to become a mother, and her child to be an outcast. The gentlemen sat drinking to a late hour, when Maxwell started up and said—" I must be off, boys ! "

Lizzie clung to him almost fainting, and said—"William, dearest William, do not leave me! If you go, I must go with you; you cannot mean to leave me in this horrid place, and with these horrid men!"

He tried to shake her off, but she became savage, and her strength was more than natural; one of the guests staggered over, and tried to drag her from Maxwell, saying—"Sweet one, I shall take care of you."

She dashed him from her, her eyes flashing almost fire, and she clung to her destroyer for protection; he struggled to disengage himself, but her hold was like a death grasp; in the struggle they had reached the door, and what was her dismay to see the carriage, and the postilion no other than the supposed clergyman. With a strong effort Maxwell dashed her from him, and she fell on the pavement; she was stunned for a few moments, and they forgot her in their drunken hilarity, so that they did not see her rise, and crouch to the back of the carriage. The polished villain drove off, little thinking he carried his victim along with him; the vehicle drew up at the door of a magnificent house in — Square, the servant knocked, and the door was opened by a servant in very handsome livery; poor Lizzie, more dead than alive, dropped from her uneasy position, and met her betrayer at the carriage door as he got out; she threw her arms around him, and when he tried to shake her off, saying "Begone, woman!" she screamed—"Never, William, never!"

The ruffian who drove him, seeing him so fettered, struck her on the head with the handle of his whip; she gave a dreadful groan and relaxed her hold, and Maxwell, finding himself thus released, flung her from him into the channel. He hastily entered the house, the servant in the handsome livery did not care to interfere; seeing her lightly and handsomely clad, but without bonnet or muffler of any kind, and the rain pouring in torrents, he thought her unworthy even of his notice, therefore closed the door after the gentleman, and left her to her fate. The carriage drove off, and the drunken



postilion joined his own companions; there she lay, to all appearance lifeless, for some time, when a policeman stumbled over her, and tried to kick the impediment out of his way; he was not a little surprised, when he dragged her to the lamp, to see a beautiful woman magnificently dressed—he took her to the station-house.

## CHAPTER XIX.

One woe doth tread upon another's heels,  
So fast they follow.

SHAKESPEARE.

AT length the hour arrived that Marian had to part with her dearest, kindest friend, whose affectionate care shaded off half the loss she sustained in her late bereavement; she never knew how entirely desolate she was since the death of her parents, yet she did not complain, but made up her mind to work for independence with a right good-will. Still, a heavy weight lay at her heart; she felt she was parting from her old friend and preceptor for the last time, or, in other words, parting never to meet him in this world again. He gave her many cautions about her future life, and particularly requested her to avoid Mr. Maxwell if she should ever again meet him.

"My child," he said earnestly, "believe no promise of his—believe nothing he says; he is a deceit from beginning to end. I don't know why I feel so uneasy about him; I have a presentiment that he will try to injure you."

"Oh, nonsense, man!" said Mr. Scott; "you will frighten the wits out of the child. You have nothing to fear from Maxwell. On the contrary, he has spoken to me in very flattering terms of Marian, which made me ask him to my house."

"That is just the reason I dread him," said the old man; "for I am convinced that man does not possess one honourable feeling; beside, if he did make her his

wife, what comfort can the unhappy wife of a drunken profligate expect? none, my friend—none!”

Marian sat silently listening to all her friend said. At length she said—“My dear friend, you may banish all fears on that subject from your mind; I really dislike the man too much ever to give him a thought. There is something in his glassy snake-like eye that I shudder to encounter. I would not marry him even if he could make me an empress.”

Just as they were talking, a carriage drew up to the door, and Mrs. White was announced. The gentlemen received her courteously. When the usual salutations were over, she said—

“Well, Miss Norman (by which name we must know her in future), I trust you are quite ready to start; we go this evening in an hour hence: I left you with your friends as long as I could.”

“Thank you, madam,” said Marian; “I am quite ready.”

“That’s right,” said the lady; “I like punctuality in all things, so I trust we shall understand each other, and be very good friends. But, remember, my creed is punctuality.”

“I shall endeavour to give you no reason to complain,” said Marian; and she felt she did not like her half as well as she did before this interview.

“Well, then,” said the lady in the same matter-of-fact tone; “how is it to be? Will you come with me in the carriage, or shall we meet on board?”

“Oh! we shall leave her with you safe on board,” said both the gentlemen together.

“Then we have no time to lose,” she said, rising to depart.

When the carriage drove off a cab was called, and Marian’s luggage all arranged, and the little party drove off, and were on board half an hour before Mrs. White and her daughter, attended by old Mary Connor, arrived. Now every thing was noise and bustle, porters were running in every direction; and at length every one was

ordered to go on shore who were not passengers, and the two gentlemen embraced Marian, and took a formal leave of Mrs. White.

They had a very good passage ; but Marian was very sick, and had to go down to the cabin. The young ladies were most attentive to her ; they thought her the most beautiful creature they ever beheld. "She is almost too handsome," said the eldest girl (who was very haughty) ; "I have an idea that governesses should be all old and ugly. I think they are a horrid race !"

"Oh, fie ! dear Rosa," said the youngest girl ; "I think we owe a great deal to the unhappy class you allude to. I should break my heart if I had to be a governess ; it must be so troublesome to be teaching stupid girls."

This hurt her sister, as she took the allusion to herself, being really a lazy, and consequently a stupid, girl. "Perhaps, Emma," she replied, "if I would only take the trouble I might be as clever as you ; if Miss Norman is at all kind I may become studious, and excel even you." The young ladies were interrupted by the appearance of Marian and their mother walking up the deck, and they rose with the most courteous smiling faces to meet them.

"I trust you are better, Miss Norman," said the elder girl, while the younger took her mother's hand and led her to a seat.

"Have you been sick, mother ?" said she.

"No, darling ; but I thought I might be, and lay on the sofa."

When they arrived in Paris they were all fatigued by their journey. They were met by friends who had a carriage waiting, and with whom they intended staying for a few weeks ; it was a long promised visit. They retired early, and enjoyed a good sleep until the day was far advanced ; they had a magnificent suite of rooms. When they had refreshed themselves the carriage was ordered, and they paid a visit to an old friend, a lady who had been a school companion of Mrs. White's.

This lady was staying with her daughter, who had married a gentleman of title and large fortune. We shall introduce them to our readers as Sir John and Lady Milton. They were both young, and, though they had been married some seven or eight years, they enjoyed all the happiness and freshness of their first affection. They had four lovely children, three boys and one girl, who were much loved by their parents. Lady Milton was a very lovely and a very fashionable, gay woman. Her husband was very proud of her; he took her into all the gay society in Paris, and gave splendid balls and suppers at home; they went into the best society, and entertained all the *elite* of Paris. Sir John and Lady Milton arrived after a long ride, while Mrs. White and her family were chatting with Lady Grimshaw.

"Dear Mrs. White," said Lady Milton, "what an unexpected pleasure is this!" and she kissed her, as also her daughters. Sir John welcomed them most cordially. Lady Milton was struck with Marian's beauty, and begged to make her acquaintance.

"Miss Norman, Lady Milton," said Mrs. White.

"What a lovely creature!" said her ladyship in an under tone to Sir John.

The eldest Miss White heard the remark, and said, also in an under tone, but loud enough to be heard by Miss Norman and her mother, "Yes, she is very good-looking; she is an English governess mamma has engaged to travel with us."

"Good-looking!" said Lady Milton; "she is perfectly lovely. But, dear Mrs. White, I am so glad you have come in time for our ball; Monday week will be the eighth anniversary of our marriage, and Sir John intends to celebrate it with unusual brilliancy; the invitations are out, but we shall feel honoured if you and the girls will join us; and we shall feel so happy if Miss Norman will favour us by coming with you."

"Accept my thanks, Lady Wilton; but you see," she said, looking at her deep mourning dress, "I have had recent sorrows that unfit me for such a gay scene."

"Never mind, my dear girl, you can easily arrange your dress," said Lady Milton. "In fact, we shall be glad even though you come in your crape dress; so you see, dear Miss Norman, I am a tyrant in my way."

Marian saw that it would be bad taste to persist in her refusal, and gave her consent; Miss White's lip slightly curled, yet she smiled, and tried to appear pleased. The visitors took their leave, having invited Lady Grimshaw and her son and daughter to luncheon the next day.

When they were quite alone, Lady Milton said—"Dear John, did you ever see a more lovely creature than Miss Norman?"

"Never," said Sir John, "except my own lovely Eva;" and he looked with pride on the lovely creature before him.

"Oh John!" she said laughing, "some one has been teaching you to flatter; really if I was as beautiful as Miss Norman, I would be the vainest woman in France. I fear she will have something to do to manage the eldest girl; she appears to be a haughty, ignorant girl. She was evidently annoyed that I praised Miss Norman, and invited her to the ball, but I shall always ask her when I invite them."

## CHAPTER XX.

I weigh not fortunes frown or smile,  
I joy not much in earthly joys ;  
I seek not state, I seek not style,  
I am not fond of fancy's toys ;  
I rest so pleased with what I have,  
I wish no more, no more I crave.

JOSHUA SILVESTER.

THE next day saw the same party assembled at luncheon, after which the ladies proposed that they should go shopping, and Sir John was at liberty to go where he pleased. The Misses White said mamma should give them new dresses for the ball, and she, like all mothers, was only too willing to indulge them. They went to Lady Milton's milliner, and, after tossing several boxes of beautiful blonde dresses, &c., it was decided that Miss White should have a white tulle robe embroidered with silver, with a blue and silver wreath. She was very fair, and they all agreed she would look lovely in that dress. Miss Emma chose a delicate shade of pink crape, and pearl ornaments in her hair ; Marian took a great interest in the selection of their dresses.

"Well, Miss Norman, what do you intend wearing?" said Miss Emma.

"Oh!" said Lady Milton; "will Miss Norman allow me to choose her dress?"

"I shall be happy to be guided by your superior taste, my lady," said Miss Norman; "but, remember, it must be inexpensive—my means are limited."

"Very well, my little wise one," said the lady; "a plain tarlatan would look very well."

"Lady Milton, you know she is poor," said Miss White.

"And, besides," replied her ladyship, "she is so beautiful, she will look better in the plainest dress than other girls would look in the most extravagant dress."

This was said in an under tone, but the young lady did not expect such a pointed reply. Miss Norman was to have a white crape dress, trimmed with white frosted roses, with black velvet leaves, and the same flowers in her hair. Miss Norman thanked Lady Milton for all the trouble she had taken, and was quite pleased with her choice; the ladies all appeared perfectly happy as they took their seats in the carriage. They were all chattering away,—Miss Norman turned ashy pale.

"Oh, my dear, what ails you, are you ill?" said Lady Milton.

But she got no reply, the poor girl had fainted; they untied her bonnet, and begged the coachman to drive home as quickly as possible. By the time they arrived Miss Norman had recovered, but Lady Milton said she should rest till evening; and undertook to explain all to Mrs. White. Having given our heroine in care to her mother, the kind-hearted woman took the Misses White into her own charge, and conducted them to their mother, who was much concerned to hear her governess was so ill.

"Did any thing occur to annoy her?" said Mrs. White, not addressing any one in particular.

"Oh no, indeed, mamma!" said the elder girl blushing (for she remembered the unkind allusion she made about her dress); "we have been all very kind and attentive to her, and I'm sure Lady Milton has 'noticed' her *very* much: I am quite certain Lady Milton acts with kindness and condescension to every one."

"I trust you will profit by her example."

"Mamma, you are speaking very cross to me," said Miss White; and she left the room pouting.

Lady Milton rose to depart, and received Mrs. White's thanks for her attention to Miss Norman with her usual



sweet smile, promising to send the young lady home in her own carriage in the evening. Marian was quite restored when Lady Milton returned, and thanked her in the warmest terms for her kind attention. She smiled, and asked her if she could account for her sudden illness.

Marian hesitated for a moment ; and, blushing deeply, said—"I have been taught by my dear mother never to equivocate, and I would be most ungrateful if I did so with you."

"Then, do tell me all, my dear girl. Believe me, you shall always find me your friend."

"Then, madam," said Marian, "before I left my late home I met a gentleman whose attentions were very troublesome to me. I dislike him very much, and I cannot tell why, but that my guardian had a very bad opinion of him, and gave me so many cautions when parting with me, desiring me to avoid him carefully should I ever meet him in Paris."

"Yes, my dear, but what has that to do with you now ?"

"Well, madam, I may be wrong, but a gentleman passed us on horseback exceedingly like him, and he gave that disagreeable look at me so peculiar to the gentleman I speak of. His look frightened me, and yet it cannot be him, for we saw him in London while we were there, and he left that to visit some friends in Alton, so that it must be imagination ; but, really Father Dunn said so much about him—I mean, to caution me against him—that the circumstance made me quite nervous."

"Well, after all, you silly girl, it is nothing more than a provoking resemblance," said Lady Milton ; but she secretly thought differently. She well knew that Marian's beauty and poverty would expose her to a great deal of annoyance. Sir John came into the drawing-room while they were speaking, and his wife told him all about it.

"May I ask the gentleman's name, Miss Norman ?" said Sir John, after some consideration.

"Mr. Maxwell," said Marian.

Sir John took out his tablets, and slowly repeated the name, and wrote something at the same time; and, returning the tablet to his pocket, he said—

"It is all nervousness; but, even so, you must never go out alone in Paris: and, if any thing should annoy you, look on me and my wife as your friends. We shall protect you, if necessary."

"I am unable to thank you," said Marian, bursting into tears.

"Dear Miss Norman, there is no thanks due for doing our duty. We are strong in Paris, and you are desolate; so that we are bound to do it. But, independent of all that, I assure you you have won my—(she was going to say sympathy, but checked herself, and said)—heart from the first moment we met. Did she not, Johnny?" said the lovely wife.

"Yes, indeed, my darling; and mine, too," said her husband.

"Well, well," said her ladyship, "but that is a bold assertion;" and she stooped and kissed her young friend, and said—"Yes, dear, we shall both love you."

She could see how very acute Marian's feelings were, even though what she said was in jest.

Sir John ordered the carriage, and accompanied his wife and Miss Norman to Mrs. White's temporary residence. The young ladies showed the greatest attention to their governess, which pleased their mother very much. When the carriage drove off, Lady Milton said—

"I would give any salary to have such an instructress for my children; she is so superior to the general run of teachers you meet. She is fit to grace a throne!"

"I don't know what it is," said Sir John, "that is so winning about her; she is really irresistible. It must be her extreme simplicity and unpretending manners that wins one imperceptibly. She is just one, though seeking for no attention, that you feel bound to protect."

"I wish she were living with us," said his wife.

"Oh! my love, it would never do to interfere with Mrs. White's domestic arrangements. She looks to be a sturdy woman. You can be very attentive to Miss Norman where she is."

"But, dear John," said the lady, "I am sure she can never be happy where she is. That eldest girl is a most haughty, insolent creature. If you were present to-day, you would agree with me. I can see, my love, that Miss White is jealous—nay, offended at your attention to Miss Norman; and she is also envious of her beauty."

"She is indeed very lovely," said Sir John, rather speaking to himself than to his wife, and then speaking aloud he said, "she reminds me forcibly of my beautiful cousin that I was so much attached to when a boy. You remember I told all about it before we were married."

"Yes, darling, I remember the story of your cousin; it's strange that such a sympathy should exist between us. It's quite possible your cousin may have married her ill-chosen lover; and Miss Norman may be the offspring of that marriage."

"No, it cannot be," said her husband, "for Norman was not the young man's name; but, by Jove! Norman Beaufort was my cousin's name—could it be possible?—I must ask her all about her family when I have an opportunity. I would swear she is my cousin, if time stood still for at least twenty years. Mary was just my own age, and it was reported she died about a year after her father's death; and here, you see, there is a contradiction, for Miss Norman is in deep mourning for both her parents, who died within a day or two of each other. I wish I knew her guardian; it would appear he had Mrs. Norman's confidence, and perhaps would throw some light on the matter."

"But, my dear," said the lady, "her guardian has sailed for Australia."

"Then I shall be her guardian while she remains in Paris," said Sir John.

"And take particular care that nothing occurs to

annoy her at the ball," said his wife. "I ordered a superb dress for her just to vex Miss White; she behaved so rudely the day we were out. There, now," said Lady Milton, "I know you are going to say I shall make Miss Norman extravagant, but you are mistaken: I have become very economical, I assure you; but that is all I shall tell you, you look so serious, and you know I cannot bear to see you serious."

Her husband assured her he never thought her extravagant, and highly approved of every thing she did.

At length the evening for the ball arrived, and all was bustle and fret, for the young ladies' dresses had not come home yet—we mean the Misses White and Miss Norman; they were sitting in their dressing-gowns almost in despair, when Mrs. White entered their dressing-room, dressed, saying, "Girls, you had better wear your handsome pink tarlatan dresses; and did you bring any evening dress with you, my dear?" she said, turning to Miss Norman.

"No, madam," said Marian, "I have only my black crape dress with a low body, and it would be very unsuitable; but, if the girls can manage to go, I don't mind being left at home."

Just as they were putting on the tarlatan dresses, Connor came running into the room followed by two servants, carrying a large basket containing the dresses. Marian, regardless of self, gave all her attention to her pupils, and assisted the young person who came to see the dresses on, in case they should require any little alteration. The dresses were considered perfect even by the fastidious young ladies, who really did not know what they wanted.

"Oh! dear mamma," said Miss White, "it is half-past ten o'clock; would it not be better for us to go on as we are dressed, and we can send back the carriage for Miss Norman?"

"Certainly not!" said her mother. "You forget, my child, that Miss Norman might have been dressed while she was assisting to dress you and your sister: your pro-

posal would be a poor return for so much kind attention. Miss Norman," she added, "Connor can do any thing else they require, and this young woman will oblige me by giving her attention to you."

Marian retired to her own room, and, with the assistance of the milliner, was dressed in a very short time. The poor girl's heart died within her when she saw the magnificent silk slip and all the *et ceteras*, well knowing how light her purse was.

"Oh, miss!" said the milliner, "you look beautiful—you eclipse the other ladies completely."

Mrs. White and her daughters were perfectly dazzled when she appeared before them.

## CHAPTER XXI.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws  
A dark shadow alike o'er our joys and our woes ;  
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,  
For which joy hath no balm, nor affliction no sting.

MOORE.

WE must now return to see what has become of poor Lizzie Hart. We left her lying senseless, stunned by her fall, and driven to madness by the insulting, heartless desertion of her betrayer, for whom she all as heartlessly deserted home, and friends, and, above all, a fond mother.

Before we commence our task, we beg to express our hope, if amongst our readers there should be young ladies (we allude especially to young ladies earning their bread in shops, ware-rooms, and milliners' work-rooms ; in fact, to all girls in humble life) who aspire to men above them in rank, to remember the fate of Lizzie Hart, and to bear in mind that the class alluded to supplies too many such victims, owing to the want of confidence, we are sorry to say, too often existing between daughters and their parents. A girl should never forget that her mother will prove her best and wisest counsellor, no matter how humble or how plain that mother may be, and she should value so great a blessing if it is spared to her ; and if God has been pleased to call away that best of all preceptors, a "mother," such girls should carefully try to walk in the path that their departed mothers would have marked out for them, and thereby draw down the blessing of God on their actions. For our own part, we would rather accept the rugged hand

and honest heart, that often beats under a very rough coat, than the jewelled hand and flattering promises of men whose position in the world alone, in most instances, would prevent them performing those promises—promises that, even were they fulfilled, would place the young lady in a very painful position if her feelings were refined, or her mind well regulated. It is a very painful thing for a wife to know her husband is shut out from his family and friends because of his connection with her, “a girl of humble rank.” Would that Lizzie Hart had considered all these things before it was too late!

When the policeman raised her from the ground, he was surprised to see a person of her appearance in such a place, on such a night, and at such an unseasonable hour, for it was long past midnight. He placed her carefully on the steps of the house that contained her betrayer, and he became alarmed, seeing no appearance of life in her. There happened to be a cab passing, and he placed her in it, and took her to the police-office and reported the circumstances. They put her on the ground before a great fire; and, to the credit of the humble policemen be it told, they chafed her hands and loosed her dress; in fact, did every thing they possibly could do to restore her. They got brandy and poured it down her throat; and, after some time, she showed symptoms of reanimation. But she was quite delirious; and all they could learn from her was, that William was gone, and she should follow him. The poor stricken creature raved all night about the wretch that had caused her ruin. There were no papers that would lead to any discovery found on her; the only thing that might have been useful in that way, was a miniature brooch which had fallen from her dress in the cab, and the cabman next day found it, and made it his own.

She was removed to an hospital, where she got the treatment she required. She remained perfectly insensible to her sorrow for nearly three weeks, having got brain fever, during which time she became a mother.

The child was healthy, and the doctors and nurse thought it better to leave the child with her, in the hope it would assist in recovering its unhappy mother. The disease had passed the crisis, and the poor sufferer slept calmly for several hours. Next day, when the doctors came round, they found her much better, that is to say, out of danger. She was extremely weak, and they refrained from asking her any questions. She looked curiously at the baby, but did not repulse it; she also wondered at the room and the nurse, but did not speak for some time. She turned away and covered her eyes with her hands, and slept again; but this time it was a healthy, refreshing sleep. Next day she awoke; and, rubbing her eyes, she said to the nurse:—

“Who are you, and where am I? Have I been dreaming? Oh, yes! it was a horrid dream! Where is William?”

She asked all those questions without waiting for an answer; at length she felt exhausted, and fell back on her pillow. For a few moments scalding tears came chasing each other down her cheeks, and again she asked the nurse to tell her what had happened to her.

“You have been very ill, honey,” said she; “don’t you see your little baby?”

“Ah, yes!” said the poor girl, sadly; “my child will perhaps curse its mother one day—poor little thing!” She added, as if speaking to herself, “Would that you had never seen the light, and I had never lived to see thee! O God! that I had died on that fearful night!”

“What is your name, honey?” said the nurse.

“Lizzie,” said the young mother, feeling that she had no claim to the name that she once thought was hers.

“But your other name, deary?” said the woman.

“Alas! I have no right to any,” said the sufferer.

“I have disgraced one name, and I have got my reward; I am nameless, friendless, and homeless.”

The doctors had been listening while she spoke, but she was not aware of their presence; her short but sad account of herself interested them in her favour; they



saw that she was comparatively innocent compared with persons of her class, and they pitied her, and gave orders that every care should be taken of herself and her child. She was allowed to remain in the hospital until she was quite strong, and, when she was well enough to go out, the doctor gave her five shillings, which at first she was disposed to refuse; but when she thought of her child she smothered the proud feeling, and stretched forth her hand for the alms that she would rather have died than accept for herself. When she found herself about to leave the house, she was not a little startled to find she was without any clothing except the handsome silk dress in which the policeman found her on the fatal night she left her home; that, alas! was only one in name. Her child, too, was only clad with such odds and ends as they could gather up in the hospital: the nurse, who was rather kind-hearted for a person of her class, gave her an old shawl, which she wrapped closely round her infant, and departed. She walked onward without knowing whither she was going, and regardless of the appearance she made. At length she sank down, wearied and exhausted, on the steps of a warehouse door, when an overfed dandy clerk passing in, said—"Come, my good woman, you cannot sit here, stopping up the doorway!"

This speech aroused the poor girl to a full sense of her situation; she tottered away to another door that had been barred and closed for the evening; she did not weep, but terrible thoughts passed through her mind. There she sat in one of the bye-streets of London, the once handsome, much admired, and sought after "Lizzie Hart!" there she sat, cold and hungry, in that busy city of wealth and comfort; there the vain, ambitious, haughty beauty, whose uneducated mind had been turned from the path of obedience, of honour, of honesty, and of virtue, by flattery, and the artful attentions of a man whose rank she had no pretensions to, nor never could support, being an humble-born, uneducated woman. She spurned the honest attention of a

man in humble life, whose heart she had won, and who was able and willing to make her his wife, and give her a happy, comfortable home ; but how many, like her, throw away the substance for the shadow, and are blindly dazzled by a bauble, while they trample under foot the "rough diamond," that would have proved a treasure of inestimable value ? Alas ! poor Lizzie had many bitter feelings to contend with, having flirted and trifled with more than one or two honourable competitors for her hand ; in her heyday, she little cared how she deserted and pained hearts that she should have honoured and prized. All this passed in her mind, and she felt she deserved her fate—and how dreadfully bitter is self-reproach ! Having sat in the cold till she was almost petrified, she determined to ask the next person who passed to direct her to a decent lodging ; she had not long to wait when a smart-looking servant girl passed. Poor Lizzie said, "I beg your pardon, will you"—but she passed without taking any notice of her ; the next was a respectable-looking man, but the words died on her lips, she had not courage to address him. Her heart was stricken with terror as she saw the evening closing round her ; several women passed, but did not heed her. At length two genteel-looking girls came up, they looked at her as they passed, and said one to the other—"What a pretty creature that poor woman is ; come back, I'll give her a penny."

They returned, and handed her a penny. Lizzie looked at them, but did not speak ; she burst into tears, and pushed the hand away.

"There's our thanks !" said they, and passed on.

The next that came up was an old gentleman, who was struck by her appearance, stopped, and said—"What ails you, my poor woman ?"

"Oh, sir !" she replied, (encouraged by the kind tone of his voice,) "can you direct me to a decent lodging ?"

The old man eyed her closely, and asked her where she had been living. She told him she had just left the hospital, and did not know where to go to.

"Are you the mother of this child?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"And where is the father?" he asked. But to this she could give no answer.

"Where did you live before you went into the hospital?"

She told him she did not know the name of the place, that it was a very handsome place, and that she was never outside the grounds, which were extensive. The old man pitied her, but formed a very unfavourable opinion of her.

"My poor woman," he said, "I do not know where to recommend you; but, if I could see a policeman, I would speak to him about you; and as he spoke he put a five-shilling piece into her hand, and walked on. When he met a policeman he told him about her, and returned to the spot.

"Ah!" said the man, "this is the poor girl I picked up a month ago in the street."

"Do you know of any honest place you could take her to as a lodging?" said the old man.

"Oh, there are plenty of places if she could pay for them!" said the man.

"I have money enough," said the poor girl, sobbing bitterly.

"She has means to pay for her lodging," said the gentleman; "I have given her money."

"Come along, then," said the man; and he took her through a horrid dirty lane, and they met a common-looking woman who sold vegetables, returning after her day's hawking.

"Good-evening, Biddy," said the man; "can you give this young woman a lodging?"

"Oh, la!" said the woman; "of course I can if she can stand the tin."

"Can you pay two shillings a-week, young woman?" said the hawker.

Lizzie promised to pay the sum required, but the woman wished to see the money and get it in advance,

which was speedily agreed to; and the poor girl, glad to get any place of rest, followed the woman as well as she was able. They entered a wretched house and reached the garret, where there were three or four other lodgers; poor Lizzie was glad to make one amongst them.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Ah ! why art thou sad, my heart ? why  
Darksome and lonely ?  
Frowns the face of the happy sky  
Over thee only ?

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

MISS NORMAN looked really beautiful when she descended to the drawing-room, where Mrs. White and her daughters were waiting for her.

"Oh, mamma, doesn't she look nice ?" exclaimed the younger girl.

"She looks more than nice, my love," said her mother ; "she looks lovely ;" and, taking Miss Norman by the hand, she kissed her and said—"God bless you, my dear, and make you as happy as you are beautiful. But why those tears ?" she said, starting back.

Miss White glanced at herself in a mirror that was near, and then, with a slight curl on her well-formed upper lip, she looked at her governess and said—

"Dress is a great improvement to her, but she'll make herself look quite ridiculous if she keeps whimpering and crying like this."

Mrs. White was too much engaged with her young friend, whom she admired and respected very much, to notice her daughter's jealous speech. Marian dried her tears, and they all descended to the carriage ; they were all happy and full of glee but Marian, who, though in the midst of splendour and happiness, felt alone in the world, and could not shake off the sadness and consciousness of desolation that took possession of her heart ; yet her calm pensive look lent

an additional charm to her beauty. When they were announced Sir John met them, and conducted Mrs. White and her eldest daughter to the drawing-room; Miss Emma White had just recognized a friend in a dashing young officer who was standing on the landing. He asked permission to accompany her to the drawing-room; she turned to Miss Norman and said—"Allow me to introduce my friend, Captain Howley, Miss Norman."

Marian bowed, and the gentleman offered his arm to her also, but Sir John had just come up to them, and, drawing Marian's arm within his, said laughingly—"Come now, my dear fellow, one pretty girl is quite enough for you to have charge of; besides I am the oldest friend, and claim the honour of accompanying Miss Norman."

The kind-hearted man felt proud of his beautiful charge; when they walked up the room there was a general buzz of admiration, and the question, "Who is she?" whispered from one to another. Captain Howley asked Miss Emma White the same question, adding—"She is a most lovely girl."

Miss Emma White said, "She is indeed beautiful, and as amiable as she is beautiful."

"But who is she?" he repeated.

"She is our governess; but I assure you she is a lady. Mamma is very fond of her."

"Oh, indeed!" said the young soldier; "it is not necessary to tell me she is a lady, for aristocracy is imprinted on her lovely brow."

"Upon my honour, I must inform her that she has made a conquest!" said she, looking at him archly.

"No, no, Miss White," said her companion, "we may admire without falling in love. I believe a man can only love 'once,' if he loves sincerely," and they both blushed. An awkward silence followed, which was interrupted by a tall, military-looking man saluting Captain Howley, and asking, "Who is that lady whose *entrée* has caused so much commotion—look, she is now speaking to Lady Milton?"

"I am happy I can give you the required information, my lord," said Captain Howley. "I had the honour to be introduced to her."

"But who is she?" repeated Lord Binton impatiently.

"She is an Irish lady—her name is Miss Norman, my lord," said the captain haughtily, and moved on. "How I hate that man!" said Howley; he is the colonel of our regiment; he was in delicate health, and has been away for twelve months; he has only just returned—he is hated by every man in the regiment."

"Oh, I declare you are making me hate him, too!" said Miss Emma; "and that is not right, for I think I heard you say my lord to him," and she laughed merrily at the grave face of her companion.

Lord Binton kept moving slowly towards the part of the room where Miss Norman, Mrs. White, and Lady Milton were sitting, and he kept muttering to himself, "An Irish lady—it is she, yet what can bring her here? Ha, I see through it all! I'll not pretend to know her."

"Why so thoughtful, my lord?" said Sir John, who just came up.

"Upon my soul, Sir John, I am quite dazzled; there is such a brilliant array of youth and beauty here this evening. Who is that lady speaking to Lady Milton?"

"What an eye you have after the pretty girls," said Sir John—"I shall introduce you presently.

They came to the ladies, and Lord Binton complimented Lady Milton in the most extravagant terms.

"You are a sad flatterer, my lord," said her ladyship.

Sir John took his arm and said, "Allow me to introduce Lord Binton, Mrs. White."

"Oh, how do you do, my lord!" said Mrs. White. "I had the pleasure of meeting his lordship before. Miss Norman, allow me to introduce my friend, Lord Binton."

Miss Norman bowed haughtily, and turned deadly pale. His lordship took a seat between Mrs. White and Miss Norman, and gave all his attention to the former.

"Put on your prettiest smile, my love," said Lady

Milton; "his lordship's a bachelor—but, God bless me! what is the matter, child—are you ill?"

"Yes, my lady—the room is very warm."

Sir John, who had been a silent observer, quietly offered an arm to each of the ladies, and led them to another room that led into a magnificent garden, where they were completely away from the company. Sir John asked Miss Norman if she were ill, or if any thing occurred to annoy her.

"Oh, Sir John, that is he! I could not mistake his horrid eyes."

"Is it the gentleman *you* call Mr. Maxwell? It must be a mistake, child—it is only a resemblance; besides, you have nothing to fear with us."

"Yes, Sir John, with you I know I have nothing to fear. I esteem Lady Milton's and your kindness very much. You make me feel I am not alone."

"But why, my dear, are you so much afraid of him? Did he ever say any thing to offend you?"

"No, my lady, he never said any thing to me; but I was told that he said he would follow me to hell."

"He may go there, no doubt; but he must be a fool to expect he shall meet you there. No, no, dear Miss Norman; if he said he would seek you in the skies, he might have a chance. Come, now, cheer up, I shall keep an eye on his lordship for the rest of the evening."

They returned to the drawing-room, and dancing commenced. Sir John and Miss Norman opened the ball. Lord Binton did not dance, but watched the dancers closely. Miss Norman was indeed the *belle* of the room. She was called the "pretty Irish girl." Even the ladies had to confess her beautiful. Poor Marian! she was well-nigh bewildered—coming fresh from her quiet, secluded home. She never saw so much dazzling splendour before—it even outshone any thing she had read of; and, had she been an ordinary girl, her little brain would have been turned by all the flattery she received; but not so with her—her poor mother performed her duty to a letter.



She had just risen from the piano, where she had been accompanying herself while singing, when Lord Binton asked her to dance with him. She declined, under the pretence of fatigue; he bit his lip, bowed, and walked away.

"I shall humble that proud beauty," he muttered to himself. "Yes," he still muttered, "I am the man to settle her, in spite of all her fine friends; they cannot always watch her, and I never sleep when I have a point to gain. I wish I could meet that cur, Fitzroy; 'tis evident she followed him. It were well that he were out of the way. I must try and provide for him, too!"

He was pushing his way along, when he absolutely jostled against Lady Milton, without seeing her of course. He was aroused by her ladyship saying—

"You are pleased to be ungracious to-night, my lord."

"Pardon, my lady; it was accident;" and he put on one of his fiendish, fascinating smiles, and said—"I shall atone for my error in any way your ladyship wills."

"Well, then," she said, graciously, "I shall summon a jury of ladies one of these days, and return a verdict."

"Of not guilty, I trust," interrupted his lordship.

The lady shook her head wisely, and said—"I am not so sure of that;" and passed on.

Lord Binton threw himself on a seat, and tried to quiet down his ill-humour as best he could. The seat he had taken was in a window recess, and he was nearly concealed by the drapery; therefore he could observe every one and every thing about him, without being observed. Captain Howley and Miss Norman, with her favourite pupil, Miss Emma White, sat down convenient to his lordship, without seeing him. They kept up a cheerful conversation for some time, and the dancing commenced again. A gentleman requested the favour of Miss White's hand, and led her away. Captain Howley asked Miss Norman to dance with him. She said—

"I would be most happy; but I have just refused to dance with Lord Binton, and my excuse was fatigue. He appears to be a favourite with Sir John, therefore I should not like to offend him."

"Curse the fellow; I hate him!" said the captain, vehemently.

"Well, it is very strange," said Miss Norman, "I have taken a dislike to him; in fact, I disliked him from the first moment I saw him. Only that he is so well-known here, I would be positive he is a gentleman whom I met in Ireland, and whom I despised very much. And he may be the same—I have known him to travel under an assumed name."

"I found him out in two or three ugly transactions, and that is the reason he annoys me so much," replied the captain.

"He is our commanding-officer; several of our fellows sold out in consequence of his insolence; and I would too, but I am one of those unhappy fellows who have to battle with fortune."

His lordship could not endure his retreat any longer; and suddenly rising from it, and standing before the unconscious pair, he said—

"I trust you have recovered from your recent fatigue, Miss Norman. It is not kind in you to punish *even* a disagreeable fellow like me so much."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

How sweet is the hour we give,  
When fancy may wander free  
To the friends who in memory live,  
For then I remember thee.

S. LOVER.

WE must return to our faithful friends at the rectory. Mrs. Scott and Marian corresponded regularly, though not frequently ; in the period of which we write, they had no "Rowland Hill." Minnie, too, always enclosed a little note in her mother's ; but it was cold and reserved. Marian wondered at the tone of her letters, but refrained from any comment, as she partly guessed the cause. Minnie had now grown a fine young woman. We must beg our readers to imagine that two years have passed since we saw her last, and two years make a great change in a girl of fifteen. She had had one or two offers of marriage, of which her parents approved highly, and declined them. When questioned by her father as to the cause, she replied—

"Dear papa, why are you and mamma so anxious to part with me ? I am perfectly satisfied to remain as I am with you ; and I am not at all tired of my home."

"But Minnie, my child, you should know that your mother and myself have only your interest in view ; and Mr. Harper has a good living, and would be able to keep you in a suitable position. Beside, God may not be pleased to spare us to you, and our great anxiety for you is fearing you might be left unprotected, like Marian Leslie. Still, my darling, we shall never press you to

do any thing against your own will ; all we ask is, that you will not dismiss Mr. Harper *hastily*. The matter is worthy consideration ; and, in my mind, he is every thing a girl could desire. There are hundreds of fine girls that would feel honoured by his notice, and I know my Minnie will be sensible, and do as an obedient daughter ought to do."

"I shall try, papa," said she, and her father kissed her tenderly, and bade her good-night. When Mr. Scott went to his room, he found his wife anxiously waiting for him ; he sat down, and did not speak for some time. His wife did not interrupt him ; she well knew he was not pleased with the result of his interview with his daughter. She sat down beside him, and watched him during his fit of abstraction ; he looked up and met her anxious eye.

"A thousand pardons, my dear," said he ; "in my thought for this child I quite forgot you were here."

"No matter, love," said his wife ; "but tell me the result of your interview."

"Oh, the same old thing !" said he, "with the painful addition that she reproaches *us* with being anxious to part with her ; she says she is satisfied to remain as she is, and that she is not tired of her home, or of us."

"I cannot think what has caused this horrid change to come over my child," said his wife ; "her spirits are gone, her appetite is gone, in fact, her entire former self is gone. I know there is some secret grief lying at her heart."

"Mary," said her husband, "I have formed some strange opinions on the matter, and, though it is not my wont to blame you, I cannot help doing so on this occasion." His wife turned pale, and looked in mute astonishment at him ; he had never spoken to her, during the twenty-five years of their wedded life, in such a tone or strain before ; she did not reply, for she saw that her husband was greatly excited, and he continued—"There are none of us perfect, and in your ambition to be great, your foolish talk to this child has caused all this misery.

I can see it all clearly ; when that ruffian, Maxwell, was visiting us, you thought you had nothing to do but get him for Minnie."

"Yes, love ; but"—

"Stop !" said he sternly ; "you must not interrupt me ; I heard you tell her that she was a prettier girl than Marian, which was untrue, and that you were convinced that Maxwell admired her more of the two ; now, was this the way to speak to a girl of fifteen ? And coming from her mother too, I say it was most imprudent ; and perhaps you now can see the result, as I do, plainly."

He ceased to speak, and his wife, who had been weeping all the while, said—"Well, I am sure I did not think I deserved this from you, after my years of affectionate care to you and your children, and, let me tell you, *you* are not blameless in the matter either. You had no right to introduce such a man to me or my children ; you call him a ruffian, and is such a person fit to introduce to your wife and family ? you represented him to be a very different person when he came to our house, and from all you said of him, *I did* wish to win him for my poor child. I may have acted wrong in telling her my thoughts on the subject ; I know I was wrong, but that is no reason why you should insult my feelings as you have done to-night, particularly as you brought him to the house."

Mrs. Scott could say no more, she was so choked with sobbing ; but she was secretly satisfied, knowing that she had made a point against her husband. Up to this time they had but one mind, one will, and all was peace and quiet in their once happy home.

"Alas ! how slight a cause may move  
Dissensions between hearts that love."

Mrs. Scott rose suddenly, saying—"I shall go to Minnie, and ask her all about it ; I know she will tell me, if Maxwell ever said any thing serious to her," and she moved towards the door.

"Mary," said her husband, "you shall *not* go to her to-night; I have given her till morning to consider her answer to Mr. Harper, and you must not frustrate my designs, for my heart is set upon having her married to him, and I know that pressing her will only make her more positive in her refusal; but, if she thinks she is free to act as she pleases, the chances are she will comply with my wishes."

"But I am not going to interfere with your arrangements at all, and I *must* go."

"You shall not go," said her husband; "you have done mischief enough."

"Well, upon my word, this is a pretty state of things, to be a prisoner in one's own house, and treated so by one's own husband; I should like to know what will come next?" And they retired without speaking again that night. Poor Minnie retired, too, and to quarrel with her own feelings. When she went to her room, she fastened her door that no one could enter, and wept bitterly; she thought of all her father had said, and felt she had a right to obey him; yet her heart refused. She drew forth a miniature beautifully set, and gazed on it for a long time, and wept bitterly, and said aloud—"I never shall marry another! I loved him from the first moment I saw him, and he told me it was only to see *me* he came, and that he did not care for Marian; besides, he never made her presents as he did to me, and mamma told me she was sure he was in love with me, and it is cruel in her now to persecute me about this nasty man, whom I shall never marry. Thank God!" she said, devoutly, "papa said he would not ask me to do any thing against my will."

The reader, we are sure, has discovered that it was Mr. Maxwell was the subject of the miniature and of her thoughts; he was in fact the idol of her young heart, where love for any but her parents had never found a seat before. But, alas! now all is changed. She went to her couch, but sleep did not visit her; she spent the whole night thinking of her dangerous lover, and trying

to frame an answer for her father, whom she was to meet in the library in the morning—she feared to disobey his wishes. At one moment her good angel would whisper the necessity of submitting such important things to his better judgment, and then the enemy would come and destroy all the good feelings in her heart, and she would ask herself—"Shall I sacrifice myself to please my father?" And her heart would answer, "No." She tried to sleep but could not; a guilty conscience will disturb the most callous of us, and how much more this poor, artless girl! She had deceived her parents by receiving presents from, and writing to, Mr. Maxwell underhand; the arch-fiend had won her unsophisticated heart, and made her the tool of his artifice. She knew she had done wrong, and she was justly punished; her heart was bursting with the burthen of its deceit, when, pale and unrefreshed, she met her parents and kissed them in the morning.

"Are you ill, my love?" said her father.

"No, papa," she replied, "only a slight headache."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

When I see thy friends, I smile;  
I sigh when I hear thy name;  
But they cannot tell the while  
Whence the smile or the sadness came.  
Vainly the world may deem  
The cause of my sighs they know;  
The breeze that ruffles the stream  
Knows not the depth below.

S. LOVER.

MR. AND MRS. SCOTT did not speak when they met the next morning, there was a painful silence during breakfast; the seed of discord was sown in that once happy family, and they never enjoyed again the delightful peace, confidence, or unity that once was theirs. When the meal was over, Mr. Scott rose from the table, saying—"I shall expect you in the library in half an hour, Minnie," and left the room.

When Mrs. Scott and her daughter were alone, they both gave vent to their feelings in tears; they both wept bitterly, and neither tried to console the other, self had so completely taken possession of them. The mother blamed her child as being the cause of her husband's harshness towards herself; and the child blamed her mother for first having encouraged and given birth to certain hopes and feelings, and then joining with her father to destroy them.

Alas! how strange a thing is the human heart! There sat that once loving mother and daughter, now with feelings alienated as if they were perfect strangers to each other. At length Minnie dried up her tears and repaired to the library, where she found her father and



Mr. Harper (who came unexpectedly) in deep conversation ; the moment she entered Mr. Harper rose to salute her, which she returned coldly, and turned to leave the room, saying—"I thought you were alone, papa."

"I shall be disengaged in ten minutes," said her father (who looked any thing but happy).

She retired to the drawing-room, and commenced questioning herself why she didn't accept Mr. Harper ; she thought she never saw him look so handsome as he did this morning. She felt she was about to lose a great prize, and so she was ; she held the prize within her grasp, and yet she threw it from her. She asked herself more than once, as many a girl did before her, "Ought I have him ? he is very handsome, and I know he loves me ; but still Mr. Maxwell is nicer, and I think I have a good chance of him." We say again, what an inexplicable thing is the human heart ! Minnie Scott acknowledged to herself that she knew she possessed the affections of a handsome, accomplished young clergyman, with good means, and what in our minds is better still, "a good honest heart," free from the pollution and deceits of the world, and ready to place his name, fortune, and, what is still more valuable, his pure heart's affections at her feet, and she cast him off, knowing his real worth, in the *vain hope* of winning a cold, deceitful, heartless, dishonest, dishonourable man ; we shall see hereafter how she was rewarded. At length she was summoned to her father's presence ; her fickle heart nearly died within her ; her better reason told her to decide at once in favour of Mr. Harper, but her evil genius presided, and she decided in favour of an Eutopian lover. When she entered the library, her father was sitting in deep thought, with his head resting on his hand ; she took the hand that was leaning on the table, and her touch aroused him ; he embraced her tenderly, and placed a chair for her beside him.

"Well, dear," he said, "Mr. Harper is in the house still, waiting your final answer ; he called to say, if it is favourable he will settle three hundred a-year on you ;

you will have a nice phaeton, and I need not tell you how much he loves you. Mind what I tell you; if you refuse him you will regret it."

"Well, papa," she said, "I *must* refuse him. I am sorry, because it displeases you and mamma; but you said you would not ask me to do any thing against my will, and I avail myself of the privilege."

"And may I ask you, child, what is your reason for this strange conduct?" said her father, looking at her as though he would penetrate her very soul. She remained silent. "Is there any other person whom you prefer?" asked her father.

Minnie's face became scarlet; she had been taught from childhood to be truthful, yet she could not give a candid answer, at least she would not, to her father's question. She muttered something like that she preferred remaining unmarried.

"What are you saying, child?" said Mr. Scott impatiently; "it is a matter of importance to you, to me, and to your mother; you must give me a satisfactory reason for this refusal, so that the sooner you do so the better."

"Well, papa," said his daughter, in a clear voice that surprised him, "I will not marry Mr. Harper; I don't like him."

"Then, who do you like?" said her father. "I must have sufficient reason for this disobedience, and, if you don't give me that reason, I shall compel you to marry him; I shall fix this day week for your wedding. It is my wish, and you are too young to judge for yourself."

"This day week," she repeated slowly. Her father pulled the bell, and Mr. Harper entered.

"Well, my friend," said Mr. Scott, "this silly girl still persists in her refusal; but I think when she says no she means *yes*, so we shall fix this day week for your marriage with my daughter."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Harper, "I need scarcely say nothing would please me more if the consent came from Miss Scott as well as from you; but I could not help

hearing her refusal, as the parlour door was partly open, and I certainly would not marry any woman against her will; besides, she dislikes me, therefore I would not press the matter further. I am only sorry I have given Miss Scott a moment's uneasiness, and sincerely trust the man to whom she has given her heart will prove himself worthy of her;" he said these words significantly but sadly. He continued—"I have watched you, Minnie, since you were a child, and all my earthly hopes were centred in you—yes, I have watched you with a careful, jealous eye; I followed you during your stolen walks and meetings with —; but 'tis no matter now. 'You dislike me,' and never can be more to me; but you little know the profligate wretch on whom you have thrown away your heart!"

"And, sir," said Minnie disdainfully, "what right had *you* to watch my movements?"

"Only to protect you from *danger*," said her lover; "as a friend I claimed that right; I knew his intentions were not honourable, could not be, as he is a married man."

Minnie heard no more, she fainted away. Mr. Scott exclaimed—"My child!" and rang the bell violently. The servant came running in, and Mrs. Scott, who had been listening in the next parlour, rushed in also, saying—"You have killed my poor child!"

"No, madam, she has only fainted; my announcement has shocked her, but it may save her; what I have said is too true."

Meantime, they were trying to restore Minnie. When consciousness returned, she was taken to her own room, and after she was undressed she discovered she had lost something, but would not say what. When the gentlemen were alone, they remained silent for some time, when Mr. Scott said—"Harper, you have paralysed my heart and brain—I know not what I am saying," and he drew his hand painfully across his brow: he resumed—"For God's sake, tell me who is this man you alluded to!"

Harper pointed to a letter and a miniature that were lying on the ground. Mr. Scott picked them up; he first opened the letter, it contained a glossy curl of jet-black hair, and the further contents would have deceived an older head than poor Minnie's; it was full of the most extravagant flattery, and protestations of everlasting love. Mr. Scott quietly folded the letter, and placed it in his desk; he looked at the miniature, and put it with the letter.

"The villain!" he exclaimed, "I will follow him to the world's end, and punish him! My poor girl, how she has been deceived; but, alas! how deceitful she has been to a father that would have sacrificed his life for her happiness! Harper, you have my warmest, best thanks; you have indeed saved her!"

"But to lose her, sir," said the young man. "Farewell to you, to this house, to her, and all the hopes I cherished, for ever! I must try and seek happiness elsewhere;" he wrung his friend's hand, and rushed from the house. Mr. Scott watched him as he walked across the lawn, and said aloud—"May God bless you!" The wretched father went to his child's room; he found her very ill, and apparently unconscious of his presence. He retired to his own room, and sent for his wife. "Mary," he said, "I cannot bear this estrangement from you; I require your sympathy; my heart is nearly broken. If I have been harsh, forgive me."

## CHAPTER XXV.

Few years have pass'd since thou and I  
Were firmest friends, at least in name;  
And childhood's gay sincerity  
Preserved our feelings long the same.

BYRON.

LADY MILTON and her kind-hearted husband still continued their gay life; and, in consequence of the death of Mrs. White, the young ladies were placed in a convent to finish their education. Marian had become an instructress to her ladyship's children, a boon she had dreamed of during the three years of their acquaintance. Marian was now perfectly happy; there was but one wish ungratified, and that was, she never met Henry Fitzroy, though she knew where he lived, but she considered that he should seek her. She had read of his father's death in one of the leading papers, and grieved she was not near to console him, yet she was not a little piqued that he did not try to renew their acquaintance; and then her mother's words would recur to her, and she would try to banish him from her mind. She had had many eligible proposals, but declined them all; she felt perfectly happy with her newly found friends. Sir John insisted she was his relative, but that point was never clearly settled. Their eldest daughter was a perfect idol with her parents, and they were preparing to celebrate her birthday with great pomp; they had invited a young friend of Miss Milton's on a visit, and Lady Milton, Sir John, and their daughter drove a little into the country to bring their young friend back with them;

Marian was not very well, and remained at home. In the course of the afternoon she strolled about the grounds, which were very extensive. She delighted in one particular part of the park called the Grove, and, feeling a little fatigued by the walk, she sat down, and, having a book with her, she resumed her reading. She was not long here when she felt a rude hand on her shoulder, and in another moment, and before she could make the least resistance, even if she were able, she was blindfolded, and carried away without knowing whither, or by whom she was taken. She tried to scream, but her mouth was stuffed, and a rough voice told her she had better keep herself quiet; they travelled for some time, and at length the carriage stopped and they alighted. Her companion led her into a house, and, when the bandage was taken off her eyes, she found herself in a magnificently furnished drawing-room. As far as the eye could see without, there was nothing but the most beautiful scenery. She was left alone but the door was closed. She was perfectly bewildered, examining every thing about her, when a servant entered with refreshments, and invited her to partake of some; Marian declined, but begged the woman to tell her where she was, and why she was detained here; she cried bitterly, but the woman could not, or would not, give her any information. Night came on, and the same servant came to conduct her to her room; the poor girl refused to leave the one she was in, and begged the woman to tell her whose house she was in, or why she had been taken there, but the servant maintained a perfect silence. Marian was quite overcome by fright and exhaustion, for she had not even tasted what was placed before her; the woman insisted on her following her, observing that she had no time to waste in talking. Marian saw she must submit, and followed the woman. She showed her into a beautiful suite of rooms, consisting of drawing-room, parlour, dressing-room, and bed-room, furnished in the most fairylike style.

"Now," said her companion, "you can ring if you want

any thing ; you may compose yourself, you will not be disturbed to-night."

Marian dropped on her knees, and begged the woman to tell her where she was, and who it was dared to detain her.

"I have rich friends," she said, who will reward you handsomely if you release me." She added, "I am rich, too," and if you take these (offering her all the jewellery she had about her) it will only be an earnest of what you shall receive." The woman took the jewels, but shook her head and said she could do nothing. Marian fastened all the doors; having first examined the rooms and fastenings of the doors and windows, she dropped on her knees and asked the divine protection; in her distress, she also prayed fervently that God would assist her to escape from this prison-house. When she had poured forth her heart to God in prayer, she rose from her kneeling posture, and felt happier and refreshed; she went to her bed-room, and examined every corner, behind the curtains, and under the bed—and, good reader, you may laugh, but she even examined the chimney, expecting to see a monster, but no, she was all alone. It then occurred to her that the enemy might have second keys, and thereby obtain an entrance, and now she had to consider how she could guard against this new difficulty; but her woman's active mind was not long in devising a plan, she removed all the portable furniture and placed it against the doors. This done she retired, and, being wearied, she slept soundly till morning; the sun shone brightly into her room, and she felt it must be late. In her alarm she forgot to wind her watch, therefore she was in perfect ignorance as to the time; she made a hasty toilet, and knelt down to thank God for the safety she had spent the night in, and begged him to strengthen her against future trials, as she was sure they awaited her. When she rose from her knees, she noticed for the first time that the furniture had been replaced by some unknown hand. This alarmed her, as she felt convinced there must be some secret entrance to the apartment.

She could not fathom the mystery. She again invoked the Divine protection ; and, in the anguish of her soul, she clasped her hands and cried aloud—" Oh ! sainted shade of my departed mother, if thou art allowed to view things of earth, watch over thy poor child, and ask God to accept thy pure prayer for her protection ! "

There were eyes that saw that beautiful, helpless creature, and ears that heard her petition ; but they were not her mother's, nor did she think any human being was near. She opened the door of a room that ran between her dressing-room and the little drawing-room, and what was her consternation to see the breakfast-table laid, and a gentleman, who was no stranger to her, reclining in an easy-chair. She stood rivetted to the spot ; fright had deprived her of the power of utterance. The moment she entered, the gentleman rose with the most graceful courtesy, to meet her, saying—

" Welcome, Miss Leslie. To what fortunate circumstance am I indebted for this pleasure ? "

He took her hand, and his touch seemed to act on her like electricity. She drew away her hand ; and, raising herself to her full height, and in the full majesty of her beauty and indignation, she said—

" How dare you, sir ? Release me instantly ; you shall pay dearly for this outrage. Understand, Mr. Maxwell (for it was he who stood before her), that I am not without influence and friends in Paris."

" But they are unavailing here, if they were required," he replied. " As to your influence, sweet one, you have made me feel it, alas ! too fatally."

" Begone, sir ! " she said ; " do not dare to approach one step nearer ! " and she looked him full in the face ; and for once, and the first time in his life, the heartless libertine stood abashed in the presence of that beautiful, virtuous girl. He withdrew, saying—

" Miss Leslie, how have I merited this ungracious treatment ? pray, do not fret yourself thus uselessly ; your every wish shall be cared for by me."

" Then release me, sir ; and restore me to my friends."



"Alas! Miss Leslie, that is one of the few requests that I cannot comply with, without first obtaining your compliance with my wishes. You know, or rather you little know, how much I love you, and the torture you have inflicted by your coldness towards me: men loving as I have done, and driven to desperation by despair, cannot carelessly relinquish so great a treasure when once within their grasp."

"Enough, sir, of this fulsome, insulting talk! I have never encouraged your attentions; therefore, if you were a man of honour, you should at least respect me."

"Respect you, my darling girl! I adore you! You have been the cherished idol of my heart from the first moment I beheld you; can you blame me for the love and admiration that yourself have inspired, by your beauty, virtue, and accomplishments?"

"Yes, sir; I blame you for taking me thus rudely from my friends, and detaining me a prisoner in your house."

"Well, dearest, only say you will be mine—that you will accept the poor offering of my name, my fortune, and my heart, and you shall be restored to your friends when you have breakfasted."

"Never, never!" sobbed the poor girl, looking wildly about her like a caged bird, as if to see if there was any possible opening through which she could fly from her persecutor.

"Pray, dear Miss Leslie, do not distress yourself thus. I shall not press you further at present; you shall have time to consider my proposal. I shall wait on you in the evening for your answer; until then, adieu!" And he raised her resisting hand to his detested lips.

When the poor girl was alone, she sunk on a chair and wept bitterly; she had only one hope left, and that was the vigilance of Sir John Milton when he found her missing, so she rested for the present. The repast remained untouched, but her active mind was employed in trying how she could effect her escape, in the event of her friends not finding her. Can it be possible (she would

ask herself) that Mr. Maxwell and Lord Binton is the same person, they are so like, and yet so different? If I could be sure they are the same, my heart would not fail me, as Sir John will test him very closely, in consequence of all that occurred at the ball. Marian examined the knives on the breakfast-table, and, having satisfied herself that one was sharper than the rest, she carefully put it into her pocket. The servant entered to remove the things, and exclaimed—"You will kill yourself, young lady, if you do not eat something; master desired me to say he will wait on you in the morning, he is unavoidably called away on business this evening."

Marian secretly thanked God in her own heart, but did not reply to the woman, who asked what she would like for dinner.

"Nothing, thank you," said Marian. "I would sooner die than break bread in this house; but, if you will set me at liberty, you shall be handsomely rewarded."

"Dear help you, young woman, you might as well ask me to fly up to the moon; besides, it would be more than my situation is worth," and she laughed fiendishly, and added—"when you know master better, you will like him better."

Marian's heart almost died within her; she quite understood the horrid woman she had to deal with, and turned away to hide the tears that would start unbidden to her eyes; the servant followed her, and, laying her hand familiarly on her shoulder, said—"Pr'aps you would like a drop of drink—on the sly, you know—'twill keep you up?"

Marian gave her a look of withering contempt, and said—"Begone, woman, I would wish to be alone!"

The servant retired, not a little humbled, saying—"Oh, dear! what a fine lady we have got; when I trouble you again, you will be more civil, I promise you."

## CHAPTER XXVI.

My child! oh, where's my child?

An echo answers, "Where?"

BYRON.

WHEN Sir John and Lady Milton returned with their young friend, they were surprised, and perhaps a little offended, that Miss Norman did not meet them, as she was wont to do. Lady Milton asked her youngest daughter, whose eyes were red from crying,—“Where is Miss Norman, my child; and why are you crying?”

“Oh, mamma!” said the child, “I was naughty this morning, and I am afraid Miss Norman is gone away from me. Nurse and I have looked for her in every place we could think of, and cannot find her.”

Her mother smiled at the childish love of the pupil for the teacher, and said—“You must not fret Miss Norman by being naughty any more. She was not well this morning; I suppose she is in her dressing-room. You must come with me, and see if she is better.”

“But, mamma, she is not in her dressing-room, nor in the bed-room either; we have tried.”

The lady did not notice what the child said, but went in search of Miss Norman, whom she feared was indisposed. But, to her dismay, she was not to be found. She sent for her maid.

“Antoinette, where is Miss Norman?”

“Don't know, my lady; I did not see her since morning. Miss Eleanor was in a great fret about her, and nurse sent two of the men to look through the park for her. The men have returned, and did not see her.”

The matter began to look serious. She went to the library to inform her husband, and found him en-

gaged with Lord Binton, who was reading a letter to him. Lady Milton had entered the room unobserved; so intent were the gentlemen on the subject of the letter. The lady felt impatient, and interrupted them by saying—

“Dear John, Miss Norman cannot be found; the men have searched the grounds a second time at my request, and have not found her.”

Lord Binton immediately put down the letter he had been reading, and said in his blindest tones—“Good-morning, dear Lady Milton. Pray, do not distress yourself; it is possible the young lady is only gone to pay a visit, and will make her appearance at dinner. Sir John has just prevailed on me to dine with you to-day. I assure you, I required very little pressing.”

Sir John drew his wife gently to him, and, looking tenderly in her beautiful face, said—“My darling, you are quite nervous; do not agitate yourself, you will make yourself ill. Feel assured Miss Norman is somewhere about the place; she would never think of going out unattended.” He kissed her fondly, and said—“It is time you were gone to dress for dinner; and I’ll be bound the fair Marian will meet you all blooming and smiling.”

Sir John was far from feeling what he said; and his wife, who read his heart through his eyes, was any thing but happy. As she left the library, she turned to her husband, and said—

“John, I wish you to come to my dressing-room when you are done your *tête-à-tête* with his lordship.”

When Lady Milton was gone, Binton exclaimed—

“By Jove! I hope the girl will turn up! She is the most divine creature I ever met, Lady Milton excepted. But tell me candidly, Sir John, who is this *protégé* of yours? I have been half-cracked about her since the ball. The haughty beauty saw her influence, and regularly snubbed me.” And, looking at himself in a mirror that was near, he added, turning to Sir John—  
“I don’t know how it is that I am such an unlucky devil

with the girls! I am not at all a bad-looking fellow, eh!"

Sir John laughed, and replied—"On the contrary, you are a very handsome fellow but for that confounded beard of yours; it makes you look like old Nick. Beside, English women don't like it; you should shave it off to please the ladies."

"But you must first tell me all about this angelic beauty."

Sir John looked at him seriously, and replied—"She is an Irish lady; and, I believe, a relation of mine. She is under my protection, and let *him* beware who interferes with her."

"Oh, my dear fellow!" said Lord Binton, "no one would run the risk of your displeasure for a flirtation with your 'governess.' No one ever supposes her to be a relative of yours." The two men regarded each other suspiciously, but neither ventured to express what he felt. "By Jove! there is the first dinner-bell; we will have to stir ourselves or we shall be late."

Sir John first went to his wife's dressing-room. She was already dressed; she dismissed her maid.

"Dear John," she said earnestly, "will you indulge me by granting me one request?"

"My wife," he replied, "have I ever refused you any thing?"

"Never," she said.

"Well, then, will you look after Marian at once, and see to the matter yourself? I fear that man Maxwell has found her out, and perhaps carried her away."

"I am determined on doing so, my love, even if you did not ask me. 'Tis strange, the same thought occurred to me. I shall see about it after dinner. I wish Binton had not called. I cannot account for the sudden dislike I have taken to him; his conversation during the last half hour did not please me. I think I shall not wait for dinner; apologize to his lordship, though it may be better not to be in a hurry; I shall join you shortly."

He made a hasty toilet, and without the aid of his

valet, whom he sent to search the grounds for the lost one; he kept speaking to himself in broken sentences,—"The child was right—they must be the same; poor Mrs. White, she thought so to; would that she had not been taken away so suddenly!" He was interrupted by his valet returning, but without success. He ordered his horse to be ready at a moment's call, and put on a look of composure which he was far from feeling, and joined his friends. Dinner was announced, and when the formalities of that important repast were duly gone through the ladies retired.

The gentlemen found themselves alone again, and felt any thing but comfortable or social; they regarded each other strangely. With Lord Binton it was apparent indifference—an indifference he did not feel; but it would not be convenient to quarrel with Sir John; besides, he had not got sufficient cause to justify a quarrel; still Sir John's manner perplexed and annoyed him. They very soon joined the ladies; it was a relief to both.

When Sir John found his lordship engaged with the ladies, he left the room, and went to the stable, mounted his horse, and rode in all haste to the chief of the police, who received his visitor as though he had expected him. Sir John told him of the lady's disappearance. The dignified functionary merely nodded his head, and wrote something on a slip of paper.

"We have heard of this occurrence some hours ago, and you may rely, Sir John, we shall take active measures at once to sift the matter."

"Do you know an Englishman named Maxwell?" inquired Sir John.

"We have seen no passport with that name."

"There is a person here of that name," said Sir John.

"Ha! he must be sailing under false colours, then," said his listener.

"You appear to know all about it," said Sir John.

"Oh, yes! Sir Knight; every thing is known to the police in Paris."

Sir John never for a moment supposed that his very respectable host would accept a bribe, being a man of high honourable feelings (and we are proud to say most Englishmen are). He did not offer one; but, alas! gold has charms for some in high stations as well as in the lower stations. That man who was well paid by the government to protect the people, he had also been paid (by one who cared little for money, unless to use it as an agent to accomplish his wishes) to hold his tongue, and wink at all he might hear or see; but such creatures only hold their trust sacred until a more tempting bribe is offered by the opposite party, on receiving which they unscrupulously betray their first employer. Alas, alas! poor human nature, to what a state of degradation thou canst be reduced by an inordinate love for money,—"Money, 'tis a curse; money, 'tis a blessing."

The noble, honest Sir John, had he suspected that money would have obtained the information he required, or would have brought back his lost treasure, he would have bribed the wretch before him—ay, with half his fortune; for he loved Miss Norman as though she was his own and only one. As it was, he departed but ill pleased with the success of his visit; he felt as a man feels who knows he ought to have done something, and has neglected it. As the door closed after him, the Frenchman looked dissatisfied also.

"The fellow's a blockhead! if he was not a thick-headed fool, he would have understood the broad, significant hints my answers conveyed. I spoke as plain as my position would allow me; and, if he was anxious to recover the girl, he could well see that I was willing to transact a little business privately, provided I received a gentlemanly compensation for the risk. However, Binton shall hear of his visit, and I may make a couple of hundreds more of the transaction; Binton must not know but he offered me a bribe to assist him privately, and that will induce him to open his purse more freely. Bah! I hate the English; I feel as if this fellow would bring me into trouble. The English are so proud of

their country and its laws; hang them and their laws, I hate them! There is such a noise made about even the commonest fellow, if any thing occurs to him in a foreign country, simply because he is English. I know," he continued to soliloquize, "that I have placed myself in a dangerous position. I must try and get out of it, and at the same time make as much as I can of it; there is no use running such risks for nothing. I did not think that blockhead, Milton, could be so stupid; I expected a couple of hundreds from *him*, at least."

Such were the half-spoken thoughts of that highly esteemed individual, who, if a poor starving wretch was brought before him for stealing a franc, or the value of it, would moralize and lecture the starving creature, and send him to prison. 'Tis well there is a just Judge who will reward every one according to his works.



## CHAPTER XXVII.

Either greet him not,  
Or else disdainfully ; which shall shake him more  
Than if not look'd on.

SHAKESPEARE.

SIR JOHN MILTON gave the reins to his horse, and pursued his journey homeward slowly but thoughtfully ; he was but ill pleased with the result of his interview ; he had a quick perception of characters, but was slow in acting on his own conclusions. He did not like the man to whom he applied for assistance, and who had a right to give it honestly ; he felt an indescribable aversion steal over him whilst speaking to him ; in fact, he conceived him to be a man of any work, and, added to that, the well-guarded hints he threw out puzzled the high-minded baronet. The thought of offering a bribe to a person in his high position, or the possibility of its acceptance, never for a moment crossed his mind ; yet he blamed himself for not questioning him with more tact. He quickened his pace, as he knew his wife would be anxious for his return ; he also wished to act cautiously with Lord Binton, whom he *more* than suspected of having had something to do in spiriting away his *protégé*. Still, he could not openly accuse him, as he had no stronger proof than Marian's own aversion to him, and the strong likeness she insisted he bore to Mr. Maxwell, whom she disliked, and would carefully avoid ; therefore, he must wait for some stronger proofs of insult, before he could openly accuse a nobleman and a soldier. He carefully turned all the circumstances in his mind, and arrived home looking pale and haggard ; a servant entered the drawing-room and said to his

mistress—"Sir John wishes to speak with you, my lady ; you will find him in the library."

She hastened to her husband, and with a sad, anxious smile, she said—"Well, dear John, have you found or heard any thing of our lost treasure?"

He shook his head in reply—she read *all* in his silent eloquence ; he looked very much agitated, and remained silent, covering his eyes with his hand ; something very painful was evidently passing through his mind. His wife saw with alarm this agitation, and, though most anxious to learn the cause, she—with the delicate consideration and refinement of a "true woman"—forbore to torture him with questions. Nor was this nice attention lost on Sir John ; he looked up, and met the quiet, fond gaze of her beautiful eyes, which chased away the storm, and dispersed the dark lowering cloud, like a sunbeam on a winter day.

"You will forgive my inattention, my own one," he said ; "you will grieve with me to know that I have learned nothing of our *lost* Marian—*lost*, I fear, in any case. Can it be possible she left us willingly, and of her own accord? if so, she must have made a choice unworthy of her, and of which she is ashamed—thus *she is lost* ; or has she been taken away forcibly by some unprincipled, dishonourable wretch, who has found means to remove her far from friends and help? Dreadful suspicions have entered my mind with regard to the identity of Maxwell and Binton ; but I should not entertain them, for, after all, they are only fancies of my own creation, *coloured* it is true by circumstances, and the poor girl's own declaration, that they were one and the same person with different names."

"And do you forget," said the lady, "how disparagingly Captain Howley spoke of him, and, in speaking of his severity to the men, said how much he was hated *even* by the officers ; and finished by saying, the fellow is tolerably civil to me, because he knows he is very much in my power?"

"Yes, my love, I remember," said Sir John ; "I wish

he was not here this evening, I do not like meeting him."

"I do not think he will stay late," said his wife; "his servant brought him a *letter*, which he said would *oblige* him to go at once, he only waited your return; come, it's uncourteous to absent ourselves so long."

She took her husband's arm and they proceeded to the drawing-room, where they found Lord Binton and the children in great glee; for Binton was a man who could suit himself to every age and circumstance, when Sir John was seated—

"Why, how is it you have deserted us this evening?" said his lordship; "I suppose you have been *trying* to find the fair Marian, and has failed of course; I fear your *governess* has played you false."

"My lord," said Sir John (with a look of contempt), "if there has been any want of courtesy in my being absent for an hour or two, my mission is my apology. I do not pretend to be unconcerned at the mysterious disappearance of a member of my household, even though that member be a governess; and how much more anxious must I feel when that governess is a *relative*!"

"Oh, of course, my dear fellow! I was only joking; but, seriously, had you consulted me on the subject, I should have applied to the *police* at once, for they have information of every thing that occurs."

"That is the very thing I have done," said Sir John; "and gained nothing by it."

"Whom did you see?" said he.

"Oh, I went to the fountain head," replied Sir John; "and had an interview with Monsieur —."

"Ha!" said his lordship, slightly colouring, and a close observer would see how he crushed the letter he still held in his hand, and set his teeth.

Sir John did not notice him, but continued—"He did not give me any information, but did not pretend to be ignorant of the occurrence."

"Oh! you may depend he will make every exertion," said Binton; adding carelessly—"did you offer him a

bribe?" and he fixed his dark eyes on Sir John with so much earnestness, that Sir John could not help noticing it, and replied—

"You are kind enough to feel some little interest in the matter *now*, yourself, my lord."

"Certainly, I feel very much interested indeed."

"I did not think of offering a bribe to a man in his capacity; would he accept it, think you?"

"'Tis hard to say," said his lordship, "what those fellows would do; but you say you did not tempt him?"

"No."

"Then I shall see him, and try what money can do; what would you feel inclined to pay for the information?"

"I shall think about that," said Sir John.

"Then I shall see you to-morrow; meantime, I'll get what information I can for you—adieu!"

Our readers are already aware of his having bribed the chief of police, who, the moment Sir John departed, despatched a letter informing him of as much of the interview as suited his purpose, adding at the same time the foul untruth, that Sir John offered him two hundred pounds if he would give him all the *private* information he could obtain. He continues—"But, my lord, if you choose to double the sum your secret is safe."

His lordship had satisfied himself on that point with Sir John before he left, therefore he rested in security for the present. He saw his accomplice wanted to make a little more money of the transaction, and he was determined to disappoint him. Thus, it would not answer his purpose to show the least uneasiness at the contents of the letter; and instead of paying another visit that very night, as the writer requested, he treated the matter with indifference, and let it stand until the morrow, when he had an interview with Marian, as he well knew the place of her imprisonment. The reader is already aware of the result of his interview, for Mr. Maxwell and Lord Binton are the same.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile,  
And cry content to that which grieves my heart,  
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE next morning Lord Binton felt far from being comfortable; he knew full well that, if he dared to make any dishonourable proposal, Marian would spurn it; besides, he knew that, in the event of discovery (which he foreboded), he would appear less blameable in the eyes of justice by asking her to become his wife. He was therefore not a little disappointed to find the dazzling offer of *his large fortune* and title to be at once rejected and despised by one whose vanity he thought would be flattered, and whose anger would be appeased by the honour conferred; in any case, he was determined she should not escape him, and as to the marriage, we suppose the same divine who performed Lizzie Hart's marriage ceremony would be employed in the present case, too; it was a very easy way to blind his victims. We trust Marian will not be victimized; women are so easily persuaded, when their vanity is flattered, particularly if the flatterer is skilful, and administers the doses in nice quantities. His lordship was well skilled to act his part, therefore did not alarm her by any unnecessary precipitancy, and gave her till evening or the following morning to consider her answer; he determined, also, to be present at the scene of action in the outer world, in order to throw all suspicion off its guard; besides, none of his friends knew of his being the owner of this little villa. His first visit was to Monsieur —, who insisted that Sir John offered him the sum before mentioned;

but Binton told him that he had good reason to know that Sir John would not lose one franc to recover a dozen such characters ; that he was glad to get rid of her, but that he was such a cunning fellow he made the inquiries for the sake of appearance.

"But you see, my lord, the risk I run is so great, particularly if Sir John applies to the Emperor, with whom he is a great favourite."

"Pshaw ! you know the Emperor is absent."

"But my punishment and disgrace would not be the less on his return, my lord."

"Well, well, you are a clever fellow, I see ; manage to hold your tongue, and you shall have the additional two hundred."

"Oh, thank you, my noble lord ! you are very good ; but I should like it paid in advance."

"Why, sir, do you doubt me?" said Binton angrily ; "have I not paid you larger sums before?"

"Oh, pardon, my lord ! yes, I know you have. I never doubted you, but I am very fond of looking at money."

"Well, then, you knave, I suppose I must indulge you ;" and his lordship wrote a cheque on his banker in England for the amount, and departed, as *he* thought, "making assurance doubly sure." His next visit was to Sir John, who received him very coldly, a circumstance his lordship did not find convenient to notice, but with well-feigned indifference asked if he had any news. "None," replied his host.

"I have been on the look-out," said the accomplished hypocrite, and have had an interview with Monsieur — ; I ventured to offer him a bribe on my own account, but the fellow was quite indignant. Egad, I was near getting myself into a scrape ; you see, after all, I am only a stupid fellow—you beat me by halves in prudence."

"It is *well to be prudent*," said Sir John, dryly.

"Good-morning, Lady Milton, I am happy to see you ; brilliant as usual. You come to console us, I trust ; as for Sir John, he is *inconsolable*." The wicked man thought by an indirect hint to arouse jealousy in her

heart, well knowing how selfish handsome women are of their husbands' care or attention to any other than themselves. But *even there* he was disappointed, as this exemplary woman replied :—

"And so am I, my lord ; and feel assured *we* shall never rest until we find that which *we* have lost," leaving a marked emphasis on the word "*we*" to show him she shared, equally with her husband, in anxiety about the lady, though she quite understood the meaning his words implied. It is wonderful what quick perception some women have, and with what delicacy and adroitness they can ward off impertinence, leaving the offender prostrate, by the quiet tone and stern dignity of their reply. Sir John did not place any importance to Binton's remark ; yet he *saw* that his wife was a little ruffled, but he attributed it to the dislike she had to the man. She evidently made an effort to be courteous to him.

"But what do you mean to do, Sir John," said their visitor.

"'Tis uncertain what I may do," was the reply.

"Ah yes ! one must wait," said the wily man ; "a few hours may bring you what you wish for."

"When do you leave Paris ?" said Sir John ; "and why did you sell out?" wishing to change the conversation.

"Well, it is uncertain when I shall leave now ; I may leave in a day or two, and I may not for a week ; it depends on letters I am expecting. As to my selling out, I have come to the determination of doing so long since, the fellows are so confoundedly disagreeable. Besides, I like to be free, and have a wish to travel ; I am thinking of going out to India to look after my late wife's property, which is considerable, and which I have neglected to look after ever since her death ; and she is nearly four years dead. But my health sunk so completely after her death, that I took very little interest in any thing."

Lady Milton smiled significantly, and said—"It must have been a severe blow to a sensitive, affectionate person like *you*, and report says she was very beautiful."

"Oh ! she was an angel," he replied, and feigned to be

greatly affected; "I can never speak of her, it quite unmans me."

"Such tears do a man honour, sir," said Lady Milton, "*when they are sincere.*"

His lordship rose to depart, saying, he hoped his letters would not hasten his departure, as it pained him to leave such kind friends in affliction, but further hoped all would yet be well. He departed with different feelings to those he entertained earlier in the day; he noticed that Sir John and Lady Milton's manner was cold and constrained, and, as a guilty conscience needs no accuser, he felt the guilty thing that he was, and thought of his ill-used wife. He might well say in the words of Sir Robert Howard:—

"My plots fall short, like darts, which rash hands throw  
With an ill aim, and have too far to go:  
Nor can I long discoveries prevent,  
I deal too much among the innocent."

Alas! what a faithful monitor is that "*still, small voice*" within us; it never fails to check our evil doings if we will only listen, but it is so often drowned by our boisterous passions, in the indulgence of which we forget honour, conscience, and God. We forget in our blind folly that his eye is ever on us; no matter how we may try to conceal our actions from our fellow-creatures, they are all exposed, in the filth of their abomination, to the God of purity and justice, and who will one day be our judge. We are glad to think there are few such degraded characters in the world as Lord Binton; and yet, with all his vices, he was sought after and admired as a good man and a man of honour, and was received in the best society: but then he was "rich," a varnish that covers all defects, both in external appearance and moral character—and such is society. Lord Binton felt very much perplexed, and in this instance money could not cure him; he had a foreboding of coming evil; he dreaded the vengeance of Sir John in the event of discovery, and now his plan was to avoid it. He had procured a passport for himself and servants, and he



determined to hasten his departure, and after a little to change his route, so as to defeat pursuit. He settled all in his mind as he rode along, and the only difficulty he had was, how he should take Marian with him, or should he leave her confined in the haunted tower, a name given to an uninhabited wing of his house. He decided on the latter, as he knew she would make battle when the chance would offer; therefore it would be impossible to take her with him, and to remain himself would endanger both his safety and his character; so he made up his mind to have an interview with Marian, reckless whether his proposals were pleasing or displeasing, and then consign her to the haunted tower, and the tender mercies of the horrid woman who attended her, adding in his own mind—"She will be as safe there as in the Bastile, and safer; as she shall be taken care of against I return, and by that time she will be glad to become my wife on any terms."

Such were his thoughts as he rode up the avenue to his house, forgetting that "man proposes, but God disposes." When he knocked he got no answer.

"What can this mean?" he thought. He looked about for the idiot boy, but he too was absent. "D—the fools! can they be drunk?" he said; and he ground his teeth with rage. He entered by the window, and called the housekeeper; not getting an answer, he went to her room, and what was his surprise to find her, as well as the man, lying perfectly insensible on the ground; he kicked them, but their having drunk freely of some drugged wine, they were all but dead. "Hell and fury!" he exclaimed; "how is this?" He went in search of Marian, but she was gone. He stamped, and raged, and bellowed like a madman, but there was no one near to vent his rage on, or to hear him, and he was defeated, his prize was gone.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

"I loved thee! Yes, I loved thee, ah! how deeply and how well,  
The heart alone that loves can speak what words can never tell;  
The tints that passion round thee threw, the rays of love depart,  
I see thee as thou falsely wert, and as thou truly art."

WHILE all that we have related in the foregoing chapter was being enacted in Paris, let us see how our poor London friends are going on. When Mr. Scott returned, he related all that he saw of Lizzie Hart and her companion; having failed in every every effort to gain the slightest clue to the retreat of the runaways himself, he was not a little pleased when poor Lizzie's humble but faithful lover proposed to renew the search. He said he had friends amongst the London police who would assist him. Her poor mother begged Mr. Scott not to prosecute the matter of the missing letters, adding—"If there is any further disgrace heaped on me, I'll die of shame. Oh, the black villain!" she would cry in her anguish; "little did I think he had laid an evil eye on my beautiful child! Oh, Lizzie, Lizzie! why did you deceive your poor mother? Och-one, ochone!"

When James O'Brien, Lizzie's rejected lover, had the arrangements made for his journey, he sailed for London by the two o'clock boat, and arrived in due time. For some months he could get no information, nobody knew any one of the name of Maxwell; he gave the description of the man and woman, and it was put in the *Hue and Cry*. After several months' fruitless inquiry, he was at last favoured with an accidental meeting of an old friend, a policeman, who happened to be the very one who found Lizzie on that fatal night, and the same that found her a shelter when she left the hospital. They repaired to a

gin-palace, where they talked matters over, and James O'Brien opened his heart to his old friend, and told him of all his failures in recovering the poor girl. The policeman was also an Irishman, and, after listening attentively to his friend's story, he exclaimed—

"Arrah, musha,ould yer tung, man!"

O'Brien stared at him; he thought it was the drink that was getting up to his head, but his friend did not choose to notice his look, but continued—"Be gorra, Jimmy, me boy, it is all right! I think I can find one of the birds, at any rate. Come along,ould chap!" and he accompanied the concluding words with a clap of his great brawny hand on poor O'Brien's shoulder. "Come, along, I say!" he continued, without taking the least notice of his friend, who was pale, and almost choking with excitement.

"Which of them, Pat?" said he at length.

"Oh, the girl, be gorra! isn't it her you want particularly?"

"But sit down," said O'Brien, "I cannot go yet; tell me what is she like—is she fair or dark?"

Pat gave a great laugh, and said—"Arrah, musha! but it would be hard for *me* to say, considherin' I dhragged her out of the channel one fine night, and she covered wid mud and durt; throth, if you'd seen her your born self, you wouldn't know what colour to say she was, for divil a bit o' me thought it could be a woman-kind at all, at all! It was a very dark night, bittther cowl'd, and pelting rain. I was just crossing the street about three o'clock in the morning, when I was thripped up by something which I tuck to be a hape of stones; I gave it a kick, an', shure enough, it was a woman! But come along, and you can see her, and judge for yourself."

"Oh, it cannot be the same! the lady I am in search of is well off—too well off for that; in fact, the idea is quite absurd."

"Now, can't you jist come and thry? I tell you what it is, quarer things than that happen in London every day. *I'm* shure it is the same!"

"Well, I shall try ; at all events it can do no harm."

"No ; but a devilish dale of good," replied Pat ; "she may want her dinner, and in that case you can dine together." And he pushed his friend on before him with a knowing laugh, and a horrible cunning wink. They walked along for an hour or better, and at length they turned into a poor, dirty, narrow street or lane. Pat took the lead ; he entered a very miserable-looking house, and never stopped till he came to the top landing ; he knocked at a door, a girl with a child in her arms opened it. "Good-morning, miss," he said, in his best English tone ; "is this Biddy Cook's room ?"

"No ; it's the opposite one." He thanked her, and was turning to knock at the other door ; and the girl said—"You needn't trouble yourself, she doesn't care for you now ; it's hall hover with her ; she'll not trouble you no more, poor thing !"

Our old friend, Biddy Cook, the vegetable vender, replied to his knock at the opposite door, she raised her finger to her lips to enjoin silence on the men, whom she thought were come to arrest poor Lizzie ; she came out on the lobby, and closed the door gently after her, and asked them what they wanted there.

"She hoped," she said, "they were not coming arter the poor girl as was very sick, for if they were they'd have to take it easy."

"No, Biddy, we are not coming to take the girl, but this gentleman is a friend of hers ; that is, he thinks he is."

"Well, he ought to be sure about his friendship before he comes ; and, if he's the man that brought her to this, why, I don't envy him, that's all ; for surely there is a God that will punish the rich as well as the poor !"

O'Brien felt the truth of the poor ignorant woman's fine sentiment, and said—"I am not the one you allude to, but a friend who would try to save her if she will let me, if she is the person I am looking for."

"Well, sir, you can't see her yet awhile, for the minister is trying to comfort her, and has been reading

to her; though I'm a poor ignorant widder, widout nobody in this wide world (an', dear knows, it's a hard one for a lone famele to get tru'!) I did not like to let her die like a dog. I axed her what religion she belonged to, but she only shook her head and cried, and said there was no religion for her; so I sent my own clargy to her."

The door opened, and a very saintly-looking man joined them.

"Well, sir," said Biddy.

"Well, my good woman, you have done your part; and I tried to do mine. I read to her some wholesome words from Holy Writ, but I fear they were lost; she did not seem to hear me. She is indeed a fearful picture of despair."

"This gentleman, sir, I think, is a friend of hers; wouldn't it be well to speak to him about the child?"

James O'Brien raised his hat, and came forward and said—"Sir, I really do not know if she is the person I am looking for or not. The facts are these: A young lady was missing, about two years ago, from her home in Ireland, and was afterwards seen in London with a gentleman of large fortune, whose name is Maxwell; he is an Englishman.

"The clergyman who saw them, followed them to ascertain where they were living, that he might call on them and see that all was right; he did call the next morning, and they were gone, but no one knew whither. He told the people in the hotel they were going to visit a friend at Alton: he made every inquiry, but to no purpose. And as I was—am—a friend, I came to follow the wretch who took her away, and try to bring the girl back. My friend here thinks the person inside is the same that I am looking for, but I think it is very improbable."

"You and I shall go in; it is best not to frighten her, for she is raving about being 'transported;' she must have stolen some thing; she must not see the policeman."

"Mayn't I go in, sir?" said Biddy, whose pride was hurt at being excluded. "I may be wanted to look arter

the child." The gentleman did not seem to hear what she said, but she followed into the room. The clergyman went to the bedside, but O'Brien stood at the foot, regarding the wreck before him. It was indeed the once beautiful Lizzie, the idol of his heart, that lay before him; the tears chased each other down his cheeks, and his manly breast heaved as though his heart would burst through; his deep heavy sobs attracted her, and she looked at him sternly and wildly for a long time, and beckoned Biddy to her.

"What do they want?" she whispered; "I never touched their letters. Tell James O'Brien I never kept even one of his letters, and why does he come to persecute me? they come so stealthily; I am ready to acknowledge my fault, and accept the punishment; yet"—

The clergyman interrupted her by asking Biddy what it was that annoyed her, who repeated her words; on which the poor sufferer started up in the bed, and spoke in a clear strong voice:—

"Gentlemen, I am ready to atone for my fault in any way the law requires, but I have never injured either of you; I must say, James O'Brien might have spared me this scene, and this last blow, but, 'tis over; and, to say the least, it is a mean revenge to take, because— O God," she cried, "I deserve it all!"

O'Brien was pained to the soul that she should misconstrue his visit thus; and, in spite of all remonstrance, he went to her side, tried to draw her hand down from her weeping face, saying—"Dear Lizzie, I have not sought you to annoy you, but to comfort you—to save you, and take you back to your home, *if you will come.*"

"Back to my home!" she said—"the home I have disgraced, to be sneered at by my companions, and the finger of scorn pointed at my poor unfortunate child, who is a living witness of my folly! Oh no! I can never see home, mother, friends, or happiness again."

She saw them exchange looks, and she continued—

"No, I am not mad! James, you say you come as a friend to see me. I never doubted you, and ought not

now; I know I do not deserve any kindness from you, therefore am the more punished."

"Dear Lizzie!" he said.

"Hush!" she cried; "your words of kindness fall on my heart like drops of boiling lead. Who are you, sir?" she said to the clergyman.

"I am a minister of God," he replied, "come to give you words of consolation and comfort."

"Well, God bless you both; but, while I have strength, let you both sit down, and you James write down what I shall tell you; for, after all my faults, I am not so guilty as the world may suppose. I owe it to my poor mother and my innocent child. Oh! when I look back, and see myself as I might have been, and now see myself as I am, a beggar, an outcast, picked up out of the streets of London, and there living (myself and child) on this poor woman—but it will soon be over, and she will get her reward."

"Dear Lizzie, do not distress yourself any more to day; this gentleman and myself will call to-morrow, when you will be better able to tell us what you wish written down; until then, farewell!"

## CHAPTER XXX.

When need is sorest, help is nearest.

*Proverb.*

Forth to Yarina in haste he came ;  
" Gilbert ! " she cries—'tis the selfsame name.  
But, ah ! what a changed and joyous tone,  
For the maiden's heart is no more alone,  
And the lovers at last are met.

MARIAN, finding herself released from the presence of the wretched woman who had been adding insult to insult, she again began to think how she might yet manage to escape. She determined not to try it for some time, in order to destroy all suspicion. She threw herself on a sofa, and affected to be asleep, but in reality her ears and eyes were open to all about her. When she had been alone for a little time, the woman came with what appeared to be a glass of wine on a tray. She approached the sofa, saying—"Here, miss, you must take this. Master gave me orders to make you take it;" but Marian did not stir. She shook her rudely, saying—"Come, don't be keeping me waiting on you!" but no answer.

"Oh—ho!" she said, "I need not trouble myself; he has done the work himself!"

"What is that?" said a man, coming into the room.

"'Pon my faith she is out of harm's way! Master dosed her himself, she is fast asleep; though he told me to make her take this. You *see* she is so weak one dose settled her. Come on, we may comfort ourselves now; she will not stir for hours."

"You had better lock the doors," said the man.

"Tut, you fool! she is just as if she were dead, now, and will be so for five or six hours. He drugged the wine heavily, or the tea, for all I know."

Off they went, the villains being already half-drunk.



This man was another accomplice, who had been absent for some time, and was also the woman's lover; and she thought, as her master was gone until the next day she would entertain him. They had been drinking before they came up to dose poor Marian. When they returned, the woman put away one decanter, and took the other to her own room, and ordered dinner to be served at a certain hour; being housekeeper, her word was law. They commenced drinking again; and very soon they became quite overpowered.

"O Lord!" said the woman, "I have mistaken the wine, and we have been drinking the drug!"

"D—n you," said her lover, "you have ruined me!"

He tried to rouse himself; he thought to stand up for the purpose, but he could not. The woman was already prostrate. After struggling for a little time, the man also sank. The cook came to ask some question; and, seeing them insensible, helped herself to some wine. She sent in her two fellow-servants, who hated the housekeeper. They were both English.

"Oh, lack-a-day! the old beast is muddled!" they cried, and helped themselves; and off *they* went, abusing their *ci-devant* mistress.

"You see that, Mary!" said one to the other; "and master would trust *her*, after all, before either you or me."

After a short time, they were all in the same state, and house and dinner were left to chance.

When Marian found every thing still, she went to look for the secret entrance, which must be in the room, and which Maxwell must have entered by. She searched in vain. She went from one room to another; the windows were fastened, but the drawing-room door was thrown open, and she stole gently over to it, and passed cautiously out. Her heart beat violently, and her knees trembled under her. She became so much excited, and so nervous, she had to sit down to take breath and strength. However, she did not take long to rest. Knowing the danger she was in, her energies were all alive; she again approached the door, and listened.

Hearing no sound, she ventured outside the door—it was a grand-looking house. She crept timidly down four flights of stairs, and at length found herself in a spacious hall, all panelled with looking-glasses, which reflected her own figure on every side, and startled her. There were stained-glass doors, but they were closed. Here she paused, not to admire or look at any thing, though, had she met the same scene under other circumstances, she would have been enchanted; but now her fears made her pause; she was afraid to approach the door, not knowing but her enemies were outside, and would capture her. At length she took courage and turned the handle, but it did not yield. Her heart died within her. She remembered seeing a key the woman had on the tray which she left on the table. Could it be the key of this door? she thought; if so, would she go back, and then perhaps be caught, for they would surely hear her steps going up again? She stood irresolute for a few seconds, for her thoughts were as quick as lightning. She thought of going to a door she saw at the end of the hall, but she feared it might lead to the kitchen, or servants' rooms, and would put her into the hands of her foes. The door we allude to was partly open, and would indeed lead her to danger if the occupants were in a state of consciousness; it led to the housekeeper's room. She crept up-stairs as stealthily as she could, though, with all her care, the stairs and carpet-boards made a most provoking creaky noise, almost at every step; she reached the room, and seized the key, and flew like lightning down the stairs, her heart beating in her throat; she tried the key, it proved faithful, the door opened, she closed it and locked it on the outside; she took the first path she met without looking to the right or left; she now came to the end of the walk, and paths turned off at either side; she threw the key away in the grass, and took the path to the left, and ran until she had to stop for breath; she felt almost choking; she looked all around, and could see no gate or entrance of any kind; she left the path and took the

grass, it relieved her feet. At length she saw a very high wall through the trees; she felt she got new life; she increased her speed, and ran towards the wall. When she came to it she looked at the height, and to climb it would be impossible; still she ran along without having any point in view, every moment expecting pursuit. She now came to a tree that might give her some help in scaling the wall; she tried, and succeeded in climbing it. As she was getting up near the top, she disturbed a nest of young birds; the mother flew out in great fright, and startled poor Marian so much that she had well-nigh let go her hold and fallen to the ground. She recovered in a moment, and could not help smiling (in all her sorrow) at the idea of being frightened by a little bird. The poor bird fluttered about in great excitement; but Marian removed to another branch and thought, "Poor thing, how fearful she is that any thing should happen her little ones; alas! I, too, once had a mother who watched me carefully." By this time she had gained a position from which she might swing herself across to the wall; she stopped to try if it was practicable; she took hold of the thick arm of another tree that had been cut, and was about to make a spring, but her heart and courage failed her, for, if she missed her aim, she might be severely hurt, and left unable to resume her efforts. At length she took heart and made the spring; she gained the wall in safety, but now that she did, how was she to get down—there were no friendly trees at the other side; she stood balancing herself for a few minutes, thinking how she could get down; her head began to reel, she felt the wall moving as it were; just as one feels when on board a vessel, and it moves away, one thinks they see the quay moving and not the vessel. Poor Marian saw the ground moving, and also fancied the wall on which she stood was moving; she reeled—she tottered—and fell forward on the outside, and there she lay stunned by the fall; she remained insensible for a short time, and there was no human being near to assist her; she was in a lonely place twenty

miles from Paris, and this lane into which she fell was a bye-pass through which travellers seldom came. There was an idiot boy who was always rambling at large about the grounds, and who was devotedly attached to Lord Binton (for our readers must know Lord Binton and Mr. Maxwell are the same); some of the household would say he was a brother of his lordship, while others would say he was his son; but *we* cannot pretend to be intimate enough with this high-born man to trace his family connections. We said this boy was at large, and, like most persons so afflicted, he was extremely cunning; he knew his patron had a prisoner in the house, and he was told to keep an eye to the place. He had been lying in the grass when Marian left the house; he watched her closely, but he did not feel disposed to pursue her at first; he changed his mind, however, after she disappeared among the trees, and off he went to the house. He was very much afraid of the housekeeper, therefore went very timidly to work; he found the front door fastened, as also the garden door, but the poor fellow climbed in through an open window, and was surprised to find them all drunk. He set up a cry, "Oh, missy gone—missy gone! what am poor Tom do? he got no money from de big man, what will poor Tom do?" He suddenly conceived some new thought, and off he ran to the gatekeeper, still repeating the words, "Missy gone; de all drunk!" The man knew something must be wrong from the boy's excited state, and he followed him to the house, and saw that what he stated was true. He questioned him about the lady, but all he could get from him was that she flew up in the trees; this threw some light on the matter, and the man set to work in right earnest; he knew his master would reward him liberally for such an important service; he therefore petted the boy and asked him to shew him the tree the lady got into; the boy at first refused, but when the man gave him money, he started off willingly.

In the mean time, poor Marian recovered from the shock, and, though very much hurt, tried to run, or

rather limp, away from the place as fast as she could, without knowing whither she was going; however, she gained a considerable advantage over her pursuers. When the boy pointed out the place, the man thought he was deceiving him, when he suddenly caught sight of a bit of a lady's dress hanging to one of the trees. To climb the tree was only the work of a moment, and with some difficulty let himself down at the other side of the wall; the height was very great, and in jumping down he strained his ankle, which stopped his progress for a minute or two; however, as it was not sprained, he managed to walk on it. The poor boy stood on the top of the wall, looking on and grinning; but when he saw him walking off, he dropped down to the ground like a bird, and followed him. The man was annoyed, for he thought he had lost his chance, and got his foot hurt in the bargain; in his disappointment he uttered an oath, and struck the boy a blow on the head, but the poor fellow was used to kicks and blows, and they appeared to fall harmlessly on him. So it was in this instance; for, as he continued to laugh at his companion's ill-temper, he cantered off, leaving the man to please himself. He had not proceeded far when he gave a most unearthly yell, and bounded forward with the speed of lightning. He caught a glimpse of the dark figure running feebly on; he was not long in overtaking her, and springing on his prey like a young tiger. She screamed and struggled, but to no purpose; he dragged her after him, yelling and laughing.

"Now poor Tom get de big money from de big man; Tom did catch missy lady!"

"Oh, do let me go!" said the poor girl; "and you shall have plenty of money."

"Well, show Tom de money."

But, alas! she had no money. He relaxed his hold, and she thought to release herself, but it was useless. His idiotic face lit with anger, and his dark sunken eyes almost flashed fire; he looked like a demon. Marian still struggled and cried for help. By this time the

man came up, and she begged him to help her to escape from the demon that held her as if she were in a vice. If he had a particle of feeling he would have pitied the helpless, bleeding creature before him—but no; if he possessed either heart or feeling, he would not be a fit servant for his employer. Her hair was hanging dishevelled about her, her dress nearly torn to pieces, disclosing an arm bleeding profusely—her face, too, was all besmeared with blood. The brutal man did not take the slightest notice of her cries or tears, but took her in his arms, and half carried, half dragged her along. They had to take her some distance to reach the back entrance to the park, for they could not possibly return with their burthen the way they came; her cries became fainter and fainter, but, in giving her a sudden jerk in his arms, he hurt the wounded arm, and caused her to shriek with the intensity of the pain. There were two gentlemen driving in a light vehicle very slowly; and one cried, "Hush! was not that a woman's cry?" "Yes, and a cry of distress, too," said the other. They darted off at full speed in the direction from whence the sound came, and, to their horror, beheld the trio we have just tried to describe; they dismount quickly, and coming quietly behind the boy (who had his hand on the poor girl's mouth to stifle her screams), dealt him a blow on the head that felled him to the ground, and ordered the man to release the girl, who stoutly refused with an oath, saying, it was no business of theirs; but the second gentleman, who was in deep mourning, and was only a spectator up to the present, struck the ruffian such a blow, with the loaded handle of his whip on the arm, that made him relax his hold, and the girl fell helpless on the ground. The fellow roared like a wild beast, and drawing forth a pistol, which he was in the act of discharging when he received another blow that left him prostrate, and caused the pistol to go off, taking a portion of the gentleman's cap, and slightly wounding his temple; he did not feel it in the excitement, and, in reply to his friend's inquiry, said, he was not hurt. They called the

horse, who obeyed his master's call. One said, "We must certainly take the lady with us." "Well," said the other in a very Irish accent, "it's not likely we shall leave her here;" and, raising her gently, he called his friend to assist him in putting her into the vehicle. They drove off, one taking charge of the horse, but the Paddy took charge of the lady: she moaned pitiously. She must be seriously hurt," said he. "Decidedly hurt," said the other; "but tell me, what do you mean to do with her?" "Take her home with me, of course," he replied; "my landlady will take charge of her."

The poor sufferer had been listening and looking up into her deliver's face. While he spoke—he started as she murmured, "Oh, Henry!" and her head sunk heavily on his shoulder. When they arrived at the hotel, Marian was carried carefully to a bedroom, and given in charge to the lady of the house, who was a kind-hearted Frenchwoman: she had her undressed, and the blood and dust washed from her face and arm; she expressed her fears that the arm was broken. Marian had fainted from fatigue and loss of blood, as also the intense pain. They sent for a doctor, who examined her arm; it was broken: he set the broken bone and bandaged the arm. The poor sufferer cringed and winced during the operation, but did not as yet recover from the swoon; the doctor did not leave until she was restored, and gave her a draught that appeared to refresh her very much. He said, "She must be kept very quiet; that he would send a nurse to mind her." He saw the gentleman, who told him how they rescued her; the Irishman, who was no other than Henry Fitzroy, paid him his fee, and begged him to call the next day.

"I should like to speak to her, and find out who she is," said he, "that I may send for her friends."

"Oh, my friend!" said the doctor, "no one must see her to-night, she is too weak; she is really very beautiful, but you must have patience, mademoiselle will tell you every thing to-morrow."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

Speak kindly, speak kindly, ye know not the power  
Of a soft and gentle word,  
As its tones in a sad and troubled hour,  
By the weary heart are heard.

WEBSTER.

THE good Mr. Scott, though possessing a mind well stored with the most profound learning and wisdom, both worldly and religious, felt the want of the soothing and hitherto affectionate council of his wife; and whilst he blamed her for *her* imprudence towards her child, he did not hold himself blameless. He felt he should have known the man's private and moral character before he introduced him into the sanctuary of his home, for "a man's home is his kingdom;" therefore, with all the beautiful humility of a well-regulated lofty mind, he sought his wife, acknowledged her consoling influence, and apologized for any hasty word he may have said. Some would pronounce this act of condescension weakness and unmanliness, but we say no; a husband and a father (if he performs his duty as God intended he should do) is a very responsible person; he is the head of the house, and intrusted with the happiness of creatures that should be most dear to his heart. We pity those who cannot give an account of their "stewardship." Would that Mrs. Scott had been capable of appreciating her husband's noble, generous mind; if, in that sad hour, she had turned to him, with one kind look, one kind word, and given him the kiss of peace, all their former happiness and affection would have gradually returned, and she would have been spared many painful recollections, and years filled up with bitter regret and self-reproach in after life. But no; that evil spirit which the world "mistakes for pride," was aroused in her—a spirit that had lain dormant during



the former years of her marriage, simply because she had never been tried by contradiction or adversity. She turned on her husband, and reproached him in terms of the bitterest scorn; casting away the "olive branch," and telling him that he might well repent now, when too late, now that he had broken her child's heart, and added his wife another victim to his tyranny and self-will. He stood pale, silent, and heart-broken indeed; in that short moment his heart withered up—the springs of love that lay deep in that once warm heart were frozen and dried up for ever; he had fled to her, the chosen partner of his life, in the hour of tribulation, and we must say, unlike women, she spurned him, and cast him away as though he were a worthless, heartless thing. He turned away, and shut himself up in the library; he felt he was alone in the world, and, oh! how bitter was the cup, and how painfully desolate did he feel in the desertion of that hour!

"Alas! the gold too much refined,  
But ill suits use of vulgar kind."

Mr. Scott no sooner left his wife's presence than she regretted having received his ample apology, to say the least, so uncourteously; had she obeyed the dictates of her heart, she would have followed him, and in *her* turn say she was sorry for the past; but, instead of obeying the inspiration, she checked herself, saying, "I will not go to him; it is better to put a stop to this new line of conduct he is adopting, and show him that, however he may exercise his authority over his children, he must not dare treat me so." And thus her thoughts continued to run on—"I brought him a good fortune, so that I am perfectly independent to him." Her reverie was interrupted by a servant entering to tell her her daughter had asked for her; she hastened to her child, who was indeed very ill.

"Oh! mamma, surely *you* are not angry with me, too."

"Not exactly angry, Minnie," said her mother, "but I am not pleased with the deceitful part you have acted; you had no right to see Mr. Maxwell out of the house,

and without my permission ; you ought to know that I would have done any thing to forward you in life."

"I know you would, dear mamma ; but then you joined papa against me with Mr. Harper, after praising Mr. Maxwell so much ; besides, I liked Mr. Maxwell better, and I thought you and papa would give your consent when Mr. Maxwell would ask you."

"But the villain turns out to be a married man !" said her mother.

Poor Minnie wept bitterly. There is nothing so painful as to be deceived by those we love ; and she felt her humiliation all the more, having thrown away a treasure of great worth in refusing Mr. Harper. She sought for the likeness and the letter ; and at length, having searched in vain, she asked her mother did she take them, and was covered with shame at hearing they were in her father's possession. It would be difficult to describe her feelings ; remorse, shame, humiliation, desertion, disappointed hopes, all raged within her, and, to make her grief the more poignant, she knew she had brought it all on herself by her disobedience and deceit. Mrs. Scott remained several hours with her daughter, and gave her as much comfort as she could ; though, indeed, she wanted comfort and consolation herself. She, too, felt the loss of her husband's timely advice and solace ; they heard nothing more of each other until the servant came to say dinner was ready. She found the parlour empty : her husband must not have been called to dinner ; she dreaded meeting him, and why she could not tell, because he was always the most patient, quiet, gentle, forbearing man living ; and yet she could not account for the indescribable dread she had of meeting that loving, good husband. She called her youngest daughter—"Go to the library, and tell your father I am waiting dinner on him." The child had just time to open the library door, when she cried out—"Oh mamma, mamma ! quick, quick, papa is all over blood !" He had had disease of the heart for several years ; the child knew it was dangerous, as she had often heard the doctor telling her

## CHAPTER XXX.

Love is a flower that in the human heart  
Spontaneously springs; culture, we find,  
Can seldom rear it.

*Old Play.*

NEXT morning the fussy little doctor called to see his patient, and found her exceedingly weak from loss of blood, and the dreadful excitement which she went through since she was dragged from her kind friends. Any of our fair readers can fancy what *they* would feel if left to the mercies of such heartless people as we have just described, and, added to the pain and excitement poor Marian had undergone, the loss of food had also helped to reduce her strength. When the kind little doctor had made all his professional inquiries, he asked her if she had friends in Paris, to which she answered, "Yes;" and continued, "you must not think me ungrateful, doctor, if I decline answering any questions until I see the gentleman who rescued me."

"Oh! you know him then?"

"I think I do; the face, though altered, is familiar to me."

"He does not appear to know you."

"Perhaps not; and it may only be a resemblance or a dream."

"Where did you know him?" he said, looking seriously at her.

"In Ireland," she replied.

"'Tis strange!" he said, as if speaking to himself.

"Do you know him personally, doctor?" she said.

"Yes, I know him; he is a very careless, extravagant young man; and, if you will permit me, I should rather give you up to your friends than leave you under his protection."

Still Marian did not feel disposed to give him her

confidence, as she dreaded being again given into the hands of her enemies: she did not pretend to notice his last remark, but said, "I must see him, if only to thank him for his timely assistance."

"You must not exert yourself too much; besides, you must not rise to-day."

"I shall do all you wish, if you only let me see this gentleman; it will ease my mind, and I shall be all the better, and you may be present at the interview."

He left her to report his opinion: he found the gentleman waiting for him.

"Well, mademoiselle is improving," he said, in reply to the gentleman's inquiry, "but she is very weak; she will not be able to rise for several days; she wishes an interview with you, to thank you for your services; the visit must be short, and she must not be excited. She appears to know you, though you deny it. Alas! that so much loveliness should be lost and won, only to be cast away."

"I don't understand you, doctor," said the gentleman; "your insinuations are at once unjust and insulting, in as much as I never saw the lady before to my knowledge, and I have every reason to believe she has given no reason to any one in attendance on her, to dare insinuate."

"Oh no! my dear young friend," (the doctor interrupted him by saying,) "I did not mean to offend by what I said; it was only a supposition, the circumstances are so *very* novel, and she declined telling me where I should find her friends, as I proposed giving her up to them, instead of leaving her under a wild, fashionable, young man's protection."

"And she declined?" replied the gentleman; "and this is the only ground you have to justify your foul insinuation!" and he looked sternly at the mean, crouching Frenchman. "She shall not find her confidence misplaced; I cannot understand how I have got such a vile reputation in this country; 'tis true I am gay, and perhaps thoughtless, but I have never yet deceived any woman by my attention, or injured innocence. Your gay, bril-

liant French women have no charms for me, as my affections have been engaged since I was a boy."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders, and muttered something very like—"You are little more than a boy still," and adding in a loud voice, "I must beg you to forgive my familiarity, and remind you that the lady is expecting you." They returned to the patient's room, and the moment the young man stood in the doorway, there was an exclamation of—"Oh, Henry—dear Henry!" and he flew to the bedside, saying, "Marian, my own little Marian!" and grasped the hand that was extended to him; neither could speak another word for several minutes. The doctor and nurse looked on in mute astonishment; and after a little he called Mr. Fitzroy's attention by saying, "I shall leave you now; and mind she is not able for much fatigue," and bowed himself out of the room, saying to himself as he went along—"These Irish are a queer wild set." Henry sat down by the bedside, still holding the hand he so often wished was his; "I trust you are better," he said.

"Better," she replied—"I am quite well; and, dear Henry, how can I thank you for what you have done?"

"My dear child, I have done nothing to receive thanks for: when I rescued you, I little thought it was *you*, the treasured friend of my heart, and whom I only recollected as a child and my little playfellow, forgetting that time effects changes in us all; but I should have done the same for any woman under the same circumstances; and how much more should I thank God for sending me at the moment I was most needed, and making me the instrument of saving one who is most dear to me on earth!"

Marian blushed, while tears of gratitude chased one another down her face. He then asked her how long she had been in Paris, and with whom she came, and also how she fell into the hands of the ruffians. When she had told him all, he said—"I wonder I never met that rascal Maxwell; if ever he crosses my path, I'll shoot him like a dog."

“Oh, never fear, Sir John will bring him to justice!” said Marian; “his real name is Lord Binton.”

“Can that be possible?” said Henry. “I have met the villain repeatedly; I saw the likeness but never dreamt it could be the same. By heavens! he shall be punished; he is a demon in human form!”

“I wish Sir John and Lady Milton were here,” said Marian.

“I shall write to Sir John this moment, and send my own servant with it.”

“Oh no! Henry, you must not intrust any one; you must go yourself for fear there might be any mistake; for if Lord Binton met the servant he might kill him, and take the letter, and then”——

Henry smiled at her simplicity, and said—“It shall be as you wish—you have only to command me, dear Marian; this is the happiest moment of my life.”

“God bless you!” she said fervently. She then gave him instructions to go to Sir John and tell him every thing, and to beg Lady Milton to hasten to her, that she longed to embrace her once more. He set off on his mission, and, as he was mounting his horse, he was accosted by Captain Howley, who had assisted him in saving Marian the evening before.

“How is your fair charge?” he inquired.

“She is much better, thank you,” said Henry; “come along, and join me in my ride.”

“With all my heart,” said the young soldier. “Why, Henry, my boy, you look quite pleased with yourself and the world.”

“And so I am,” he replied; “you little know how fortunate I have been.”

“I am rejoiced to hear it,” said Howley, who really was very much attached to Henry. As they galloped off, Henry told him where he was going, and also informed him that the lady was no other than his little Irish sweetheart he had so often told him about in confidence (for men can tell about their love affairs as well as women).

"By George!" said the captain, "the plot thickens; why, it is quite a romance! And what brought her to Paris? did she come after you, and in doing so fell into the hands of those ruffians?"

"Not at all," said Henry; "an old priest to whom her dying mother consigned her, placed her with a lady named White, as governess, and with her she came to Paris."

"Good heavens!" said Howley; "you don't mean to say it is the lovely Miss Norman? I met her at Lady Milton's ball; the fellows could not talk of any thing else but the Irish beauty for a month after. As for my own part, I thought her the most beautiful creature I ever saw; she was not like a thing of earth, but of course I could only afford to look in the distance, while the chaps of some pretensions crowded round her like a swarm of bees."

"It cannot be the same," said Henry; "my friend's name is Leslie."

"How can that be?" said the captain, "for Miss White, who introduced me to her, told me she was an Irish lady that her mother had engaged as a governess; but assured me (which was quite unnecessary) that she was a gentlewoman: Binton followed her the whole night, but she repulsed him, though she favoured me with half an hour's chat while Miss White was dancing, having herself refused to dance with Lord Binton. She said she disliked him so much, and I too vented my spleen; and lo! he rose before us like a spectre, giving us to understand he heard our discourse. I need scarcely tell you, he revenged himself on me in every way he could; and, I strongly think, he waged vengeance against the proud beauty, as he called her."

"Perhaps it is the same person," said Henry, "and that she travelled under an assumed name; but Marian Leslie is my friend's *real* name."

"Here we are!" said the captain; "this is Sir John's chateau."

"What kind of people are they?" said Henry.

"They are goodness itself, and the soul of grandeur."

Henry sent up a note he penned for Marian, and Sir John came to invite him to his wife's presence; he was astonished to see Captain Howley with the stranger, who introduced Henry at once, and so all the awkwardness passed away; they listened with breathless anxiety to their account, and ordered the carriage. Her ladyship took Henry's hand, and said, "I am unable to thank you, sir, for what you have done for us; but no thanks would be adequate to the service, or my feelings."

"No one has been more served than myself, my lady, as it restored to me an old and valued friend—the friend of my childhood."

They were not long in arriving at Henry's hotel, and Marian was once more locked in the fond embrace of her best friend; poor Sir John shed tears of joy as he kissed his lovely *protégée*.



## CHAPTER XXXI.

And moody madness, laughing wild,  
Amid severest woe.

GRAY.

WE must ask our dear readers to come back to our poor suffering friend, Lizzie Hart, who, when her friends left her, with the promise to come the next day to commit her last wishes to paper, said—"Yes, they will come to-morrow, but where shall I be; perhaps gone—for ever gone! Oh, my child! thou at least shall be righted as far as thy poor deluded mother can right thee." She asked for writing materials, and spent a long time at the self-imposed task; when it was finished, she sealed it, and addressed it to James O'Brien; she then called Biddy to her bedside, and gave her the package—"Give him this to-morrow, if he comes, because I will be gone then for ever." She was greatly excited by what she had been writing, and tired as well; she sunk into a deep slumber, in which she raved very much, as if she had a painful dream. Poor Biddy—whose means were very scanty indeed—showed her every attention, as well as every little comfort, as far as her means allowed—watched her all night. Coming morning, Lizzie started up, her eyes looking wild, and protruding fearfully; she screamed—"There—there he is; catch him or he will be gone!" She bounded out of the bed, and baffled all the poor woman's exertions to restrain her; the poor creature ran out of the room, and down the stairs, until she got into the street, calling, "William, William, don't leave me! I am dying; I only ask you to take my child—our child!" Poor Biddy alarmed some neighbours, who came to her assistance; a man, husband to her next door neighbour, and who was a strong and powerful man, caught the poor raving creature in his arms, and carried her to her bed

as though she were a baby ; he sat with her until his hour for going to work ; she talked to him, calling him by the most endearing names ; she thought he was, to use her own words "her own Willie." Alas ! what an inexplicable thing is woman's love ; it survives every slight, and trial, and sorrow ; ay, even its own destruction. It is indeed, (as Byron truly says,) "A woman's whole existence." The good man tried to comfort her ; she said, as she laughed wildly into his face, "And my own Willie will take my child and care for it." "I will, indeed, said the poor man ;" and he meant what he said, though he had only fifteen shillings a-week to keep himself, his young wife, and five children. "But you'll break your word," she said ; "you must swear it before God ;—there, he is standing at the foot of the bed !" The figure she alluded to was Biddy, who held the child about whom she was so anxious, but did not know either ; reason had completely vacated her throne. She continued talking and laughing, as though she was happy. When the hour came for the poor man to go to his work she was comparatively quiet ; he stole away, and, as he wiped away the tears that stood in his eyes, though he struggled to conceal them, he said,—“Indeed, poor thing ! I will do for your child ; he shall be brought up with my own, and God will send us a bit for him as well as the rest.”

We think there is nothing more beautiful than the open-hearted generosity of the poor working-classes ; we see them toiling like slaves to earn a few shillings, that one would think was not more than enough for themselves, it is so little ; and yet we constantly find them, sharing "even some of that little," for God's sake. Oh ! what a reward will theirs be, when they are called to give an account of their stewardship ! nay, they shall be blessed "even in this world ;" and beware, ye rich, who hold fast the good things of this world, many of whom, if ye saw that poor degraded castaway, deprived of reason by her wrongs and sufferings, would turn away shocked by her vices, and perhaps moralize, saying,—

## CHAPTER XXXII.

Joy, gentle friends, joy—and fresh days of love  
Accompany your hearts.

SHAKESPEARE.

LADY MILTON and her good husband were thoroughly shocked at Marian's recital of the abduction, and Binton's treachery. Sir John's mind was made up as to how he would proceed ere she had concluded. Henry vowed he would go to the world's end to find him; and shoot him like a dog.

"No, my kind young friend," said Sir John; "vengeance is mine, and he shall be punished. He took the lady who was under my protection, and who is my relative; he had the audacity to come to my house, and luxuriate in our sorrow; it gave him a fiendish pleasure to witness the effect his villany would have on us, and even mocked us by pretending to join in the search."

"Oh, sir! that was like him, and to throw you off your guard," said Henry.

"He did not! My wife and myself suspected him, but we durst not accuse him without being sure; but I shall take prompt measures now."

They sent for the doctor, to ask if they might remove Marian, but he said it would be dangerous; therefore her ladyship remained to nurse her treasure, that was *lost and found* in such a providential manner. Henry and Sir John proposed to go in search of Lord Binton; they went to his hotel, and was told that his lordship had left the country; but Captain Howley, whom they afterwards met, assured them that he did not believe it. "Had we not better get legal authority to search the prison-house to which he took Miss Norman," said the

captain? They all set out together; and they took persons in authority to conduct the search, which at first proved fruitless. At length, the horrid woman who had charge of Marian said, "Master is gone to England, to settle his affairs previous to his going to India; do you think, if he were here, he would submit to such insult? Take my word on it, he would soon provide for every one of you; so you had better seek him where he is to be found." For once what she stated was true, but she had her own reasons for wishing to get rid of them as soon as she could. They were about departing, when the Captain said, "I say, what is kept in that old ruin?"

"Oh, nothing, sir!" said the woman, turning pale (as if with superstitious fear); "that is the old haunted tower; no one has entered there for the last forty years."

Captain Howley looked significantly at Sir John. "What if we break the spell, and perhaps catch the ghost?" he replied.

"Don't be too foolhardy, young man; others have tried it, and never returned."

"That I do not doubt," said the young soldier; "and it is possible if your master was here to work the oracle, I might not return either. I have heard something of the mysteries of the haunted tower before; so I shall avoid the danger, even if your master should be there to give me a cold bath. Proceed, gentlemen," he said, "and do your duty."

"Mind," said the woman, "I have cautioned you, and go now if you like."

"Thanks," said the young man.

We must tell our readers that a considerable depth of water ran under this tower, and there was a certain door which opened on a kind of trap; the entrance was rather dark, but light shone in the distance, which lured the victims of inquiry to go on, and the second or third step forward brought them to a watery grave, the trap being kept open for the purpose. Captain Howley

had heard some hint about this tower that made him suspicious; he therefore went to work cautiously. He called for lights, and drew his sword, and had some difficulty in opening a door which appeared the only entrance, but, when opened, disclosed the dreadful chasm and the depth of water below. He did not venture in—it would be certain death; but he put in his head and hallooed at the pitch of his voice: he received no answer but the dismal echo of his own voice. At length the woman joined them, and begged them again not to risk their lives; but Howley was not to be put off, he determined to leave nothing untried; he called again and again, but without success. The gentlemen begged him not to persist, but his determination increased the more. He knew “there must be some other entrance,” he said, “and should like of all things to see the ghost.” They went back to the house, and examined all the rooms that joined the tower, but could not find any trace of a door. They entered the suite of rooms occupied by Marian; in the little drawing-room there was a full-length portrait of Lady Binton. Howley had seen her ladyship, and recognised the likeness at once; it had a very beautiful and curiously wrought frame. Sir John was pointing out some part of the workmanship that struck him more than the rest with his sword, and suddenly they heard something click, very like a pistol; they were startled, and put themselves on the defensive. Sir John touched the frame again, to ascertain what caused the noise; it clicked again, and the picture shook as if it were about to fall. They pushed it back, and it yielded, and suddenly turned on a pivot, disclosing a spiral staircase. They entered, and, as they passed along, they shuddered with the cold, damp, and horrid stench as if from a vault containing putrid bodies. They went on until they met a door, which they pushed in before them; and, horror of horrors! what did they behold?—was it a human being, or a demon in human form? The four bold, strong men stood terrified; they were unable to go one

step further. We shall try to describe the figure and the room. It was very lofty, and well lighted by means of large apertures intended for windows; there were three at each side of the room; they were so high that no human being could reach them without the aid of a long ladder; they were perfectly open, and overgrown with ivy: the room was exceedingly damp and cold. The horrible spectre was the figure of a woman, and, from the bulk, we should think her tall; she was little more than half clad, her arms were exceedingly long, nothing but bone and sinew; the hands were partly clenched, that is, so far as the overgrown nails would permit; they had grown so long that they had curled, or turned much like the claws of a large bird; the head and face were fearful to contemplate; the hair, which was grey, hung in matted lumps about her, and, being exceedingly long, formed a sort of covering for the upper part of her body, which was otherwise naked; there were some streaks of black through it, which told its former colour. The forehead was large and expansive; the eyebrows, which were perfectly black, were arched, and like to the tracing of a black lead pencil; the eyes were once large, but now sunken and hollow, which gave her a most unearthly appearance; they were fringed with long black silken lashes; and the cheekbones protruded, as though they were struggling to burst through the shrivelled skin, that alone seemed to bind them; the cheeks were painfully hollow, showing the marks of the teeth through, though they were beautifully small and evenly set; they were very white, but the gums were very much worn away; altogether, she presented one of the most hideous, ugly, loathsome pictures that can well be imagined. Beside her was a stale lump of bread and a wooden jug of water; she moaned as if in pain, which was the only symptom of life she showed; they spoke to her, but she did not answer, but looked wildly at them. Sir John was going over to her, when Henry drew him back, saying, "Take care, she is mad!" She shook her head, and replied, in a low plain-

tive tone, which was sweet and musical, "I am not mad; you are come to kill me; be quick and strike the blow; any death is better than this living grave!" Encouraged by her quiet speech, Sir John approached, and said, "We are not come to kill you, but to save you, and avenge your wrongs. Who are you, and how did you come into this fearful den?"

"Alas! who am I? they used to call me by that hated name, 'Lady Binton;' I was kept here by a villain—a demon—who called me his wife—and so I am—I have the proofs here," and she produced a bit of soiled rag which contained something. The men actually wept until they sobbed aloud, so much were their nerves unstrung, and so much did they pity the victim before them; they proposed to remove her, and provide her with the necessary comforts. They found her unable to move; the damp and cold, to one born and reared in a warm climate, had made her a cripple; they carried her to the place where they entered, but, to their great consternation, it was closed, and so firmly that their united efforts could not move it. The wily woman had replaced the picture firmly, so as to give herself time to escape, which her master had provided for, by giving her a passport in case she required it. She was not long in packing up a few valuables, and departed; she knew she would be beyond their reach before they could extricate themselves, if they ever succeeded; but her hope was that they would perish in their living grave. They were greatly alarmed, as they feared she might burn them to death, which made them work in right earnest, by belabouring the picture frame (the back of which was iron) with their guns and swords; the blows fell harmlessly for a long time, but, as the constant drop wears the stone, it gradually gave way, and, at length, it turned with a violence that knocked one of the policemen down; the blow had struck the spring, and destroyed it. The noise and the release were too much for the poor cripple, who had fainted; they placed her on a bed, and for a long time they were

doubtful whether life was extinct or not. There was wine on a table in the next room, and they were about having some, as they felt quite exhausted, but Sir John seeing them, cried out, "Hold; it is more than possible it is poisoned!" He thought of Marian's story; and so it proved afterwards. The vile woman had made every arrangement for their destruction. The police and Captain Howley remained, and Sir John and Henry rode into town to report what had occurred, and to procure medical aid and nutriment for the poor and almost murdered woman. Every search was made for the perpetrator and accomplices in this horrid crime, but they were never heard of, at least for many, many years. They sent ambassadors to have the lady's property protected in India, and to prove her existence; in fact, all that could be done for her was done, but her recovery was slow, and she never resumed her former appearance again.



## CHAPTER XXXIII.

We cannot guess the means by which, in grief,  
Kind Providence contrives to send relief;  
For every pain she hath a balm in store;  
For every shipwreck'd barque some friendly shore.  
*Old Play.*

WHEN Sir John waited on the chief of police, Monsieur —, and told him of the discovery he had made, he affected to be very much shocked; whereas nothing, no matter how revolting, could touch his callous heart, for he was a man that could “smile and kill.” He readily offered his services in any way he could be useful, but Sir John declined, saying, “It is beyond your jurisdiction; we must have such matters settled in a higher court.” Monsieur — felt exceedingly uncomfortable; he feared Sir John had discovered more than he thought proper to speak of, which left his mind a perfect “hell” for the time being. It is ever thus with a guilty conscience, and we do not envy such persons their wages. Sir John waited on the Emperor, and claimed the protection of the court for Lady Binton, which was graciously granted, and a party of soldiers sent to examine the haunted tower more carefully; and Sir John, having paid a visit to Marian and his wife, and having told the latter all about the discovery in the tower, they both fervently thanked God that their friend had not been thrown into it. They little knew how narrowly she escaped the fate that appalled them so much. He then proceeded, taking with him a doctor and some female attendants, to administer help to the poor lady, who had been buried alive for nearly five years. The doctor, who knew Lady Binton, was very anxious to see her, little thinking any thing half so revolting would meet his view, the creature being in a most

loathsome state of filth, in addition to what we have already tried to describe; they were now joined by the state physician, who, with Marian's little, fussy Dr. le Bart, entered the lady's room; they were exceedingly horrified, and turned away in disgust; they could not approach her until the filthy garments were removed, which was done at once; and a warm bath removed all traces of the obnoxious dirt; the woman who performed this task had to be paid a larger amount of money, as very few would have nerve to undertake it. The doctors now visited her again; she fainted away several times, though they gave her small portions of brandy every ten minutes. While she was in one of those faints, they cut off her matted hair and paired her nails, and, by degrees, she assumed the appearance of a human being, and gathered strength. At times her mind wandered, but that was not to be wondered at after so many years of suffering; the wonder is that she lived through it. The poor lady, who was now comfortably settled, tried in broken accents to express her gratitude; she was assured that every thing would be done to protect her, and restore her. They now left her to rest, in charge of a very skilful nurse; they joined the soldiers, who had been to examine the tower, and were just returning dragging after them the body of a man, who was evidently on the point of death. Sir John, Captain Howley, and others, looked on in sorrow at the dying man, but did not recognise him as any one they had ever seen before. Henry now joined the spectators; and suddenly the dying man's eyes lighted up, and, stretching forth his hand, said, "Ah! Henry, I have been a villain, a fool, and betrayed your confidence; I—I—deserve—to—die"—and expired. Good reader, it was Mr. Colcolough, the confidential clerk. Henry could not have been more stunned if he had been shot; he could not at all account for such a circumstance, but our readers can. The weak-minded man, after being deceived, and having given up his good situation, which he enjoyed for years, was neglected by his false friend,

whom he followed to claim a performance of his promise. The demon whom he admitted to his friendship, knew it would not answer any of his purposes to have him at large in Paris, and, finding his presence and his tongue inconvenient, he drugged him again, and disposed of him, as *he* thought, in the bath ; but by some accident, which was never known, he escaped the death intended for him, only to meet another more horrible. Had he pursued his former honourable line of conduct, and been satisfied with the situation in which God had placed him, he might have been taken as a partner in the concern, and perhaps have been its prop, its support in the time of need. How many of us are dissatisfied with our position in life, never thinking for one moment that God has charge over all his creatures, and puts them into places most suited to them, and in which they can do His will, serve their fellow-creatures, and work out their salvation ! We seem to think that God has a *right* to give us certain things that *we* think good, while we are ungrateful for the numerous blessings bestowed ; and the wonder is why we are here at all, or why God does not cut us off, and cast us from him. Had Mr. Colcough not strayed from the right path, but worked his way industriously and honestly upwards, he might have lived to be a wealthy, influential, and happy man.

After a few months' care, Lady Binton was quite recovered, that is to say, able to go out every day in her carriage ; though much of her means had been squandered by her worthless husband, much had been saved for her. She was an Indian princess (her mother being a white woman), and had an immense fortune ; she spent her remaining years in acts of piety and charity ; no one ever told their sorrows to her without being relieved. She never recovered the use of her limbs, but she went about daily in her bath-chair, and visited the poor and sick, sowing the seeds of piety wherever she went. Henry Fitzroy had heard, in a letter from Mr. Scott, of Lizzie Hart's fate, and that of her poor child ;

and the good Lady Binton heard it from him with tears. "We must do something for the poor boy," she said, "by way of repairing his wrongs; he shall have five hundred per annum, and be educated, and get whatever profession he pleases; and his poor mother"——

"Is beyond all human aid," replied Henry.

"'Tis well," said the lady; "this world could have no joys for her. *You*," she said, "and this Mr. O'Brien, shall be the trustees; we must also do something for the good people who took charge of his infancy."

"You are very good," said Henry.

"No," she replied; "I must not find my hands empty when I am called away, after receiving such mercy myself."

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

Look, look, the summer rises in her cheeks;  
A blush as hot as June comes flooding o'er  
Her too proud paleness; and beauty, quite abash'd,  
Drops her twin stars to earthward.

PROCTER.

'Tis a beautiful morning in May, every thing looks fresh, and promising, and gay; the sun is shining brightly into Marian's little dressing-room at Château Milton, and we find her quite recovered from her late illness, and restored to her friends and happiness once more. As we enter the little boudoir, we find her sitting in quiet converse with Henry Fitzroy; he looks very serious while he apparently pleads some cause; he watches her every look as if his life hung on her reply.

"Why, dearest," said Henry, "will you allow persons who are absolute strangers to interfere with our happiness? 'Tis true, Lady Milton expects honours, wealth, and title to be placed at your feet. I know you are worthy of them; you are fit to grace a throne, but *you* say you don't care for those great things of the world. I have wealth; but then I am a tradesman, and I know that will be a sin in the eyes of your newly-made friends."

"Henry," said Marian, "you wrong Sir John and Lady Milton, and I cannot listen to you; they are every thing that is noble and generous, and will never forget what you have done for me. They have been a father and mother to me since I came here, and I cannot do any thing without consulting them."

"Nor will not do any thing contrary to their wishes?" said her lover.

"No," she replied quietly; "besides, I have written to Father Dunn, and so has Sir John, and nothing will

induce me to take any decisive step until his answer arrives. 'Tis not kind, Henry, to tax me too much ; for, if I blindly obeyed my own heart, I could refuse nothing you would ask. You know I owe you my life, my liberty, my"—

She paused and blushed ; she felt she had said too much, but he said—"I know what Father Dunn's answer will be ; in the first place, he will object on account of my religious feelings ; and secondly, he will enter into Sir John's views for your future welfare, and my love and my heart will be cast aside as things only to be crushed. Oh, Marian ! it is a fearful thing to love, and not be loved. If I only possessed your love, I could go through this world happily, and bear up against all its trials, all its sorrows ; but without *you* my life will be a dreary blank. Marian, only say you will be mine in spite of fate, and you never shall have reason to regret your choice ; it will be my pride to make you happy, to see you happy ; speak, dearest, and let me hear that one little word of comfort."

Marian's heart would willingly have supplied the one little word he craved, "Yes," but duty forbade it ; she struggled between love and duty, and, though love was predominant in her heart, yet duty came off victorious. She had not forgotten her mother's early teachings, but cherished them in her heart.

"Dear Henry, do not ask me to do any thing that I consider wrong—I must not, I cannot do it ; besides, you have never spoken on the subject to Sir John or Lady Milton, and I think there is a great want of courtesy in that ; it is due to them as my guardians, and unless you win their consent, you can never have mine, though I love *you*, and *only you*." This she said with a firmness that surprised even herself.

"Well, then, will you second my wishes—may I say I have your consent ?"

"Certainly, in conjunction with theirs ; but mind, Henry, never otherwise."

They parted, and Henry went in search of Lady Mil-

ton ; he justly thought her woman's heart would be more lenient than her husband's ; besides, he was a favourite with her ladyship. When Marian was alone, she gave vent to her feelings in tears ; it had cost her much to assume so much cold determination in the presence of her lover. He was her girlhood's dream by day and by night ; she loved him as a child, and that love grew with her growth, and strengthened with her strength. She would willingly have begged with him and for him, sooner than share a throne with another ; yet she felt she was only doing what was right, and she hoped a favourable answer from Father Dunn, as she fully explained to *him* the state of her heart and feelings, at the same time promised him perfect obedience. The tears relieved her burthened heart, and she anxiously waited a summons from Lady Milton, but she was disappointed ; the lady wisely waited to consult her husband before she would mention the matter to Marian. She had promised Henry, before he left her, to forward his suit with Sir John as much as was in her power ; for though Henry was not the husband *she* would have chosen for Marian, still she secretly thought—"A woman can love but once : this lad has been her first and only love, and she will be happier with him even in poverty, than with the person of *my* choice, *even* though he were a king." Thus she reasoned with her own heart, and determined to plead for Henry.

We do not mean to hint that Lady Milton did not get her first love, or that she married for wealth, or to please her friends—of all this we are ignorant ; but, be it as it may, she appeared to know a good deal about such matters, and could well analyze the female heart, and she herself possessed a kind, considerate one. She was simple and childish in her manners, and much younger than her husband (and he was by no means old) ; but, on the whole, she was a sensible, kind, affectionate wife, and what more need a man require ? So says the world, particularly in high life ; a sphere in which we see few marriages of hearts—broad lands and

titles are of more importance. But we are satisfied to give the riches if they leave us the hearts.

When Sir John came in, she told him that Henry had proposed for Marian.

"I was anxious to see you before I should meet her, as of course my conduct will be guided by what you say."

"Well, my love, you know we have no right to control Marian's feelings, and of course it is only in courtesy she has any right to consult us. But I certainly think, with her extreme beauty and accomplishments, she ought to do better. I should like to know her own feelings on the matter. Now, there's Lord —, he would marry her, and make a handsome settlement on her. A marriage of that kind would be more suited to her, and give her a position in the world, which is the very thing she wants; whereas, if she marries this young Fitzroy, she sinks down to his standing. However, I suspected this, and have written to Father Dunn, who alone has a right to decide for her. I shall have his answer soon; at the same time we had better hear what *she* says on the subject, as she will be one of the principal actors."

Her ladyship asked her maid—"Where is Miss Norman, Antoinette?"

"She is in her dressing-room, my lady."

"We shall go to her, my love," said her husband.

They found Marian looking pale, with the traces of tears on her face.

"Why, my dear, you are becoming quite a recluse," said her ladyship. "Did you see Henry this morning?"

"I did, my lady; he went in search of you or Sir John."

"And he managed to find me," said the lady.

"He has proposed for you, Marian," said Sir John, "and says he has your own consent. Is that the case?"

"Yes, coupled with yours; but not without," said Marian.

"Well, we are both obliged for the compliment, but I need scarcely tell you there are few men we would



consider good enough for you ; but you should have a voice in the matter yourself. Now, I shall tell you something that may assist you to decide. Lord —— was asking me about you only a day or two ago ; he is willing to make you a peeress, and give you a handsome settlement. Now, which of the two would you be anxious to accept—a nobleman or a tradesman ? In my mind there is no comparison, but you shall be free to please yourself, as far as we are concerned. So, what do you say, my pretty one ? ”

“ My dear, kind friends, I would wish to be guided in my choice by you and Father Dunn ; but, if I were to follow the dictates of my heart, I would give Henry a preference before all others.”

“ Well, my darling,” said the kind-hearted woman, “ your happiness is our great object ; and, if your old friend gives his consent, you shall have ours too. Only say you will enter into no engagement without consulting us.”

“ Indeed, my lady, it is unnecessary to ask that promise : but, even so, you shall have it.”

So far, Henry’s cause went on as well as he could wish. He came every day to visit Marian ; they walked together, and rode together. They never passed a day without seeing Lady Binton, whom they found a most delightful, interesting creature. At length the long wished-for letters arrived ; Marian was afraid to open hers, but Sir John opened and read his quickly. He folded his letter, and said—

“ Accept my fondest, best wishes for your happiness ; you have Father Dunn’s consent, if your heart goes with it. *He* says Henry is worthy of you, and was always a good boy, and he is sure will make a good husband. My feelings now are quite selfish : I grieve that we are so soon to lose you.”

## CHAPTER XL.

To thee my soul's affections move  
Devoutly, warmly true;  
My life has been a task of love—  
One long, long thought of you.  
MOORE.

It would be difficult to analyse Minnie Scott's feelings when Mr. Harper left her. She had promised to become his wife, to be a kind mother to his children, and thereby, as far as was in her power, atone for the past. She felt honoured and humbled; exalted to a position she never expected to attain, but degraded in her own opinion—in fact, she laughed and cried alternately when Marian joined and congratulated her.

"How wonderful are the ways of Providence, and how grateful we should be for the blessings that are heaped on us! My dear friend, I am most happy to see such a bright future before you," said she. But the pious reflection was lost on Minnie, who regarded the whole thing as a lucky chance. She told Marian what caused her to call, and tossed the work from her, saying, "I'll not alter it; thank goodness, I am done with plain work!"

"'Tis well not to want it, dear Minnie; but it is not wise to disoblige those who supported you when you did require it. We should never allow prosperity to make us forget ourselves. You must not only alter the work, but call on the lady and thank her for her past favours, or let your mamma do so for you, in order to support your future position as Mr. Harper's wife—you must be very careful not to say or do any thing unworthy of you, or that would reflect discredit on him amongst his parishioners. You and mamma are to dine with me to-morrow, and Mr. Harper is to meet you."

"Thank you, dear Marian, you are very kind. Only fancy how surprised mamma will be when she hears it, and how delightful it will be to have such a nice carriage, and fine horses and servants; with what contempt I can look down on all those who slighted me in my poverty—it is certainly a great triumph!"

"Minnie, you really shock me; your education has been sadly perverted. Are those the lessons your pious father taught you, or are they sentiments that would please your future husband?"

"I declare, Marian, you have become a perfect granny," she replied laughingly. "Of course, as the parson's wife I must never laugh; I must wear a long demure face, and dress very very quietly, and do nothing but pray and sing psalms all day—in fact, I'll be a pattern to the parish."

"I hope so," said Marian gravely; "and once more I advise you to try and be sensible, and thankful for the unexpected blessings that you are about to receive."

"And so I am, dear Marian, but I cannot control my poor heart; however, I shall do every thing in my power to please you all."

"If you wait a few moments I shall drive you home," said Marian, "and I will have the pleasure of seeing your mamma."

Minnie busied herself in making a parcel of her plain work, while Marian was dressing. When they arrived at the poor little cottage, they found Mrs. Scott reading her Bible—she had become exceedingly pious since her husband's death, a circumstance she never recovered. When she heard the good tidings, she dropped on her knees and thanked God with Christian piety—rising, she embraced her child and said, "Now I can die in peace."

'Tis strange how unbending some spirits are, and how unthankful they are for the extraordinary blessings Almighty God bestows on them. One would suppose, after all the sorrows, poverty, and bereavement, brought on by her own ambition and disobedience, that Minnie would have received the blessing and hope of future

happiness, once more offered to her, with thankfulness and humility ; but no, not the sorrow, disappointment, nor the shock of her father's death—a circumstance which she was instrumental in hastening—had destroyed the spirit of vanity, and a wish for superiority over her friends and family, that would allow her to crow over all, and rule with a rod of iron, and destroyed her better feelings. Her sorrows had only subdued those feelings ; it only required the sunshine of prosperity to revive them in her heart even more strong and vigorous than they were twelve years ago. The heart is a rich, fertile soil, that produces abundant crops of good or evil, according to the cultivation it receives. If the bad influence of vanity and love for dress, but too often supplied by the blind weakness and indulgence of misguided, fond mothers, once strikes deep root in the young female heart, adieu to the produce of good fruit in after years. Mothers that sow thus, too often reap an abundant harvest of insolence and unthankfulness from their shallow-minded, imperious children. Minnie loved self too much to be able to love any one, or any thing, disinterestedly ; her affections were only to be bought at a certain price, and then only lived as long as the object tended to flatter her vanity or gratify her caprice.

“Would that the same offer had been made by a stranger possessing equal means and position !” she said to Marian, as they sat altering the plain work ; “it would flatter me more, and I know I would feel happier.”

“Why so, my dear ?” said her friend (who secretly felt how much *she* would prize such a man, and in the silent depths of her own heart contrasted him with her own reckless husband).

“Because I have lost more than half my influence over him. I know I will have to submit to all his whims and fancies, and lead a life of passive subservience to himself, and of slavery to his children, whom I already dislike on account of their mother. I feel as though I were a poor girl he pitied for her beauty and poverty.

and married her for charity, and whom he will treat in a patronising manner; whereas I saw the time *he* studied to please me, and watched my every look, when my power over him was such that I could rule him and lead him as I wished."

"And did you know how to use that boasted power when you possessed it?" asked Marian. "No, Minnie, no—on the contrary, you abused it as a thing of no value; and let me tell you as a friend who loves you, but never could understand you, you are such an extraordinary riddle, that nothing but the purest charity, coupled with deep human love, could ever have induced such a man, treated as he has been, to forgive and honour the unworthy object of his affections as *he* has done; and believe me, dear Minnie, 'tis well for both parties that you have lost that ascendancy over him, and that his love for you has been tempered and softened down by sorrow and disappointment, for you are very unfit to rule yourself, much less your husband."

Minnie blushed with vexation to the very roots of her hair; but being under many compliments to Marian, and requiring her further services, she restrained her resentment with difficulty at what she considered a downright impertinence, and merely replied in a bitter tone—"Very complimentary, indeed, Mrs. Fitzroy!"

Marian saw she was annoyed, and said—"It may not be complimentary, Minnie, but 'tis nevertheless friendly and *true*; but few have courage enough to value the friend who loves them well enough to tell them the truth, fearless of its displeasing them, when that friend knows the interest of a whole life hangs on the disagreeable truth."

Minnie tossed her pretty head indignantly, and replied—"Well, I suppose I must be satisfied; any thing is better than the miserable life I have been leading, slighted and looked down on by people that, at one time, I would not notice."

"A fact," said Marian, "that shows you your mind is not one step above theirs; for this reason, that great

people and good people are always gracious and condescending to persons inferior to them, whether that inferiority exists in mind or means; and I think it is a striking proof of Mr. Harper's great superiority of mind and heart to seek *you* in your fallen circumstances—you, that spurned and rejected his first and honourable love, because you thought you had a better fortune and a 'title' within your grasp. None but a great mind could attain such a victory over the natural feelings of resentment and revenge, the consequent result of such treatment as you gave him, in an ordinary heart and mind; but he is no ordinary man, his high intellect and profound learning and piety, places him far above his fellows."

The following day the happy little party assembled at dinner. Mr. Harper was kind and attentive as usual, but extremely thoughtful. He had had a private conversation with Mrs. Scott, which seemed to depress them both. However, that gradually wore away, and they all appeared as happy and as gay as could be wished. Marian was not a little surprised to observe with what tact and dissimulation Minnie received Mr. Harper's attentions. Any one who did not know her would have taken her to be the most gentle, passive, amiable girl in existence. She quickly adopted his opinions and tastes, and in the most successful manner assumed a childish dependence on those about her. After dinner Marian produced some delicious fruit, saying, at the same time, that she preferred walking out in the open air and helping herself from the trees. Mr. Harper said that was an old habit of Henry's, even when a boy. The evening was extremely warm, and they proposed following Henry's example. After a little Mr. Harper and Minnie walked together, and talked of their future plans, and arranged all the preliminaries for their marriage. Mrs. Scott had already given her consent.

## CHAPTER XLI.

Hearts are not steel, but steel is bent;  
Hearts are not flint, but flint is rent.

IBID.

AFTER an absence of five days, Marian received a letter from her husband. It was written with a very unsteady hand. The large tears dropped on the paper while she read the contents; she guessed too truly the cause of the delay in writing, and what caused the hand to shake. She burst into an agony of tears, and in her anguish exclaimed—"O God! what shall I do? I see how it is; he has sold the diamonds, and, instead of paying his debts, he is drinking and squandering it away, and we shall be left beggars. Would that I had gone with him! I would have been some restraint on him."

She was aroused by her little girl throwing her arms about her neck, saying—"Don't cry, dear mamma;" and, kissing her, asked—"Is papa bad?"

"Oh, no! my love," said her mother; "your papa is good."

"And if he is, mamma, why cry so often, and why are we to be beggars?"

"Hush, my child, you don't know what you are saying. Go, my love, and practise for an hour, and then perhaps I may take you out with me."

"Oh, mamma! I cannot go away while you are crying. Indeed, I think papa is very bad to make you cry; and I'll not love him."

She kissed her child and said—"Madeleine, good girls always do as they are desired; go, my love, and mamma will not cry any more."

The servant entered,—“Mr. Jenkins is in the parlour, ma'am, and wishes to see you particularly.”

"Show him to the drawing-room, and say I will be down directly."

Poor Marian washed away all traces of her tears, and hurried down to her visitor, who was their confident, and head man in their house of business, and who knew Henry since he was born. Marian knew something must be wrong to take him away from business.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Fitzroy; have you had a letter from the governor? He is five days away, and he has not sent me a line, though he left some business matters very unsettled at his departure."

"Be seated, Mr. Jenkins," said Marian, with an effort to appear calm; "I only had one letter since he left, it came by this post."

"When he was leaving," said the man of business, "he promised to send me a remittance, as there were two or three heavy bills to pay; they come due to-day, and there are no funds to meet them. I know he will be displeased with me for coming to you; but, really, matters can't stand as they are—something must be done."

"Is there no money in the bank?" said Marian.

"Yes; about four hundred pounds to meet four thousand," said the gentleman. "I thought," he added, "that he might have sent you some instructions for me by this post; and I also wished to consult you about his affairs, which are in a very bad state. Those bills that come due to-day are bills that have been renewed twice, so that there is nothing for it but pay the money; besides, I had a private letter written to myself, by one of his largest creditors, informing me, as one of his oldest friends, that he raised a large sum of money only a few days ago, and had gone with four or five Irish gentlemen to see the Derby run; the writer goes on to say, the young man must be *mad*, he is doing nothing but drinking and betting; he has lost nearly every pound of the sum he raised, namely, 'twenty thousand pounds.' He is surrounded by a set of sharpers, who are in league with those jockeys and other sharpers. You may rely they will not give up such easy prey while he has a pound



left; you must admit such a man deserves no leniency from his creditors, nor will he get any; he has got too much already. In conclusion, I think you as an old friend should inform his family, and that immediate measures should be taken for his protection; he will certainly kill himself drinking. I am informed by an eye-witness he is drinking nothing but raw brandy."

Marian felt as though her heart would break. "O God, help me! what am I to do?" she said.

"I think," said Mr. Jenkins, "I had better go over, and try and bring him back at all events, and then see what is to be done; what would you think of coming with me? I fear I shall find him troublesome, but he is a little afraid of you."

"Ah!" said the poor young wife, "I am sorry to say he is lost both to fear and shame; I shall go if you advise it."

On consideration, Mr. Jenkins thought it better to go alone, and go by the next boat; he promised to conceal nothing, but to write the moment he had secured her husband's safety.

"How can I thank you," said Marian, "for all your attention to my poor husband?"

"Oh, my dear lady, there is no thanks due! I would do any thing on earth to serve the boy, for his dear mother's sake."

"Then you knew her? I have been told she was a very superior woman," said Marian.

"She was an angel! and the only woman I ever loved," said Jenkins mournfully. "Her boy promised to be like her, not only in appearance, but in heart and mind; I cannot understand how he has become so altered, or how he fell in with such bad company."

"Mr. Jenkins, will you promise to do me a favour?" said Marian.

"Certainly, you have only to command me," said the good-natured man.

"Perhaps it is asking too much," she said; "but in this case I don't think you will refuse me. I know,"

she continued ; " that Henry will be angry that any one would dare to follow or watch him, and perhaps become rude or violent ; nay, even insult you—you know his unfortunate temper. Will you, for my sake, trifle any thing he may say or do, and don't lose sight of him, once you find him, at any expense?"

" Well, for your sake, I promise—farewell!"

" God bless you!" said the heart-broken wife.

Mr. Jenkins lost no time in preparing for his journey. When he arrived in London, he called at Henry's hotel, and was told he had gone to the Derby races. Jenkins followed the track; when he arrived, he went every where he thought there was any probability of meeting his employer, whom he loved with all the tenderness of a father, but he was nowhere to be seen. At length he met a man that knew Henry well; he spoke to him, though he disliked him as a gambler and a swindler, but thought he was just the man that would know all about his friend. After the usual salutations, he asked him if he had met Mr. Fitzroy.

" Oh! indeed I did, to my cost," he replied, and he raised his hat a little, to show a large scar on his forehead; " he is in that house, yonder you see, destroying all before him like a madman. He has been betting very highly and lost, and it has made him savage."

That was enough for Mr. Jenkins; he got rid of his informant, and repaired to the house pointed out; and oh! what a scene he beheld there! He heard great noise, and followed the direction from whence it came; and there indeed he beheld a sight dreadful to look upon. There he saw Henry Fitzroy held down by four strong men, his face livid, his eyes starting from their sockets, frothing out of the mouth, yelling and cursing like a demon, while he struggled with the men who held him with a strength superhuman. He was a raging madman, and most dangerous. After some time he became exhausted, and Mr. Jenkins sent for a physician, who arrived in time to see him working in a fit of apoplexy. All that medical aid could do was done, and Mr. Jen-

kins identified himself as his friend ; he was carried to a bedroom and put into bed. After some time he became conscious, and knew Mr. Jenkins, though he still raved incessantly. He told Jenkins and the doctor that there were a number of persons in the room who wanted to poison him. The doctor anticipated that he would be violent during the night, and recommended that two or three strong men would be in attendance. While he was giving Mr. Jenkins some directions, Henry started out of the bed, knocked down the table and candles, and attempted to fling himself from the window, which he was prevented from doing with great difficulty, as his strength nearly baffled the united efforts of Mr. Jenkins and the doctor, who were the only persons in the room. The doctor frightened him into going into bed, by threatening to put him under restraint, and give him up completely to the police. He promised to be very quiet, and appeared quite sane. The doctor told Jenkins not to depend on him even for a moment ; he was in a high state of *delirium tremens*. The men were placed outside the door with the exception of one, who remained with Mr. Jenkins. After some time, the composing draught he had taken took effect, and he slept, but it was an uneasy slumber. He raved about his wife and child ; he thought they wanted to poison him ; he also raved incessantly about the money he had lost, and about the diamonds, and about his debts ; he started several times with the idea that persons were trying to take him away ; but still he slumbered. Poor Mr. Jenkins was in a most precarious position ; he feared to write the whole truth to Marian ; and yet what was to be done with the creditors ? There was a clergyman (who, by the way, was nearly frightened out of his wits) staying in the house, and who was leaving for Ireland in the morning ; he met Mr. Jenkins, and inquired for the unfortunate man. They had a conversation, in which Mr. Jenkins spoke of the unpleasant position he was placed in with regard to Mrs. Fitzroy.

The good man said—"I will call on the lady, and

between myself and my wife we will break the matter gently to her, and say that you hope to bring him home in a few days. You can just give me a few lines to her, and my wife will do the rest."

Mr. Jenkins thanked him, and accepted the kind service; it relieved him from a very painful task. When Mr. Jenkins examined Henry's pockets, he found his betting-book, and in his purse two half-crowns, two sovereigns, and four five-pound notes; all that was left out of the twenty thousand pounds. His watch and chain were gone, as also a beautiful diamond ring. He still continued to sleep and snore very heavily, not the way persons snore in a healthy sleep, but a suffocating, heavy, disagreeable snore; they all said it was a bad symptom, and that he would likely never awake from that dreadful stupor, for it could not be called sleep.

## CHAPTER XLII.

'Tis woman alone, with a purer heart,  
Can see all these idols of life depart ;  
And love the more, and smile and bless  
Man in his uttermost wretchedness.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE day after Mr. Jenkins departed for London, Marian received a visit from Mr. Harper ; he talked a great deal about his approaching marriage, and the great improvement he saw in Minnie ; he noticed that Marian looked pale and less cheerful than usual, and inquired if she were ill.

"Well," she said, "I am not exactly sick, but I feel something over me worse than sickness, and I cannot shake it off."

"It is depression of spirits ; you don't take enough exercise," said her visitor.

"Perhaps not," said she.

"You must cheer up, and go out a great deal more. I am expecting my sister and her husband in a day or two."

"I did not know your sister was married," said Marian.

"Oh, yes ! she married a man of very high family, and large fortune ; he is a clergyman, his name is Peter Herrick. I must have some merry-making for them ; I came to ask you to meet them on Thursday evening, and bring Minnie with you. Mrs. Scott and my sister have not been friends ever, so that she will not come."

"I shall be very happy to meet your sister, though, I suppose, she will not recollect me, it is so long since we met," said Marian.

"And of course you will allow Madeleine to come?"

"Oh, yes !" she replied ; "I never go any where with-

out her; you cannot think how much a companion she is to me: my life would be very miserable but for her."

"Then we shall see you all on Thursday; we dine at five o'clock; until then, farewell."

When Marian was again alone, she said mentally—"Oh, that I had been blessed with such a husband! If my poor, unfortunate Henry was like him, I could cheerfully live in poverty and be happy. Happy!" she repeated; "alas! there is no more happiness for me, thrust thus suddenly into the world a mendicant, without a home for myself or my child, and a drunken gambler for my companion. O God!" she said aloud, clasping her hands, "give me grace to repel those wicked thoughts; I know I am bound to bear and forbear, and that I should not wrong him, or blame him, even in thought; mayest Thou give me grace and strength to bear my sorrows patiently; mayest Thou draw him back to the paths of virtue and honesty!"

Madeleine came into the room, and asked if her mother would soon be ready to go out; "Minnie will be here at one o'clock."

"And what is the time now, darling?"

"Five minutes to one, mamma."

"Very well, my love; order the phaeton at half-past one, and do so politely; tell Stephen that mamma is going out. I was very much displeased to hear you speak so rudely to Stephen this morning; it must not occur again."

"Well, mamma, kiss me, and it shall not occur any more."

Her mother kissed her, and she skipped out of the room. Minnie was punctual; she was in high spirits. She was busy making purchases for her wedding; her mother could not leave her school, so Marian went with her, to matronise her, and assist her to lay out her money judiciously. When they had luncheon, they drove off, and spent the remainder of the day shopping.

"Mamma, isn't this the day we are to dine with Mr. Harper?" said Madeleine.

"Yes, my love," said her mother, who felt more than usually sad; she had had no letter from Mr. Jenkins, and this convinced her that something must be wrong. She felt quite unfit to mix in society, and would have sent an apology, but that she knew Minnie would not go without her; besides, Mr. Harper had asked her to bring Minnie, and thus, with an aching heart, she was obliged to wear a smile, and appear at the rectory. Mrs. Herrick embraced her and her daughter—"She is so like you, dear Marian."

"Yes, they tell me so; but I think her like her father."

"So she is, in manner, my dear, as well as I can recollect him."

Mr. Herrick was an exceedingly handsome man, with gay polished manners, and possessed a great fund of wit and humour.

"I hope you feel quite well," said Mrs. Herrick to Marian; "my brother was saying you were complaining."

"Oh," said Mr. Herrick, "do you fancy Mrs. Fitzroy would be out of the fashion?"

"How so?" said Marian.

"It is part of a lady's theory to be delicate," said he; "you would be considered quite vulgar if you were not delicate; there is my wife, and if you only look at her she faints."

"Never mind him, Marian; this is all because he heard two or three girls talking, and he condescended to listen to their conversation."

"No, no! you wrong me, dear. I did listen certainly, but I could not help it; they were in the next carriage to us, and I suppose they thought I was too much engrossed with my book to mind them."

The dinner-bell rang, and Mr. Harper took Marian, and Mr. Herrick gave his arm to Minnie, and Mrs. Herrick and Madeleine brought up the rear. They were a brilliant little party, and kept up a lively, gay conversation during dinner.

"I cannot think," said Mr. Herrick, "what has happened to delay our friend, Jones. We saw him the day before we left London, and it was agreed that we should cross together. He may have had to remain a day longer with that young gentleman who is preparing for ordination."

"Ah, yes! that young fellow we were introduced to at Oxford," he said, addressing Mr. Harper—"King, I think, is his name. Jones tells me he has distinguished himself very much as a scholar, and is now about to enter the church. He is a very singular young fellow; he declines every approach to friendship or confidence, and no one knows who he is. He never speaks of his family; altogether, he appears to be wrapt up in mystery, which lends a peculiar charm to one so young and handsome, in addition to his natural talents, which render him an object of admiration and interest to the literary world."

"And how does Jones happen to have won his friendship?" asked Mr. Harper.

"He was a pupil of his; and, though he always showed him a preference, he never gave him his confidence."

"What a charming creature he must be!" said Minnie; "now, *he* is just the sort of man I should like. Is he rich?" she inquired.

"He has some independence," replied Mr. Herrick, who saw nothing extraordinary either in the remark or the question. Not so Mr. Harper, who sat near Minnie, and said—

"Perhaps you would like an introduction, Minnie, before it is too late?"

She blushed crimson, and Marian tried to remove the awkwardness caused by Minnie's incautious remark, by saying—

"One may admire the eccentricity of an ideal character, whereas the reality might be very unpleasant."

"I have no wish to be introduced to any one of unknown or exceptional character, I assure you," said Minnie.



"I only took you at your word, dear," said Mr. Harper.

"You will have to be more indulgent, then," said Minnie, "if you and I are to be friends. I am not used to have my words watched so closely."

Mrs. Herrick rose, and the ladies followed her example. Just as they were leaving the dining-room, a travelling-carriage, containing a lady and gentleman, arrived. Mr. and Mrs. Jones were announced.

"You are a nice fellow to keep an engagement!" said Mr. Herrick, coming out to receive his friend.

"You are very welcome at all times," said Mr. Harper, as he received Mrs. Jones.

"I vote that the ladies be recalled, and that all ceremony be dispensed with this evening," said Mr. Herrick.

"I second the resolution," said Mr. Harper. "Come, sister, and take Mrs. Jones to a bedroom; and, my dear sir, would you wish to make your toilet?"

"I'll just wash my hands, if you please."

"Just come with me, then. You must be very tired," said Mr. Harper, as he led the way.

"Yes, a little tired; but very hungry," said Mr. Jones.

"All right, my dear sir; you are just in time."

When they returned to the dining-room, they found the ladies re-assembled. A confused introduction took place, in as much as there was so much talk and clatter, that, though Mr. and Mrs. Jones bowed and curtsied to Mrs. Fitzroy and Minnie, neither knew by what name the ladies were introduced. Still, the laughter and clatter was kept up with great spirit.

"Were you late for the train, Jones?" said Mr. Herrick.

"No, indeed," said Mr. Jones; "but we were quite upset in our hotel by a young man who became quite delirious. He was very near doing mischief; it took four men to hold him down. You should have heard the women screaming, and seen the men flying in all directions out of his way. To have any idea of the scene"—

"Was any friend with him?" asked Mr. Harper.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

'Oh! the fairy form is ne'er forgot  
That first-love traced;  
It lingering haunts the greenest spot  
In memory's waste.

MOORE.

HENRY FITZROY parted from Marian with feelings difficult to be analyzed. He could not understand her self-control, reared as he was in all the petted indulgence of luxury, and gratified in every wish by an eccentric and fond father; and particularly, now that he was sole master of a large fortune, he did not know what it was to deny himself any thing he wished for: thus we cannot wonder that he misconstrued Marian's words and feelings, and doubted her love. He was, however, encouraged by Lady Milton's promise to forward his suit as much as she could, therefore came regularly to the house. At length the wished-for letter came, and need we say how delighted he was to find himself the accepted lover and future husband of the most beautiful woman in Paris—and, more than all, "his first-love," and he the first-beloved of her whom he wooed and won while yet a child. Their happiness may be more easily understood than described; all was now joy and pure delight, and Marian's self-denial was rewarded. He would sometimes say—"Do you really love me, Marian, as you did long ago?"

"Alas! Henry, I fear I have, and do love you too much. I often think what should become of me, were I to lose you, my all, my early dream."

"Oh, my own Marian! there is no fear; you must not give way to such useless thoughts. We shall live long and happy, I trust, in our own green isle; I have ordered every thing for our reception."

There was a great deal of visiting, and congratulations, and consultations about wedding-dresses and bride's-maids dresses. Lady Milton declared it should

be a most brilliant affair. Marian would have preferred a private wedding, but she was obliged to give way to her ladyship, who was very fond of *éclat*, and was so much indulged by her fond husband, that she had every thing her own way without a shadow of strife or contradiction. This ascendancy she obtained over her husband by always consulting his taste and judgment, as though she thought them superior to her own, and thereby nearly always carried any point she submitted to him. She had a decided talent for diplomacy, and never failed to come off victorious with her husband. Marian in her own happiness did not forget her dear, kind friends at home in the dear old country. She wrote to Mrs. Scott and Minnie, from whom she heard but seldom. She begged them to come and be present at her marriage; Minnie was to be a bridesmaid, and Mrs. Scott to bless her and smile on her as of yore in the hour of her bereavement. She never forgot their attention at that time; a gratitude we seldom meet with in our journey through life. Knowing their altered circumstances she enclosed an order for a hundred pounds, a sum she had saved out of her own earnings, as a present to Minnie. We need scarcely say how acceptable the gift was to poor Minnie, whose broken heart would have shrunk from gaiety; but, with feelings undefined even to herself, with her mother's permission she promised to be present to witness her young friend's happiness. Poor Marian never experienced such unalloyed pleasure; all was joy, all was sunshine. Her friends were vying with each other to anticipate her slightest wish; even nature, in her ripe flowing beauty, smiled on her. She received the most lovely presents. Lady Binton declined being present at the festive scene, but sent her own diamonds (which she found with other valuables in the villa) as a bridal gift. They were certainly magnificent, such as few ladies possess unless royalty alone; with the gift came a kind, affectionate note, blessing her, and calling down the blessing of Heaven on their union, assuring her that, if any thing on earth would induce her to appear again in society,

the present occasion would be the strongest inducement she could have. She concluded by saying she would be there in spirit, but hoped to see herself and her future husband once more before the event. Thus this truly pious woman secluded herself from the outer world, only living for God and her fellow-creatures, spending the greater portion of her means in charity.

Day after day passed in the most intoxicating gaiety. Marian's mornings were passed in selecting such additions to her *trousseau* as Henry wished ; for there they would sit surrounded with laces, shawls, bonnets, flowers, and jewellery, brought by the different tradespeople for her to look at, and shown in the most tempting and insinuating manner ; each trying to make their own harvest, sparing neither flattery nor pretty speeches. Marian tried on a wreath and veil, which enveloped her entire figure, she was led to a looking-glass to see the effect of the beautiful head-dress ; Lady Milton and Henry pronounced it perfect, the milliner looked delighted at having won so much praise for the very thing she was most anxious to sell ; she exclaimed—"Oh, mademoiselle looks lovely, the wreath is so becoming !" and she touched the flowers here and there, as if arranging them to better advantage ; "but she would look lovely in any thing, she is so very handsome." This was aside to Lady Milton, but loud enough for all to hear it.

"You must decide on that one, love," said Henry ; "it is the only one you tried on I like, and her ladyship says it is beautiful."

"What is the price ?" said Marian.

"Only two hundred guineas, mademoiselle," replied the milliner.

"'Tis too expensive," said Marian ; "one very much cheaper will do. I shall never wear it but once ; one at one-fourth the price will please me much better."

Henry declared she should have it ; it was his present, and he should have his way. Lady Milton thought it beautiful, but very dear. The milliner was loud in her praises of the lace, saying it could be worn as a shawl afterwards (she being anxious to get it off, as it had

been in stock a long time, and her employer promised her a percentage on the sale if she succeeded); but Marian declared she would not wear it, and said she would feel much more comfortable in a simpler dress. To the great disappointment of all, particularly the milliner, Marian selected one at sixty guineas, and positively declined looking at any more things; she assured them she was weary looking at finery, and must have some rest. The milliner went away but ill pleased with her success, both for the loss she sustained herself, and the dread of meeting her employer, who was a most unreasonable tyrant, and who told the poor girl when sending her with the goods—"If you are any good you can fleece them, they have lots of money; mind," she said, "if that veil is not sold, it will be your fault—a child could sell to those people." The poor girl absolutely trembled to meet her tyrant mistress. "Well, what did you do?" she inquired.

"I sold three of the most expensive wreaths, and a quantity of worked muslin."

"But the veil?" interrupted her mistress impatiently.

"She took the one marked fifty guineas, but I asked sixty, and got it," said the girl timidly.

The horrid woman shrugged her shoulders, and cursed and raged like a fury, told the girl she was no good, that she knew nothing of trade, ordered her account to be settled, and told her she might go about her business the next day. The poor girl was heartbroken, knowing she had done her best; the mistress remained in a most dreadful temper all day, taking every opportunity of venting it on the young lady, who had now made up her mind to the worst. It came doubly hard on her, as she was the only support of an aged mother, but she could not do more than she did; the tyrant mistress had gone to dinner, and the young people were making up the tossed goods, when Henry entered the shop; one, a very officious, forward young person went forward to attend him.

"I want to see the young lady who was showing the goods at Lady Milton's this morning."

"She is not here just now, sir; but I will show you any thing you require."

"No, thank you, I shall wait if you go and call her."

The poor girl, who had only gone to the end of the room to hide her tears, came out from behind a looking-glass, her eyes quite red with weeping. She came forward and tried to smile; he took her on one side, and said—

"Have you got the veil I liked so much to-day?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, make it up for me. I have got a carriage at the door, and get me a bill and receipt. Mind, now, you must not on any account exchange this, as I am determined the lady must have it."

"I shall send it to the carriage, sir."

"Oh, no, thank you! I'll take it. There is the money; the other veil can be sent for to-morrow." And off he went.

Any of our readers who are doing business in shops or warerooms, can easily imagine the poor girl's delight, and the envy of the young person who failed in attending Mr. Fitzroy. The mistress just returned from dinner and commenced scolding our young friend for not having the things made up, and said she had done nothing since she left but amuse herself. The girl waited until she was done, and then handed her the cheque for two hundred guineas.

"I sold the veil since you went to dinner."

"To whom, pray?"

"To Mr. Fitzroy; and he requests that we shall not exchange it for the ladies."

"Not likely! But it just shows that if any one but a fool showed it, the sale might have been effected to-day. Of course you have lost your percentage, and it serves you right. It will make you exert yourself another time."

The poor girl felt the injustice of this, but said nothing, hoping she might be retained at least. In this she was not disappointed, because she was the best and cheapest hand in the house; even this was a boon to her.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

But the union of those generous hearts  
Was dear in God's own eyes.

S. M.

It was the night before the bridal, and the happy circle at Sir John's were assembled. Marian was more grave than usual; Henry thought he never saw her look so beautiful. There was a loud knocking at the door.

"How like dear old Father Dunn's knock," said Marian, her beautiful eyes sparkling as she smilingly looked back to her childhood. "I remember," she continued, "when I would fly like a little bird to attend his knock. Would he were here!" she sighed; "it is the only thing I want to complete my happiness."

A very stout, rosy-faced old man, with long grey hair and top-boots, entered the apartment, saying—

"And now you are going to fly away from me, Marie."

Marian screamed with joy—"Oh, sir!" and was folded in his arms.

"My poor child!" said he.

The old man turned to Sir John and his lady, saying, as he stretched a hand to each—

"Pardon me, my dear friends, for entering unannounced; but I wished to surprise this dear child. And oh! if I could but express my feelings of gratitude for your kindness and protection to her."

They welcomed him heartily.

"But, sir," said Marian, "look, who is here?"

He turned; and what was his joy and surprise to see his old and valued friends, Mrs. Scott and her daughter!

"And though last, I hope not least, sir," said Henry, shaking him by the hand warmly.

"God bless you, Harry, my boy!" said the old man, as tears of joy chased each other down his fine, benevo-

lent face. "And so you knew my knock, you little saucybox," he said, as he stroked Marian's beautiful golden hair.

"Indeed she did," said her ladyship; "and I am sure I am glad you are come to complete her happiness."

"Oh! dear lady, I heard what she said as I stood listening at the door. Your servant must think I am a queer old fellow; he was quite put out that I would not suffer him to announce me. I think he never would have admitted me but for these old grey hairs of mine."

"But how did you get leave, sir?" said Marian.

"Indeed, my child, it was a singular chance that turned up. An old college friend of mine arrived, and I got him to take my place, as he was not particularly engaged, and my lord bishop could not then object; so you may be sure I did not lose much time. I set out at once, and did not delay a minute on the way that I could help, in order to be in time. I would have written, but I thought the surprise would be all the better; and now, my children, I bless God I see you all well and happy. You must remember I am a very old man, and require a good deal of rest; I know you will excuse me if I retire at once."

When he had been refreshed, Sir John rose to conduct him to his room. The old man bade them all good-night, and kissed Marian's forehead as he pronounced a blessing on her. Henry also took his leave, and the little party all retired to refresh themselves for the morrow.

The morning dawned, one of the fairest and brightest that ever blessed the earth. The sun shone forth in all his splendour, and nature seemed to bask in the warmth of his smiles. All was bustle, and the servants were astir from a very early hour. Mrs. Scott and her daughter were already up, and joined Lady Milton, who took them to have their opinions of the arrangements for the *déjeuner*; the rooms were magnificently decorated, and the tables laid out with all the beauty



that art and taste could suggest; the air was laden with the perfume of the choicest flowers beautifully arranged on the tables, and in different parts of the room. The Scotts were dazzled; they declared they never saw any thing so grand before; indeed, it was like some fairy scene. Her ladyship was pleased to hear the simple, unsophisticated praises of her visitors. Marian had not as yet been visible; they proceeded to pay her an early visit, and offer their congratulations. When they came to her bedroom-door Lady Milton tapped gently two or three times, and, not receiving any answer, opened the door, thinking her young friend had not risen. She entered unheard, and, motioning silence to her two companions, pointed to an object that at once edified and affected the gay, volatile woman to tears. They looked in the direction indicated, and saw that young and lovely creature, so soon to become a bride, regardless of all the finery that surrounded her, dressed in a loose white robe, her hair hanging loosely about her shoulders, kneeling in deep meditation, holding a crucifix in her hand, lost to every thing about her. There she knelt in deep communion with her God. They stood a moment and wept in admiration, and left the room as noiselessly as they entered.

"She is like her dear mother, who was good as she was beautiful," said Mrs. Scott.

"Oh! how seldom do we see such exemplary piety in one so young, so flattered, and really so beautiful," said Lady Milton. "Though differing from her in matters of religion, yet we must admire her piety."

"Indeed, yes," said Mrs. Scott; "my lamented husband, who was a clergyman of the Church of England, revered her mother for her piety and goodness, and engaged her in preference to all others to instruct Minnie and our other children."

This was a tinge of the former pride and love of consequence which was Mrs. Scott's characteristic and her ruin; but she wished to let Lady Milton know she was not always the humble person she now appeared; nor

had Marian any pretensions to the brilliant career that opened up to her.

"Then I can assure you," said Lady Milton, "her mother might have possessed the hand, title, and fortune, of Sir John; he has often told me of his love for his beautiful cousin, and how she rejected him, so that she was not born to teach the children of a Protestant clergyman; but fortune often plays us strange tricks."

Her ladyship saw through Mrs. Scott's remarks, and thought them uncalled for, and Mrs. Scott felt the reproach. They separated, and when Lady Milton heard Marian stirring, she went in to her room, and embraced and kissed her over and over.

"And why those tears?" said Marian.

"You forget, my darling, that we are about to lose you, and that your departure will leave a great blank in our little circle." Marian tried to kiss away her tears. "I trust," said her ladyship, "that your future husband will love you and guard you as you deserve."

There was a tap at the door, Marian's maid opened it.

"Any admission?" said Sir John.

Marian rose to meet him; she threw her arms about him, he folded her to his bosom, and kissed her fair brow.

"My dear child, I am glad to see you happy, and from my heart wish you joy; but I cannot help being selfish enough to grieve that we are losing you."

"Indeed, dear John, half the happiness of our home will be gone when she goes," replied his wife.

"Yes, my love; but we must not cast a gloom over her spirits, and you know, dearest, we too had a wedding day," and he kissed his beautiful wife.

Our old friend, Mary Connor, who cried with joy, cries out—"Bedad, ladies, yez will be all late, if yez don't go and dress!"

Though Marian had a French maid to attend her, Mary looked on herself as a privileged person; and, in her rapturous delight was setting every thing wrong that was right, to the poor French girl's annoyance, who

did not know a word of English, and could only show her anger by her looks, and an indignant toss of the head.

All was now hurry and fuss; a quiet observer could hear bells ringing in every direction, each one only caring for their own convenience, so great was the anxiety to be in time. The carriages were already in waiting, the horses wearing the most beautiful white favours; the postilions dressed in white and blue, with large white cockades in their caps. Nothing could be more truly grand, more truly magnificent, than Lady Milton's arrangements. There were six bridesmaids; Minnie Scott and the Misses Milton were dressed in blue and white, the other three ladies were dressed in pink and white; Marian looked more than beautiful, she really looked heavenly; in addition to her magnificent point lace dress over rich white satin, she wore the diamonds presented by Lady Binton. Our readers can scarcely draw upon their imagination for any thing so beautiful as that lovely bride, in all the pride of her first youth and beauty, going forth to bestow her heart's first, pure, and best affection on the object of her own selection; such happiness seldom falls to the lot of any human being. Her old guardian now came to look at his poor child, as he always called her, he looking as happy and as grand as possible, in his new suit of black and silver buckles, his smiling rosy face and black eyes softened down by his long silvery hair; we cannot present to our readers a finer specimen of an old Irish gentleman and a good priest than Father Dunn, who claimed the right of giving the bride to her future husband. Marian knelt down to get the old man's blessing, and then proceeded, leaning on his arm, to the carriage that was to bear them to the church of —. There was a grand high mass, after which the "Te Deum" was sung. After the service was over, the bridal party assembled round the altar steps; the ceremony was performed by his grace the Archbishop of —, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Dunn; the happy party returned to Sir John's hos-

pitiable mansion, where they enjoyed all the happiness that is to be met on such occasions. Now indeed all was gaiety, the merry peals of laughter rang through the house; the clatter of joyous conversation, ready wit, and gallantry were all there. The wine began to flow freely; his grace the Archbishop of —, who had joined the happy party, rose to propose the health of the bride and bridegroom, and proceeded to cut the cake. We do not know why all the young ladies were so anxious to get even the smallest portion off the first cut, but we suppose there is some peculiar charm attached to it, and they of course knew the secret. While they were all enjoying themselves, the bride stole away and changed her bridal robe for the more sober travelling dress; she was most particular in preserving her bouquet, and requested her maid to have all her bridal things carefully put away.

"They will serve as mementoes of one happy day in my life," she said.

Now came the parting, the tears, and leave-taking, which we shall pass over, as we dislike such scenes, and think they should be sacred; therefore we draw the curtain.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out e'en to the edge of doom.

If this be error, and upon me proved,  
I never writ, and no man ever loved.

SHAKESPEARE.

WE shall leave Mr. and Mrs. Fitzroy and suite, to enjoy their wedding tour. We pass it over because there is nothing different to other wedding tours in cases where there is abundance of money. They of course had their share of accidents, disappointments, and looking after luggage, that is attendant on all travellers. We pass over the first ten years of their married life, which was one uninterrupted scene of domestic bliss, Marian having presented her husband, in the second year of their marriage, with a daughter, not less lovely than herself. She was their only one, and an idol with her parents.

"Ten years married to-day," said Marian, as she sat with her old friends, Minnie Scott and her mother, in the ill-furnished, dingy parlour of a little cottage near the parish church, in the little village of —, where we first made their acquaintance. "What changes ten years make in us!" she continued.

While she spoke, a pretty carriage drove past. Minnie's work dropped from her hands, and she turned deadly pale. "That is his carriage," she said, looking at her mother. "He was to be in Dublin to meet the Bishop, yesterday."

"Who, dear, are you speaking of?" said Marian.

"An old friend, Rev. Mr. Harper, who has been appointed to his old living again," said Minnie.

"Did he ever marry?" asked Marian.

"Yes," replied her friend; "he married the youngest

of the Thompsons. I don't know why," she continued, "such a trifling circumstance should upset me so much."

"You are quite ill," said Marian; "put away your work, and I will help you to-morrow."

"I cannot put it away; it is wanted by twelve to-morrow," said Minnie.

We must inform our readers that Mrs. Scott and her daughter have supported themselves for the last four or five years by doing plain work, in addition to a small school which they kept, having no better pupils than small shopkeepers' and petty farmers' children, who paid them badly; and thus they eked out a scanty living.

"Well, dear Minnie," said Marian, "come home with me; the walk will do you good, and we shall spend the evening chatting and sewing."

"Do, my child," said her mother, glad to let her daughter have a little enjoyment.

"And you will come too, ma'am?" said Marian; "Madeleine will be so glad to see you, and will sing and play for you. I fear Henry will not be home early. He remains very late at business."

The friends all repaired to Mr. Fitzroy's house. It was indeed a very handsome one, but she would have been much more happy in an humbler home, where she would enjoy more of her husband's affections and confidence. Of late he never spent his evenings at home, always pleading business; and sometimes returned morose, and, not unfrequently, intoxicated. But, though his wife felt all this acutely, she was never heard to blame him or complain. She sometimes would venture a gentle reproof to himself, and he would pet her, and make all kinds of promises to please her, for he still loved her, and was proud of her beauty. But those promises were broken as soon as he met any of his fast companions. We are sorry to say the commercial world furnishes too many such men.

Marian entertained her friends as best she could; and, with her assistance, the tedious plain-work task was soon finished, and Minnie was free to enjoy herself, and,

for the time, forgot her sorrows. Madeleine was heaping favours on her, and it gave her mother great pleasure to see the child's generosity.

"'Tis wonderful how like your mother you have grown!" said Mrs. Scott, as herself and Marian chatted together; "every movement of yours reminds me of her."

"Would that she had been spared," said Marian.

They talked much about the Rev. Mr. Harper's return to the neighbourhood, and of old times; and, when Mrs. Scott and Minnie wished to go home, Marian sent the butler home with them, and sent her little girl to bed. When quite alone, she began to reflect on her husband's conduct.

"Can there be any fault on my part?" she asked herself. "Do I neglect any thing that might make home more happy?" but she could not see any thing for which to blame herself. She feared that some great grief was weighing down her husband, and she made up her mind to question him on the subject, and know the worst. "Who has a better right to share his sorrows, if he has any, than his wife?" she said mentally. There she sat, surrounded by every comfort that money could purchase, and yet she was sad; she was alone. The hours never passed so slowly; it was past midnight. "It is impossible," she said to herself, "he can be at business till this hour." Her heart sickened as various thoughts rushed through her mind. The timepiece struck one. She touched the bell; the butler answered it.

"You may go to bed, Stephen," said his mistress; "I will let the master in."

"Oh no, ma'am, thank you!" said the man; "he is sure to be here soon now."

"But you have been late every night this week; you must be tired, you may go to bed. Tell the coachman I shall require the phaeton at half-past ten in the morning."

The servant bowed, and left the room; the young wife still kept watch, listening to every footstep, until her hearing became so painfully acute that she fancied

she heard noises that did not exist at all. The clock struck two; she threw herself on a sofa and wept bitterly, and worn out with fatigue and watching, as it had become a habitual thing with her, she fell asleep, the traces of weeping still on her pale but beautiful face. Her sleep was troubled, but still she slept—and, just as the clock struck four, there was a loud knock at the door. The servant was in attendance; his master was not drunk, he was seldom known to be so, but he looked wild, haggard, and disordered.

“Is the mistress in bed?” he demanded.

“No, sir, she is in the drawing-room.”

He muttered something as he went up-stairs; he was not a little pained to see his wife cold and pale with watching, and the traces of weeping still visible. He looked on her, and the silent reproach of those tears smote his heart.

“I am a villain, and unworthy of such a wife!” he said, as he struck the table with a violence that awoke her.

She started up, and, seeing her husband, she exclaimed—“Ah, Henry!”

He folded her in his arms, and pressed her to his heart, which at that moment was penitent.

“Why do you stay up?” he said; “you know it annoys me.”

“Why do you stay out?” she replied through her tears, “you know it is breaking my heart;” and she looked in his face as he held her in his arms, and for the first time noticed his haggard looks and altered appearance. She started to see the change, and cried—“Henry, for God’s sake, tell me what is the matter with you; why will you conceal your sorrows from the only one who has a right to share them? I could bear reverses, poverty—nay, I could beg with you—but this concealment, this estrangement, is dreadful; I cannot bear this, ’twill kill me!”

He tried to appear composed, and promised to tell her all in the morning, and also promised there should be



no repetition of late hours again; he would promise any thing sooner than witness her tears, or hear her complain, things she seldom let him witness. But *he* (like many others equally kind-hearted) never thought of the many hours of sorrow and tears, mingled with silent reproach, spent in his absence. Oh, selfish man! wilt thou ever know the value of woman's heart? with a woman's confiding love she accepted the promise, and in her present happiness forgot the past. They went into their daughter's room as they were wont to do; Marian kissed the child, but Henry said—"I am not worthy to touch a thing so fair; I don't deserve such a blessing."

His wife pitied him, and tried to comfort him by her kindness; but even kindness sometimes fails to give comfort when we feel ourselves degraded before those we love, and have injured. The following morning he was exceedingly ill; his wife demanded a performance of his promise to tell her the cause of the great depression that had seized him.

"Sit down beside me," he said to his wife. "I have long tried to conceal from you the derangement of my affairs. I have large sums to meet in the course of the coming week, and find myself unable to meet them; I have been engaged for some time in a speculation, in which I have lost all."

"And that speculation was the gambling-table!" said his wife quietly. He started. "Nay, Henry, do not start; no one has told me. I have heard it from your own lips, nights when, in your uneasy slumbers, you alarmed me with the ravings of your overcharged mind. Yes! I have long suspected this; the gambling-table has swallowed all—it has made beggars of many. We can retrench our establishment; we can do without a carriage. I can give all these up without a sigh, if you will only give up your bad associates for the sake of your wife and child."

"Oh, Marian! 'tis too late, we are beggars; I lost a thousand pounds last night, and I have other debts of honour to pay, independent of my other liabilities."

His wife was still calm, but he looked like a demon ; he was in despair.

"I see you hate me, Marian, you cannot help it ; I have brought you and your child—*our* child—to poverty."

"Alas ! Henry, if that were all I could bear it. I was nursed in poverty, so 'tis no stranger to me ; but I cannot bear to see you so fallen. Yet you wrong me when you say I hate you ; *I do not*, my fault is that I love you too well. But, tell me, is there no way to escape this awful fate ?"

"None, but to pay the money," he replied.

"And how much does your debts amount to, including what you call *your debts of honour* ?"

"Forty thousand pounds."

"And can you not borrow money, by giving a discount, that would save you in the present crisis ? and then by strict economy, retrenching our expenses, and the time so purchased well employed, you may be able to avert the disgrace of a failure."

"Pshaw, woman !" he replied, starting up in his bed with a violence that alarmed his wife. "I have borrowed money again and again, until I am ruined by those usurers ; I have been trying to ward off this crash for the last two years ; those London Jews would gnaw the flesh off one's bones, they are so rapacious. Oh God ! oh God ! my wife—my child ! all made beggars !" and he groaned in agony.

"Have patience, Henry," said his wife ; "all may yet be well."

"*Well !*" he said bitterly, and he ground his teeth. "Yes, all will be well, and I will have a pauper's grave !"

His wife left him to his meditations for a short time ; she went to her dressing-room and took down a case ; she opened it, and looked long and wistfully at its contents. They were the diamonds given her by Lady Binton at her marriage. She had, with all a mother's fondness, treasured up the hope of seeing her daughter wear them ; she hoped they would have been an heir-

loom in the family, and now to part with them, to pay debts contracted at the gambling-table, and entertain in taverns and hotels a worthless band of idlers and swindlers that pursued her husband. It was a hard, bitter struggle, but it did not last long—she closed the case.

"It must be done," she said firmly; "he is my husband, and dearer, far dearer, to me than those baubles." She returned to that husband, and again sat by his bedside; she took his burning hand and said—"Henry, you know you have acted imprudently, and by your imprudence placed yourself and me in this labyrinth of destruction; you have associated with men whom I have cautioned you against; nay, you have forced me to receive them at our table, when I knew too well they were leading you to ruin."

"Hush!" he roared; "stop your tongue, I can bear no more of this; I am bad enough, without you heaping coals on my head. Leave me—leave me, I must be alone!"

His poor wife was startled by the vehemence and rudeness of his speech; and, knowing the violence of his temper, left him as he requested, but remained outside his door, knowing he would soon repent his rudeness, and send for her, but, if she persevered in remaining, his violence would be bordering on madness. It was her secret fear, he was so changed of late, that he would become a lunatic. She had not long to wait; the bell rang, the servant answered.

"Go and tell your mistress I want to speak to her."

She, poor thing, was not long in obeying the summons; he stretched his hand and said—"Marian, forgive me; if I had received your counsel long ago, matters would not have come to this, but I spurned your advice, and have got my reward."

She kissed him and said—"I do forgive you, and, if you make the promise I demand, you shall have the means to meet your debts;" and she produced the diamonds. "You can sell these, and settle your affairs; if you could only know how much it costs me to part them, you

would refuse me nothing." He remained silent; she continued—"I only ask three things in return; namely, that you entirely give up the society of those men that I object to; that you spend your evenings at home, and only say what is wanting to make you happy in your home; and that you will attend to your own business, as your father did, and thereby leave your child independent, as he left you. Will you promise?" They regarded each other for some time: at length, not receiving any answer, "You hesitate," she said.

"No, Marian, but your self-sacrificing kindness cuts me to the soul; I willingly make you the promises you ask, but I cannot accept your offer. I cannot deprive you of a gift so valuable, and which I know you prize so much; I am not yet so degraded as you think."

"If you do what I require, I shall be more than repaid; I *did* prize them, but I prize your honour and happiness more. Dear Henry, do for once listen to your wife's warning voice, listen to reason, and escape the danger that threatens you."

"Well, Marian, I will do as you wish: I will become a new man, and do as my father did; but, my darling, I can raise the money on the diamonds without selling them, and you shall have them again."

"Well, just do as you think best; but only become a good and sensible man, and I am satisfied even though I never see them again."

They were now exceedingly happy; Henry rose and went to his house of business, his wife was going into town, and they drove in together; it was a happy day to her, at least so she thought.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

'Twas early day—and sunlight stream'd  
Soft through a quiet room,  
That hush'd, but not forsaken, seem'd  
Still, but with nought of gloom.

HEMANS.

THE fourth day after the trying scene described in our last chapter, Marian sat alone in a spacious drawing-room; her youthful face bore evident traces of deep thought and anxiety. She had been anxiously watching the English post, in hope of getting a letter from her husband, who started for London to settle his affairs, or rather to raise funds for doing so, the day after she had given him her much valued bridal gift. He had promised to become a new man—he made wonderful resolutions, which she received with all the confidence of her young fond heart; he promised to write every day, and of course she looked forward to the pleasure of a letter from her newly converted husband. At length the postman's "rat tat" startled her, her heart beat violently, and her breath came thickly and quick. The servant entered, and placed two letters before her and retired; one was addressed to herself in the well-known handwriting of Lady Milton, with whom she corresponded regularly since her marriage, but never by the slightest hint alluded to her husband's faults, or any of her domestic sorrows—his faults were buried deep in her own heart, and her sorrows were her own; she never intruded them on any one, though she was a patient listener and consoler to all who confided their sorrows to her. The second letter was addressed to her husband in a hand unknown to her; she looked at the letters, and put them away from her on the table. "What can this mean?" she mentally asked herself; "he has lost two posts—can he be ill, or has he met with any accident on the way,

or can it be possible he has only been playing the hypocrite and deceived me?" Her chin rested on her hand, her face pale and cold as marble, a large tear glittered on the threshold of her soft blue eyes, and stood there struggling between love and grief; if taken as she sat, she would have furnished a beautiful subject for a painter. There was a dreadful conflict in her heart, dark thoughts passed there with the rapidity of lightning; but still old confiding love fought there too, and, struggling with her thoughts, she rose from her seat, and going towards the window, as if to look out, from her own heart she said aloud, "No, I'll not blame him! Various circumstances may have occurred to prevent him from writing so soon—I am sure to have a letter by the next post." At this moment she was aroused by a handsome carriage driving up to the door—she sat down to await the announcement—the servant entered and announced the Rev. Mr. Harper. As she rose to receive him, a tall, handsome, dignified young man, accompanied by a little boy and girl, all in deep mourning, presented themselves. Marian received them not only courteously but kindly.

"Dear Mr. Harper, I am so delighted to see you," she said, as they shook hands warmly.

"And I am equally glad to see you, and renew our acquaintance," he replied. "Allow me to present my little boy and girl to you;" the children acknowledged the introduction gracefully, and sat down.

"Who are the children in such deep mourning for?" she inquired.

"Their poor mother," he replied. "Alas! Mrs. Fitzroy, what great changes have taken place since you and I last met! I find every thing so altered. I remember you only as I last saw you, a bright, sunny, little girl—if you remember, you were about being punished by your dear mother for assisting Henry in trampling down Aunt Rachel's flowers, and I begged you off."

Marian blushed, and said, as she smiled at the recollection. "I fear I was a troublesome girl."

"And now you remind me so much of your dear mother—only, of course," he added, "she looked older. Is it not strange that ten or twelve years should make such a difference?"

"Yes, indeed," she replied; "but it is very singular that the same remark as to the resemblance I bear my dear mother, was made only a few evenings since by our old friend"—she hesitated, blushed, and became quite confused—she had for the moment forgotten the painful relation in which he stood to the friends alluded to. A rich colour suffused *his* face, too, as he quietly inquired "By whom?"

Madeleine came scampering into the room and relieved the awkwardness of the moment; she drew back when she saw visitors with her mamma; she was frightened, because she had frequently been checked by her mother for a habit she had contracted of constantly humming and skipping into a room. She was not a little abashed to find herself doing so, and strange visitors present. Her mother did not choose to notice it, but called her and introduced her to Mr. Harper and his children.

"Go, my love, and order luncheon, and then take your little friends and show them the garden, and let them have some fruit. We have some very fine peaches," she said, addressing Mr. Harper.

"And they must have bouquets, too, mamma—mustn't they?" said the beautiful child, as she kept humming snatches of airs, and hopping from one foot to the other, unconsciously. "Mustn't they, mamma?"

"Certainly," said her mother, not pretending to notice her daughter's movements. "How long have you been amongst us?" asked Marian.

"Scarcely a week," said the divine, "and I am making a round of visits, and renewing all my old acquaintances; that done, one gets on so much better. I wished to inquire from you about our mutual friends, the Scotts," he said, with much apparent calmness. "I should like to visit them (though it would cost me some pain), but feared it might not be agreeable to them;

but we must all forgive and forget. Do, like a dear girl, tell me all about them. You need not fear to pain me by speaking freely; as I presume you know all that occurred on that fatal occasion. Since then I can hear every thing calmly, and bear every thing patiently."

"Well, indeed, Mr. Harper, I never heard the particulars of that sad event you allude to; but I got a sketch of it in a letter. If you recollect, I was in Paris at the time, and poor Minnie suddenly became cold and reserved; she wrote but seldom, and her letters were cold and studied, and I was too proud to intrude on any one's confidence."

"Poor child!" said he, "she did not give her confidence to any one that would be a friend to her; but she blindly persisted in confiding in one, who (I am justified in saying) never yet respected the confidence of any human being, and who would have led her to destruction but for my interference. Alas! she was rescued at a dear price; it cost her father his life, and me a long and severe illness, that was well nigh proving fatal. I was staying at Mr. Thompson's; I can never forget their kind attention on that occasion. His youngest daughter never left my bedside during my illness; she won my gratitude, and my *love* to a certain extent. I married her in two years after; and, though she was all that a fond, good wife ought to be, and I loved her much, yet she never for one moment supplanted Minnie in my heart. No! the love I bore her seemed to spring from a different source; yet we lived affectionately and happily, and I have reason to mourn her loss."

"It was a great pity," said Marian, as she wiped away a tear. "Come down to luncheon; we shall talk more about it again." The children were sent for, and all partook of the repast. "I regret that Henry should be absent, but his stay will not be more than a week or ten days; he will be so glad to see you."

"But, dear Mrs. Fitzroy, you will be good enough to manage a meeting between myself and the Scotts. If you wish, you may say that I asked you to do so."



"Then come and dine with me to-morrow, and I shall invite them also."

It was agreed. There was a knock at the hall-door, but no one was announced, and Marian did not mind. When the servant opened the door, he met a well-known visitor.

"Is the mistress in?" she inquired.

"Yes, miss; she has some strange gentleman, a friend of the master's, at luncheon—walk in."

"No," she replied, "but I shall wait in the drawing-room until the visitor goes. Don't you say any one called."

"Very well, miss," said the man.

Poor Minnie was returning from the person for whom she was doing the plain work, and had some of it back to rip and re-do for some whim or caprice of the lady. She called to consult Marian, as she did not herself understand how to rectify the mistakes. She knew Marian could instruct her, as she used to make all her own dresses; when a girl her mother taught her to do so. Mr. Harper's carriage returned, and he was about to take his leave, when he found he had left his gloves on the drawing-room table.

"The servant will bring them," said Marian, as she moved to touch the bell.

"Oh, never mind, thank you!" said he, and he ran up for them himself. When he opened the door, Minnie—who had been attracted by the sound of carriage-wheels to the window, and who had recognised the servant, stood looking out expecting to see her former ill-used lover's departure—on hearing the door open, turned round, and what was her pain and mortification to see Mr. Harper standing before her! He was not less surprised to see her. Recovering herself, she tried to escape by leaving the room, but she was intercepted by him; he stood between her and the door, and stretching out his hand, exclaimed—

"Oh Minnie! dear Minnie! is it possible that years and absence have not assisted you to overcome your

hatred to one who always meant kindly towards you ?". He took her unresisting hand in his—"Let us, at least, be friends ; only don't hate me, and you will make me happy."

She trembled violently as she said,—“I never hated you ; I have acted wrong towards you, towards myself, and towards my family, but I have been sadly punished.”

He involuntarily drew her to him, and her head drooped on that bosom that might have been its proper resting-place, and that would have fondly sheltered her from all the rude blasts of fortune, and the coldness of an unkind world. “I am unworthy of your forgiveness, or your friendship,” she said through her tears, as she struggled to free herself from his embrace, but he pressed her more warmly to his heart. Those feelings that for twelve long years had lain buried in his inmost heart burst forth to life, and was poured forth on the long-lost object of their idolatry. My long-lost love,” he said, “why struggle to be away from that resting-place that was yours since you were a child, if you would only accept it ; which shall be yours now until God shall be pleased to break the tie that will make you mine, and that will give me a right to guard you and protect you while life is spared to me ? Only say you will *try* to love me, dearest, and all will yet be well and happy.” She sobbed as though her heart would break ; she could not speak a word.

“Why do you weep, Minnie ? do I distress you, or have I still a rival ? If so, my dear child, only speak and be candid, and I shall never more pain you by word or deed ; believe me, your happiness is most dear to me, and shall ever be. What makes you cry, love ; have I pained you ?”

“Oh no !” she at length replied, “it is your words of kindness and affection that make me weep. But such tears are not of pain, but of gratitude and of love. I have always loved you, though I have acted so inconsistently. Would that I could atone for my sin by the devotion of twenty lives !”

"God bless you, my own darling! you have already more than atoned by those dear words of affection."

He led her to a seat, and took one beside her himself.

When Marian found Mr. Harper not returning, she thought perhaps he had not found his gloves. She went up to assist in the search; but what was her surprise to see her little friend folded in the arms of him who, but half an hour before, was plotting to bring about a meeting, in order to spare her feelings! She wisely, and with a woman's quick and delicate perception, retired, and drew the curtain on a scene that should be held sacred. We feel that we have intruded too long on the privacy of their feelings, and take the hint from Mrs. Fitzroy, and retire from a scene that we have no right to intrude on, and leave Mr. Harper, who lost his glove to give away his hand, and his heart as well.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

The love of gaming is the worst of all ills,  
With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills ;  
Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace,  
And turns an angel's to a demon's face.

LITTLETON.

WE must follow Henry Fitzroy, whom we saw parting with his wife, mailed from head to foot with good resolutions and intentions. He intended to write to his kind, forbearing wife, every day ; but, alas ! they say—“ Hell is paved with good intentions ; ” and he, poor misguided man ! was not proof against those *kind, attentive companions* of the gaming-table, the gin-palace, and the sod. He was not many hours in London when he met three or four of his old and, strange to say, valued associates.

“ Hallo, Harry, my boy ! are you up for the Derby ? Glad we have met you, old boy ; we are never right without you—you are the life and soul of our party ! ”

Henry looked grave, and said—

“ Not this time ; it is perfectly impossible. I have come up on business, and will be returning in a few days. ”

“ What, not see the Derby run ? Why, man, what ails you ? are you mad ? We have a thousand pounds staked on the first race. Why, it will be the grandest race you ever saw ; you must be mad ! ”

(Alas ! he was indeed mad on that particular point, horse-racing.)

“ Oh, no ! ” said a second ; “ he is only a little ‘ hen-pecked. ’ ”

“ Or perhaps hard-up, ” said a third. “ By the way, you have not paid me that money I advanced you the other night. ”

"I am not so hard-up as you think ; you shall have the money this evening."

"Very well ; that will just do."

"I say," said another, "will you dine with us ? We have ordered a private dinner at six, at the Cathedral ; you may as well join us, though you won't go to the races."

"No, thank you ; I must be off. Perhaps I'll see you to-morrow."

"Didn't I tell you," said the second speaker, "he'd be afraid the wife might hear it ? I knew he was 'hen-pecked.'"

Poor Harry's blood got up at being told he was afraid of his wife. They had some hot words ; and at length one more wily than the rest, said—

"Well, then, if you *are* free to act as you like, behave like a man, as you always did. Why, you are becoming an old woman under this petticoat government."

"I tell you," he replied, "I never was, nor never will be under petticoat government !"

"Well, all right, old boy ; come along ! We must have something to wash all this talk down."

They turned in, to use their own phrase, and had a round of brandy-and-water, which of course Henry paid for. They would not part with him until he promised to dine with them at six o'clock. Henry repaired to his hotel a good deal shaken in his resolutions, and quite determined to show his friends he was neither hard-up nor "hen-pecked." He must raise the money, then return to his hotel, write home, and just have time to dress for dinner. When he was entering his hotel, he met an old friend who always accommodated him with loans, and with whom he intended to treat about the diamonds. He took him to his room, showed him the treasure, which surprised even the wily Jew. We have already and truly said—"such ornaments were not to be seen, unless in palaces."

"I want a few thousand pounds ; you can have the diamonds as a pledge. They will make your fortune if it were only by showing them."

"Ah! we London chaps don't make our money so easy; but of course you shall not be inconvenienced. How much do you want? you must not be unreasonable." And his little black eyes twinkled as he greedily eyed the diamonds. "How much, eh?"

"Twentythousand pounds," said Henry.

The man of money shook his head, and gave a long, peculiar whistle.

"Too much—too much!" he said seriously.

"Must have it," said Henry; "less won't do. Beside, you'll know their value. They formerly belonged to an Indian princess, and was presented by her to my wife on the occasion of our marriage; so that I would not lose them for any money, and, believe me, I would not confide them to any man but yourself."

"Yes, but you ask too much money," persisted the Jew; "it is not easily got."

"I tell you, I must have it," said his host impatiently.

"Very well, I suppose if you must, you must—you remain here, and you shall have the money. I shall not be long, I shall bring my own carriage; it is not prudent to carry money or valuables through the streets of London. When I return I shall give you a cheque for the amount."

"I would rather you would bring me the money, as I shall require a considerable sum this evening."

"But now, my dear fellow, is it prudent to have so much money about you? No, no—you must not; you can have any sum you wish, say one thousand pounds, as you say you have to pay the greater part away to day, and you shall have an order payable on the bank of Ireland for the remainder."

He saw that Henry was about to remonstrate, but he interrupted him, saying—

"See now, my friend, I advise you for your good; if I did not respect you, I need not care a d—n what became of you; but I see what you are about—you are going to the races—you will stake all, and come home perhaps a beggar."

"Well, then, I thank you for your advice, and I accept it," said Henry; "I always found you a worthy fellow."

The little man departed, and returned very soon with cash one thousand pounds, and an order on the bank of Ireland for the balance. He returned to his carriage and bore away the treasure. Henry put fifty pounds into his purse for his own use, and two hundred pounds he owed his friend, "a debt of honour," and carefully locked up the remainder; he looked at his watch, it was ten minutes to six; he had not a minute to spare, and must defer writing to Marian until the morning.

"I am sorry for this," he said, "she will be disappointed a second time, and may begin to *suspect*, but I can't help it."

He made a hasty toilet, and went off to meet his friends in high spirits, and flushed with excitement and wine, for he had been drinking all day. They were waiting for him. While dinner was being served they chatted away about the races.

"I hope, Harry, you did not forget to bring that little matter, as *I am really hard-up?*"

"All right!" said Harry, slapping his pocket exultingly. "I am able to pay you, and lend a trifle if you want it!"

"Bravo, old boy! Harry's himself again."

The wretch laughed loudly at his own speech, as if he had said something exceedingly witty, and his companions laughed too, though they did not hear exactly what was said, but of course took it for granted it was something very good. They did ample justice to the splendid dinner, which, by the way, had not been ordered until after they had parted with Henry in the morning, nor had they the slightest intention of paying for it. It was only a bait to lure their victim; once in their hands, they knew they could work him by touching slightly on his weak points. They drank freely, and sat to a late hour; at length they called for their bill, and desired the waiter to bring them a receipt stamp, and a pen and ink, and paper.

"I'll trouble you now, Harry," said his friend; "here's your receipt, I know you never pay money without one."

"Never!" said Henry, as he handed him the money.

The waiter handed the bill; the gentleman of the two hundred pounds, and who confessed to being hard-up, was to pay, and was about doing so, or at least pretended to be, but Henry insisted on paying the bill; they all protested against such a proceeding, and were quite indignant *by the way*, but Henry was always wayward and boisterous, and for *peace sake* they had to submit to his "unreasonable" interference. Before they broke up they made their arrangements for the races; for Henry could not resist, he was in that state of intoxication that he would do any thing they asked; in fact, he became so helpless that they found it necessary to call a cab and leave him at his hotel. This act of kindness was performed not from any good-natured motive, but because they could not do without him at the races, he being known as a very rich man; it was their interest to be seen in good company, therefore they took care he should be forthcoming the next day, by leaving their helpless victim safely in bed in his hotel. The next morning he was sick, and was not up when his companions called; they insisted on his rising, he had a bottle of soda-water, and a glass of brandy in the bed, he then took a bath and dressed; after that, they all joined him at breakfast, *merely to please him*. They declared he was becoming a perfect tyrant; indeed, lately he assumed that character, he had lost nearly all traces of his former self. He was once a fine, intellectual, generous, noble fellow (in the most literal meaning of the words), but now, by habitual intercourse with low, bad men, or in other words drunken swindlers, how degraded, how altered he had become! It flattered him to be considered the lion or the bully of the party; indeed, he was degenerating sadly, there was scarcely any trace of the former man left. When breakfast was over, they were hurrying him off, but he replied—

"Oh, by Jove! I cannot go until I first write a few



lines to the missus. I have not written since I came; she will certainly think I have been swallowed by a shark coming over—and she might think so truly, but they were land-sharks that followed him. It would not suit their purpose now to put him out of temper, by taunting him about being “henpecked;” hence they let the little attention to his poor wife pass unnoticed, and he sat down and wrote a hypocritical letter, pleading business as the cause of his apparent negligence, and begging her to make herself as comfortable as she could for his sake.

"No, he had no one with him ; but a gentleman who had been in search of him was attracted by the uproar, and was very much frightened to see him in such a state. He, however, had great presence of mind, and sent for a doctor ; he is a fine young fellow. He was writhing in a fit of apoplexy when the physician arrived : his friend seemed greatly interested about him. I went down to inquire for the poor young man, and had a long conversation with his friend. He appeared very much distressed about breaking the intelligence to his wife. They are Irish people, and must live somewhere near this. I offered to call on the lady, and break it to her as gently as possible. Mr. Jenkins, that is the gentleman's name, gave me a letter to her. She is a Mrs."——

They were all paralyzed by a loud scream from Madeleine, who had been watching her mother, who had been listening attentively and struggling to suppress her feelings, but who had sunk back, while blood oozed from her mouth and nose. The poor child became frantic when she saw the blood. She was sure her mother was dead. Every one tried to render assistance, but none knew the cause of her sudden illness. But Mr. Harper, who, the moment he heard Mr. Jenkins's name, and saw the letter address to Mrs. Fitzroy, knew that poor Henry was the victim of his own folly. While Mrs. Herrick and Mrs. Jones were trying to restore Marian, Mr. Harper explained all to Mr. Jones and Mr. Herrick. They were all greatly alarmed, as the blood continued to come freely.

"Keep her sitting up," said Mr. Herrick ; "if she lies down the blood may suffocate her."

Mr. Harper rang the bell, and told the servants to go in haste for the nearest doctor. Madeleine was inconsolable. She kept next her mother, wiping away the blood, and calling——

"Mamma, darling mamma ! speak to me ; and open your eyes !"

The poor thing began to revive, and was recovering when the doctor arrived. He desired her to keep very quiet ; he also recommended her to be taken home, but

Mr. Harper would not allow her to be removed, but insisted that she should remain, and that his sister would take care of her. But poor Marian was unused to indulge herself in care of that kind; her husband's irregular way of living for the last three or four years, had called forth all her energies and self-denial. She had learned to "feel a pang, and wear a smile;" and yet she was never heard to blame him. We cannot say, "even in thought," as it is impossible even to imagine what train of thoughts will pass through the mind and heart of a proud, high-minded wife, who has given her heart's first and best affections to the husband of her choice, while she sits heart-broken, neglected, and lonely, counting the weary *small hours*; waiting for *him* who, regardless of himself, wife, or child, is indulging in the false pleasures that has laid all his better feelings dormant, and from which he will awake a ruined beggar; and then, when he is deserted by his former associates and the world, he flies to that gentle, neglected wife, and expects consolation, and, strange to say, receives it! But, oh! how mistaken is the selfish man who will say—"Oh! she is an angel; she is the most forgiving, affectionate creature in the world! She forgets every thing the moment she sees me." But, alas! in his hurry to fly away even from his own feelings, he never pauses to look into the neglected, waste domain of her heart, where every entrance is choked with weeds and thorns. If he did, he would not find the entrance so easy as he thinks, and as it was of yore, when it was a green sunny spot open to receive him, and only him. Let him not deceive himself by thinking those sharp, bitter thorns (placed there by himself) can be removed thus suddenly. Alas! the sun has set on that once bright, warm heart; it can never be thoroughly warmed again; and, if it is, it is only an artificial warmth.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

'Twere vain to paint to what his feelings grew,  
It even were doubtful if their victim knew ;  
There is a war, a chaos of the mind,  
When all its elements convulsed—combined,  
Lie dark and jarring with perturbed force,  
And gnashing with impenitent remorse ;  
That juggling fiend—who never spake before,  
But cries—" I warned thee ! " when the deed is o'er.

BYRON.

AFTER four weeks of severe illness, that was very near proving fatal, Henry Fitzroy returned to his home in care of Mr. Jenkins, who was indeed a faithful friend. His affairs had become so deranged that he had to make an assignment of all his property to his creditors, who were to allow him a dividend. They were now without a home, and were obliged to have furnished lodgings. It was a sad, sudden change to his poor wife and child, to be thus launched from easy independence and luxury into absolute poverty ; for *now* they were entirely dependent on Henry's care and support. For some time he was very helpless, and his temper exceedingly violent. There never was the slightest allusion made by his wife to the dishonourable way he acted in making away with her valuable ornaments ; the doctor strictly forbade any reference to the matter whatever, as he feared that excitement might destroy reason. He was not allowed to touch any exciting drink, but to be kept as quiet as possible, his health being very much impaired both in mind and body. The poor, heart-broken Marian, whose health was indeed shattered by recent sorrows, had to attend him night and day through all this excitement and occasional delirium, and, by her quiet, careful nursing, very soon had the satisfaction of seeing him restored to health again. He now promised to lead a new life, and by care and industry to build himself a fortune. He would often say to his wife—" I know I shall make money in the retail trade. We shall have a small house,

and I shall manage it myself. The only drawback I have is, that you do not understand the trade."

"But I can learn," she would say; "and I am willing to do any thing and every thing to help you."

"But you will be ashamed of your grand friends to be at business," he would say; "that is the way with women in this country."

"We shall see," said Marian.

Thus he went on, and continued very abstemious for some time; but as the time drew near of his getting the five hundred pounds promised to him by his creditors, he broke out again as bad as ever, excepting that he had very little money to spend, and few would trust him. Night after night his wife would wait up for him, and dread his coming; for now he had become such a tyrant, and so degraded by habitual drunkenness, that she dare not retire to rest before he came in, nor complain, nor ask him why he remained out. He had become so perfectly savage and selfish, that sometimes he would have his daughter disturbed out of her sleep, and have her dress herself, and make her sit perhaps for an hour playing the piano for him, until he would fall asleep in his drunkenness; while his poor wife would shed bitter tears, but dare not say a word in remonstrance, for fear of causing an outbreak that would disturb the people of the house, who were complaining very much already. Night after night passed in the same way, and Marian was not a little puzzled to find out how and where he got the means to procure the drink. She feared he had recourse to the gambling-table again. As for herself and her daughter, they were often without their dinner, or the means of procuring it. One day she was in very great distress, and she was looking through her papers; she opened a letter, it contained a twenty-pound note; she looked at it long, while the tears ran streaming down her pale cheeks. There was her child hungry, and here she had the means of procuring food, but her mother's dying words would come hissing in her ears—"You must never use it." This, indeed, was a test of obedience and maternal love, but she had learned for-

bearance and self-denial, and this she looked on as a trifle, though her fond heart ached to hear her child ask — “Mamma, dear, why will you not buy dinner? There is a great deal of money in twenty pounds; really my head aches with the hunger.”

“My darling, I dare not use this money; and, lest you should blame your mother, sit down, and you shall hear the sad history of that money. But you must never speak of it to your father.”

She then related to her child all her early sorrows. That child had become prematurely a woman, and was her mother's only companion and confidant.

“Dear mamma, put it away; it would be very wrong to use it,” said Madeleine.

“God bless you, my child! I thought you *would* approve of your poor mother's conduct when you heard the particulars.”

She collected some articles of jewellery, and she and her daughter repaired to a jeweller with whom she had been in the habit of dealing, and who knew of her recent distress. She asked him to purchase the ornaments, saying she wanted money, or she would not think of parting with them.

“What do you ask for them?” said he.

“Whatever they are value for,” she replied; “I want the money.”

“I would not give more than ten or fifteen pounds for the lot; they would not be worth more to me, as I will have to sell them again.”

“Very well,” said Marian; “I will take fifteen pounds, though I know they are worth a great deal more.”

“Ah, yes! to you they are,” said the clever shopkeeper, who took possession of the ornaments, and paid down the money.

When they left the shop, she said — “Now, my darling, you shall have your dinner; this little sum, carefully laid out, will last us for some time, and keep us from want.”

At length the long-looked for time arrived for being paid the five hundred pounds. Henry now tried to keep him-

self steady, as he was about to meet his creditors. He had already taken a house in a leading street, and was making all the necessary alterations. He was to go to London in a few days, but this time Mr. Jenkins would go with him. At first Henry objected, but at length consented, when Mr. Jenkins said he would go at his own expense. Of late, Henry had become very mean; his poor wife had secretly begged Mr. Jenkins to go with him and mind him, lest the small sum that was *now their all* might go the same road the twenty thousand pounds, the price of her diamonds, went. She no longer had confidence in her husband; she handed Mr. Jenkins ten pounds out of her little store to defray his expenses, which he took.

"It is a great pity to give away all our money, mamma," said Madeleine (when Jenkins was gone).

"'Tis a pity, my love, but 'tis better to lose that than lose all; besides, Minnie and Mr. Harper will be home to-morrow, and they will lend me any thing I may require."

"I am glad Minnie is to be home, then we shall not be so lonely," said Madeleine.

Henry was in high spirits, and was now all fuss and hurry, preparing for his journey; he was still only half satisfied to allow Mr. Jenkins to go with him.

"I cannot think," he said to Marian, "what makes that old fellow so determined to come with me, and at his own expense, too."

"I don't know, I am sure," said Marian; "unless that he is fond of you, and likes your company."

This was a weak point with Henry; he liked to think, and for others to think too, that he was a great favourite; she knew this, and thought it the best way to reconcile him to Jenkins's company. The idea of so much disinterested friendship flattered him, and he said—"You are right, Marian, the poor fellow is fond of me, and, after all, he will be very useful to me; and one can't well cast off such a faithful friend—and he is faithful; for I have done my best to insult him, but, egad! the more I insulted him the more he stuck to me—it's very strange!"

## CHAPTER XLIV.

Oh, my love!  
Cast thy heart's gold into the furnace flame,  
And if it come not thence refined and pure,  
I'll be a bankrupt to thy hope; and Heaven  
Shall shut its gate on me.

ANON.

MR. AND MRS. HARPER, whose marriage had been celebrated privately for certain family reasons, have just returned from Killarney, where they spent the first week of their marriage; they also spent a few days at Derrynane, on special invitation from its hospitable owner, the high-souled and "immortal Daniel O'Connell," whose memory should be dear to every Irish heart, and the favour of whose warm friendship was highly valued by Mr. Harper and his fair bride. Minnie had become a new creature: it is wonderful how much the influence of a wise, good husband can do, in forming the future character of his wife, if he be a man of superior mind and talent; she looks up to him like a child, and takes a decided tone from him. Thus it was with the volatile Minnie; companionship with a man like Mr. Harper could not fail to work a great change in her, who looked on him as a being superior to all others, and who felt herself his debtor—immeasurably his debtor. She was determined to show her husband and the world she was not ungrateful or unworthy of the prize she had won. She constantly thought of Marian's many kind lectures, and adopted them, while she secretly blessed her for her many timely reproofs, given with so much disinterested friendship, regardless whether they were pleasing or displeasing. She was deeply grieved to hear of all Marian went through since last she saw her; her first visit, when she returned, was to her old and valued friend. She was greatly shocked to see the dreadful change sorrow had made, even in two months; their meeting was a



strange mixture of joy and pain ; they laughed and wept alternately.

"You see, dearest Marian, I have not waited for you to visit me first ; having heard of your sorrows, I hastened to give you all the comfort I can."

"I feel your good-nature very much, indeed, Minnie, and have to congratulate you on the great improvement in your appearance and manners."

"Oh, my dear !" said Minnie laughing ; "I told you often, as the parson's wife I would be very good."

"What about the parson's wife ?" said Mr. Harper, who just came in on the word.

"That she is a most delightful creature," said Minnie.

"So the poor parson thinks," said her husband, shaking her tiny little hand affectionately.

The pious man was very much pained at the recital of Marian's trials, all having come so quickly as though they were treading on each other's heels.

"It is ever thus, my dear child," said he ; "one sorrow never comes alone. Almighty God in his wisdom sends those trials as messengers, to remind us that a better life awaits us, and we should all receive those blessed messengers cheerfully, and meekly bow with the conviction, that grief is sent us for our good."

"My dear Mr. Harper," said Marian, "I could bear every trial attendant on poverty, if Henry was not changed ; but to see him so reckless of self, wife, and child, going on taking that horrid drink, that has destroyed his reason, his affections, in fact, every trace of his former self ; this it is that is eating me up—this it is that is killing me ; and, believe me, I could embrace death willingly, but for leaving this poor child after me, a prey to poverty, sorrow, and neglect, knowing, as I do, that there is nothing for her unfortunate father (if he continues to live as he has done for the last three months) but a lunatic asylum ; indeed, I often fear I will be an inmate of one myself."

"But, my dear friend, you must look to the bright side of things," said Mr. Harper (who inwardly felt how hard it was to do so under such trying circumstances) ;

of course your situation in life will not be as easy as it was, but you may find more happiness in your humble situation than you did when you were surrounded by ease and luxury. I know it will be hard on you, reared as you have been, to stand in a shop and meet the public, but then it is a wife's duty to help her husband in all his necessities; because," he added, looking archly at his wife, "she promised at the altar to take him for better for worse, therefore she should be prepared to rough it if circumstances should change, or clouds burst over him. Here it is that women shine most—men could never bear up against great trials, whether caused by themselves or otherwise, if it were not for the soothing influence of woman's patience and unchanging love. Come, now, cheer up; and I'll stake my life on't Henry will be a better man now that he must work, and he will work cheerfully, having you at his side to help him."

"I hope so," said Marian; "I'll work willingly as long as God spares me; but," she said, shaking her head sadly as she looked on her daughter, "I fear that will not be very long."

"Don't you know what you used to say to me?" said Minnie; "'this all comes from depression of spirits,' and we must have no more of it. You must come and have a drive with us before dinner, and of course you will dine with us now; you have no excuse, nor will we take one. Come, Madeleine, take your mamma off and get dressed; the air will serve you both, it is such a charming day."

When they went to dress, Minnie said, "Poor Marian, after all your brilliant prospects I little thought to see you thus; it must be a dreadful thing to have a bad husband!" and she threw her arms round her husband's neck, saying, as she wept, with mingled joy and grief, "My own darling, I never loved you so much as I do at this moment; this will be a useful lesson to me: it teaches me how invaluable you are."

"God bless you, my love! but you must not distress yourself so much," said he; "it is not good for one's health, and you must take care of your health now, for my sake; it would never do to give me another chance."

"Oh! do not talk like that; I do not like it," said his wife; "but, tell me, what kept you so long? were the spoons not crested?"

"Yes, dear, they are all right. I was talking to Mr. Thomson, the young man in the shop; he was telling me about some of Henry's doings, and of the poverty poor Marian is reduced to; only fancy, she sold several ornaments of great value, for fifteen pounds, not more than a week ago. Mr. Thomson says they are worth three times the amount; he told me it went to his heart to see them sacrificed (knowing her distress), but it was the old gentleman who bought them, and he dare not say a word."

"Poor Marian!" said Minnie.

"I'll tell you, love," said her husband, "what I was thinking of; Marian has been very kind to us both, and if we bought them back, and presented them to her, they would be a pleasing gift."

"Oh, delightful!" said Minnie; "but I'll tell you what will be better still: Madeleine's birthday occurs some day in this month, and, if they were presented as a birthday gift to her, wouldn't that be nice!"

"It shall be as you wish, dear," said her husband; "I will buy them, and you shall present them when and how you please; but I think it will be a compliment she will appreciate."

Marian now came in quite ready for the drive, and they drove off, and looked happy. In the course of the evening, Minnie asked—"What age is Madeleine?"

"She is twelve years old to-day," said Marian; "this is her birthday, but I did not remind her of it, as I could not celebrate it in any way. I had hoped her father would have taken some notice of it," she said in an under tone, "but he did not even send a line."

"I did not forget it, then, mamma," said Madeleine.

Mr. and Mrs. Harper exchanged looks; and, after a little time, Mr. Harper asked them to excuse him, but that he was obliged to go out on urgent business for about an hour; Minnie will take care of you while I am away. Marian begged him not to make any apology,

but do just as he liked. Minnie was in ecstasy. She always delighted to surprise people.

"How truly blessed you are!" said Marian, as they sat together; "believe me, when I tell you there are few such men as your husband."

"He is so good, so kind, I am afraid he will spoil me," said Minnie; "he is so indulgent, and considerate; in fact, he anticipates my every want and wish."

While they were talking, Madeleine, who was sitting at the window, cried out, "Here comes Mr. Harper on a car." Minnie, who never had a great stock of patience, could not restrain herself, but ran down to meet him.

"Did you get them, love," she asked before he had well entered the hall.

"What an impatient little thing you are!" he replied as he handed her the case.

"I was only afraid that, perhaps, he would not give them to you as they are so valuable!" said she, as she pocketed the prize.

He was greatly amused at the earnestness with which she entered into the scheme.

"Well, how did you get on without me?" said he to Marian, as he took a seat beside her.

"Very badly, indeed," said his wife; "you said you would only be an hour away, and it looks three hours to me."

"Not so fast, little saucebox," said he, drawing out his watch. "I was not an hour away; it wants ten minutes of the time yet."

"Well, it looked more to *me*," she said, nodding her little head to him. The things were burning her; she could not keep quiet. "And so you got no birthday gift?" she said to Madeleine.

"No, indeed!" said the poor child; "I was forgotten this time."

"Not quite forgotten," said Minnie; "there is a nice gift, with Mr. Harper's and my best love; we hope you will like them."

Madeleine kissed and thanked her before she opened the case.

## CHAPTER XLV.

The love of youth, the hope of better years,  
The source of softest wishes, tenderest fears.

BROWN.

WHEN Henry Fitzroy found himself once more at the head of an establishment, though small, and in possession of a certain sum unfettered by debt, he knew he must now try and husband that sum, so as to provide for his family, and meet his creditors punctually. He could easily judge, from the reproofs and advice he received from each, when he waited on them to have his accounts opened, that if he stumbled again, or if it came to their ears that he ever again indulged in his gambling propensity, there would be very little commiseration for him, and he need not expect any mercy at their hands. What had been done was not in consideration of him, but of his wife and child; he was now bound up and straitened on every side; he assumed a character and must support it; and he tried to do so with a cunning peculiar to persons who are insane on any particular point. When he dined out, or mixed with commercial men, he drank nothing but water; but at home, when no stranger was present, he indulged freely in wine. This, however, the doctor told Marian would be more useful than otherwise, for two reasons: first, it was nutritious; and, secondly, that it would be injurious to a constitution so accustomed to stimulants to leave off drinking altogether. All went on very well for the first and second year; he was doing a flourishing trade in a small way, and Marian was most useful to him; she entered into every thing as though she had been brought up to it, and became an immense favourite with the customers and the public generally. Her extreme youth and beauty, softened down and tempered by

sorrow, rendered her an object of attraction and sympathy to all who knew her. She trained her daughter to business, though at first she feared her health would sink under the fatigue; but still the poor girl persevered sooner than be separated from her mother, to whom she now clung with additional fondness: in proportion as her father became selfish and unkind to herself and her mother, the affections of both mother and child became stronger. Henry was jealous of his daughter's affections to selfishness; he could not bear to see her show the slightest preference for her mother, and this in itself was most unreasonable, inasmuch as lately he became so tyrannical. He was an object of terror and disgust to every one in his house, but more particularly to his child, who trembled at the very sound of his voice: to a naturally frank, honest nature like hers, it was a great trial to be obliged to assume an amount of affection for her father which she did not feel, and which he did not merit; yet he exacted it, and she must compel her heart to yield a treasure which was nearly extinct, and destroyed by him who now demanded it. Still it must be done, be it sincere or insincere; there were times, too, when he would consider it a fault to see his wife and daughter chatting confidentially together; but Marian bowed patiently to every restriction, and counselled her child to try and please him, in order to keep him at home. He was passionately fond of music, and Marian hired a piano, and would sing and play all his favourite airs; things that used to charm him so much, and did still for the time being. Madeleine played and sang delightfully too, and he was proud of her, as well he might; but he soon tired of those little refinements, and at length grumbled about the expense of the piano, which was eventually sent away—a circumstance which pained Marian very much, as their little musical entertainments relieved the *ennui* of her own and her daughter's life. But she passively submitted to all he proposed, while her health was gradually giving way. He now began to feel the

restraint he put on himself irksome, and did not see the necessity of continuing it, as he was becoming a little more independent. He began by little and little to drink whisky-punch, until he came to drink the raw whisky; the latter he cunningly concealed from the world for a long time, though it was a common practice to oblige his delicate wife to rise from her bed at four o'clock in the morning, to bring him half a glass of raw whisky, always *pretending* he required it medicinally, as of late *he had constant pains in his stomach*; this of course being nothing more than an excuse to overrule her scruples. It was a sad sight to witness that young, handsome, and learned man reduced to such a state of degradation—man who has been sent forth from the hands of the “great Artist” as being the most perfect, the most beautiful of his works, and for whom all other created things were made to minister to his comforts and his pleasures. Man, who has been endowed with reasoning faculties, and an immortal soul, which raises him so near the dignity of the Godhead, to be thus reduced far below the level of the brute! grovelling with that one destructive, gross passion—drunkenness; for the indulgence of which he is ready to sacrifice wife, child, home, and happiness. He at length became perfectly reckless, and careless of home or business; the responsibility of which he left entirely on his wife. He would be absent for whole days, and come home at night like a demon, finding fault with every one and every thing. On other occasions he would come home in such a helpless state of intoxication as to be unable to assist himself to bed; then would come two or three days’ illness, accompanied with an imperative demand on his wife’s whole time and attendance, leaving the business to get on as best it might. On such occasions he would become extremely pious, and always attack Marian on the subject of religion. He would sit for hours with the sacred volume before him, trying to convince his wife of the error of her way; and sternly prohibiting her interfering with his

daughter's religious principles. He would look to them himself, and yet he had long since insulted and banished from the house the only Protestant friends his wife and child had; namely, Mr. and Mrs. Harper, who were good, kind friends indeed. Mr. Harper would not suffer his wife to subject herself to further insult, but braved every thing himself, and called frequently to sit an hour and comfort Marian, but never dared by word or deed to interfere with her own or her daughter's principles, which were strictly Roman Catholic. Sometimes Henry would call on him to decide which way his daughter should go.

His answer was generally to the following effect—"My dear friend, it is now too late; you have neglected this important point too long. Your daughter is now come to an age to judge for herself; she is approaching womanhood, and must be left free to exercise her own feelings on that all-important matter."

To which Henry would scornfully reply—"You are a disgrace, sir, to your calling, and to the church you belong to. In heart, sir, you are a Papist; I cannot recognise you as a friend of mine."

One evening, after quarrelling with Mr. Harper, who had just left him, Madeleine brought a letter to her father. "The man is waiting for an answer; he has been here three or four times to-day."

He read the letter, and changed colour quickly—"Did your mother see him?"

"Yes, papa—she saw him this morning, but not this time."

"Go and tell her to pay this man. I owe twenty pounds, and he has been sent for it."

"Mamma is very ill; she had to go to bed, and I cannot disturb her. Besides, I know she has not got so much money."

"How dare you refuse to do what I desire you?"

"I am very sorry to refuse you any thing, papa; but it is very unkind to fret or annoy mamma, and she sick."



"Leave me," he said, "and send Mr. Jenkins to me."

When she left the room, he exclaimed—"Pon my word, but that lady is coming out! Ha! Jenkins, how are you? Is it possible that there is not twenty pounds in the house?"

"Quite possible, sir; we have not taken twenty shillings the last three days. Business is very bad."

"This is too bad!" he replied; "I forgot all about it."

He went up to his wife, whom he found very ill; she had been complaining for nearly a week, but tried to baffle it. Madeleine was sitting on the side of the bed weeping bitterly. He was frightened to see Marian so ill; his heart smote him as he looked on the pale wreck of youth and beauty before him. "I did not know you were ill, my love," he said, kindly; "why did you not send for me?"

"I am better alone," she coldly replied. "Henry," she continued, "will the grace of God ever touch your heart? or will you never give up the society of those heartless ruffians, who are bent on ruining you, and breaking my heart? but," said she, "'twill soon be over."

"You should not have come to your mother when you knew she was so ill," said he, addressing his daughter.

"Madeleine has told me nothing," said his wife; "I knew more than she could tell me. A letter came here for you the day before yesterday; I knew who it was from (I saw him walk up and down the street watching you); I opened it, and answered it, and for once I defeated him. There is his letter; I hope he will show you mine."

"Marian, you have acted very wrong," said Henry, while he restrained his anger with difficulty; "this accounts for the letter I have just received. You see by your imprudence you have brought me into trouble."

"Oh, no!" said she, "I have kept you out of trouble."

"Not at all!" said he, impatiently. "I owe the fellow twenty pounds; he insists on getting it, and his servant will not leave the house without it. All this comes from your interference."

"His servant?" said Marian, scornfully. "A respectable attendant, truly! but may easily be better than his employer. His servant, as you call him, has given me no small annoyance for the last three days, standing about the door watching every one that went in and out, of course expecting to see you, and who is no other than the dirty, red-faced, drunken fellow that holds horses at the hotel door."

"What cash is there in the house?" said he, not noticing her last remark.

"One pound in silver, and one pound in gold," replied his wife.

"What am I to do?" he said vehemently, as he walked about the room; "you have ruined me!"

"Oh, no!" said his wife; "it is not likely he would have made you a present of the debt. However, you shall never have to say your wife brought you into trouble. Go for my writing-desk, darling," said she to her child.

Madeleine did as she desired. She opened it and took from it a letter, and handed it to her husband.

"Take this," she said; "it was sent to me in an hour of deep affliction many years ago, when one parent was lying dead, and the other dying. My dear mother seemed very much pained by it, and told me I must never appropriate it to my use; nor have I, though, since I became your wife, I have suffered cold and hunger. Yes! do not start; I and my child have looked at the contents of that letter, and we both suffering from cold and hunger, and would not touch it."

He had opened the letter, and it dropped from his hands. He buried his face in his handkerchief, and sobbed convulsively; his great frame shook with emotion. Those three little words, written by himself so many years ago, when his heart was pure and good, disabled him more than blows could have done.

"You never loved me, Marian!" said he, as he rushed from the room, leaving the letter and money where it fell.

"Take that money down to Mr. Jenkins, and say I

desired him to pay the man—and get a receipt,” said Marian to her daughter.

As Madeleine was going down, she met her father with his hat on.

“Where are you going, child?” he inquired, in a hoarse voice.

“Mamma sent me with this money to Mr. Jenkins to pay the man, and get a receipt.”

“I’ll pay him myself,” said he.

“Don’t go out, papa,” said his daughter; “I don’t think we will have mamma very long.”

“Nonsense, child! it is only a cold she has got; and I will be back very soon. You should stay with your mother.”

## CHAPTER XLVI.

His steps the chamber gain—his eyes behold  
All that his heart believed not, yet foretold ;  
He gazed—how long we gaze, despite of pain ?  
And know, but dare not own we gaze in vain !  
In life itself, she was so still and fair  
That death, with gentler aspect, wither'd there.

BYRON.

HENRY hastened to his companions, and in their company soon forgot his mortifications, his penitence, and his home. They delighted to send him home in a state of intoxication, and availed themselves of every opportunity of doing so. He tried his luck again at billiards, and won all before him. This elated him so much he thought of nothing but the present hour. He invited them to supper ; or, to use his own slang, he said—“ Come, boys, as fortune has been so good to me to-night, I'll stand a supper.”

We leave them to enjoy their boisterous, fiendish mirth, and take our readers to a very different scene. When Madeleine returned to her mother, she found her very ill indeed. The excitement was a great deal too much for her ; she was gasping as if for breath, and could not speak. She tried to answer her child, but utterance was denied her. Madeleine was terrified, and rang the bell violently. She met the servant, saying—

“ I think mamma is dying ! run for the doctor, and tell Mr. Jenkins to come to me.”

The kind old man ran up, greatly excited, for he thought Mrs. Fitzroy only complained of headache ; he never dreamt of danger. He went into the room, and he was surprised to see such a dreadful change. She looked from him to her child.

“ Don't be frightened,” said he, taking her hand, “ the doctor will be here in a few minutes.” She smiled, but no sound escaped her.

"Will you take a car and go for Mr. and Mrs. Harper?" whispered Madeleine. "Beg of them to come to me."

The old man thought it would be a good thing to have some friend with the poor child, and went off. He was not long gone, when Marian stretched her hands and made an impatient effort to rise. Madeleine assisted her; and the moment she sat up, she commenced to throw up quantities of blood. Madeleine had to support her, therefore; being alone, she could not stir to get a basin to receive the blood. The bedclothes were all saturated; it was a sight that might well have unnerved a more experienced nurse than poor Madeleine.

"God bless you, my darling!" said her mother, as she leaned heavily on her arm; "and, thank God, I have got my speech. I wish you could prop me up, dear; I should not like to lie down, if possible."

"Try and lean on me, mamma dear, for a few minutes. Some one will soon be here, or, if you lie down while I go over to the bell"—

"Oh, my love! if you don't keep me up I will be suffocated."

"Mr. and Mrs. Harper were the first to arrive. They were both greatly frightened to see such a quantity of blood. Mr. Harper relieved Madeleine, who was nearly exhausted, and Minnie got pillows and propped the poor sufferer up. The doctor came soon after, and said he would not torment her with medicine, but ordered a spoonful of brandy in a little water, to be given her every fifteen minutes.

"Doctor, tell me sincerely how many hours you think I have to live."

"Oh, my dear!" said Mr. Harper, "you must not talk in that way."

"I am not afraid to die, thank God," said she firmly; "but I should like to have some idea how long I may have to prepare."

"My dear friend," said the doctor, "I will not deceive you, as you ask me in the way you have done. You may be spared twelve hours, but if you get the least excite-

ment, and that the bleeding comes on again, you may go off in five minutes; therefore, I cannot impress the necessity of quiet too much on yourself or friends."

"Then," said Marian, "I should like to see a priest."

"Impossible! you are too weak," said the doctor; "by taking a little rest, you will have more strength to settle your affairs in the morning."

"I shall do as you wish, but I wish to have the clergyman in the house, in case I get worse before morning."

"It would be better," said Mr. Harper; "and I am sure your friend Father Murphy will come. I'll write to him."

The bedclothes were changed, and every thing was still as the grave. She slept a little, while Madeleine sat watching every breath she drew. We scarcely ever saw any thing more perfectly lovely than she looked, as she lay there in the hands of death. The doctor, having heard the particulars of the scene with Henry, desired that he should not be allowed into the room for fear of any new excitement, which would carry her off at once. "I will see him in the morning," he said.

Alas! Henry did not make his appearance until near three o'clock in the morning, and was so powerless that they had to carry him into the parlour, where they had a bed prepared for him, and where he slept until ten o'clock the next day. As the morning dawned Marian became very restless; several times Madeleine had to wipe away the silent tears that coursed their way down her pale face, still she did not complain. No one remained in the room but Madeleine and Mrs. Harper, so that the most perfect quiet was preserved. Mr. Harper and Father Murphy sat in an adjoining room; these two men were not at all on friendly terms—"on the contrary." Nevertheless, the most courteous civilities passed between them. They were both doing a work of mercy, and we trust were actuated by the proper motives, "the pure love of God."

Marian slumbered for nearly an hour, during which time they watched with the most intense anxiety. At

length she awoke, and complained of thirst ; she refused the brandy and water and the wine and water which she had taken alternately all night, and asked for cold water. She kissed her daughter, and inquired if her father had come home.

"Yes, mamma, he is down-stairs," she replied with great tact ; "the doctor desired that you should not be disturbed."

"Yes, my child, I know 'tis better. I wish to be alone for a short time, so you and Mrs. Harper may go and take a little rest. Tell Father Murphy I wish to see him."

They did as she wished, Madeleine staying a few minutes behind to make some arrangements she knew to be necessary. A cold chill passed through her heart as she put a snowy white napkin on a small table beside the bed, and on it placed a pair of wax-lights and a finger glass containing holy water.\* The priest, who had taken his seat at the bedside, beckoned Madeleine to leave the room ; she did so at once. Mrs. Harper had ordered a cup of tea, and it was quite ready when Madeleine joined her ; they were both much fatigued after the night.

"I think you should both lie down for a couple of hours at least," said Mr. Harper.

"Yes," said Madeleine, "you must lie down, Minnie ; but I am not tired, and feel quite fresh, tea is such a refreshing beverage."

Mrs. Harper refused to take rest, and Madeleine said, "Do, dear Minnie ; I may require your kind services sooner than you think, and you will not be able to assist me when I want you, if you do not take rest."

"Go, Minnie," said her husband ; "you know you are not strong, and require care."

At length she consented to go to Madeleine's room, a small one off the room they were sitting in ; Madeleine made her very comfortable, and she soon slept. When the poor girl returned to Mr. Harper, she wept bitterly

\* These arrangements are usually made by Catholics when any friend is about to receive the last sacraments of the church.

and long, for he did not interrupt her for some time, knowing that the tears would relieve her overcharged heart. At length he spoke words of comfort to her, and bade her not weep.

"Ah!" she replied, "it is easy to say 'don't cry,' but it is hard to see my darling mother passing away so suddenly and so quickly; and such a mother! And, instead of my father being here to comfort, to support her, and thereby smooth her passage out of this world, to see him lying a drunken, insensible heap, most disgusting to look upon!"

"But, my child, he is your father, and you are not to judge his actions; he is very unfortunate, I grant you, but it is your duty to pray for him. Believe me, when he awakes to a full sense of his bereavement, he will require all your forbearance and all your prayers."

Father Murphy opened the door, and beckoned Madeleine to come to him; he placed his finger on his lips to impose silence. She lighted the candles, and knelt down while the priest anointed the poor sufferer; then she propped her up, and sat beside her so as to support her up while she received the viaticum, and assisted her to recite the usual prayers in a gentle tone. It was a most affecting scene, and indeed a most imposing one, to see that young and beautiful mother passing away so piously and so resignedly, though all that bound her to life stood before her. She knew that God had called, and she was ready to obey the call cheerfully, and give up her only treasure in life to his divine keeping. She was now left to her own meditations: we trust they were pious and good, for who can dare judge the sincerity of what is passing between the creature and the Creator, while preparing for that awful journey "from life to eternity?" Marian held a large crucifix in her hand, which she pressed to her lips several times, and appeared quite absorbed in prayer; so much so that she did not appear to notice any one, or any thing about her. Madeleine heard the parlour bell ring violently, and heard her father speaking in an angry tone to some one;



she begged Mr. Harper to go down and speak to him, and inform him of the dangerous state her mother was in.

When Mr. Harper went down he met the doctor and the unfortunate Henry, who was still under the influence of drink; he could not stand, his head was reeling, and he trembled like a leaf. He was inclined to be very cross, and only had a confused recollection of what had passed the night before, but was keenly alive to the humiliation of being thus exposed to his friends. He rang the bell; when the servant came, he inquired imperiously—"How dare she send visitors to his bedroom?"

"I did not send visitors to your room, sir."

"Compose yourself, my friend, and prepare yourself to hear an awful fact: your child sent me down to stop the uproar you were making, lest it would disturb her mother, who is in the agonies of death. I am sorry to meet you thus, but I have been in the house all night, and helped to carry you to that bed." He trembled violently, and craved for half a glass of whisky, which Mr. Harper at first refused, saying—"No, Henry, you must keep yourself in a fit state to see your poor wife before she expires."

"I must have it!" he exclaimed; "I'll die if I don't get it!"

The doctor, who had just come down from the invalid, said to Mr. Harper—"It is better to give it to him."

He took the accursed draught, and appeared better; he dressed, and had his breakfast before he went to see his wife; he was surprised to see Father Murphy, and Mr. and Mrs. Harper, sitting down as a matter of course to breakfast. The doctor was invited to join them, and accepted the invitation.

"Where is Madeleine?" asked her father; "she must come to breakfast."

"I am sure she will not leave her mother," said Mr. Harper.

"Oh, nonsense!" said he; "the servant can take her place. Go, and let Miss Madeleine down to breakfast, Mary."

The servant returned.

"She'll not come, sir; and she bid me not to go up again."

Henry started up, but the doctor held him, saying—"Are you mad, sir? I insist on the most perfect quiet being observed in the house; and it is only on certain conditions you can see your wife."

"Why, doctor, what's the matter?"

"Your wife is dying, sir; and that is a very serious matter."

"Egad! it is," said Henry; "but I don't believe it; you are just trying to frighten me. I know I was a bad boy last night, but it won't occur again," he said, and looked exceedingly foolish and disgusting.

Mr. Harper thought of Madeleine, and was glad she was not present; just as breakfast was over, the servant told Mrs. Harper she was wanted.

She returned very soon, and said—"Marian wishes to see you, Henry."

He turned deathly pale; he felt the guilty thing he was.

"Mind," said the doctor, "you cannot be too cautious, as the least excitement will cause a return of the bleeding, and may cause instant death."

"I cannot go alone; come with me, Harper," he said nervously.

He was greatly agitated when he saw his beautiful wife so changed; he was not yet quite sober, and she observed it, she was so accustomed to see him in the same state; he took her hand, and merely pronounced her name.

"God forgive you, Henry!" she replied; "and bring you to repentance. I have one favour to ask, and I hope you will not only grant it, but keep it sacred; it is my last, my dying wish!"

"Any thing, my darling! only name it," said he.

"Well, then, that you be kind to this poor child I leave behind me; would that I could take her with me, but God's will be done! And also, that you will never interfere with her religious principles."

"It shall be as you wish," said he firmly.

"You know, Henry, you have made me promises before, and broke them, but this is the last!" She looked at him, and stretched her hand, which he clasped as he looked on her. "May God forgive you!" she said again, and withdrew her hand.

He was taken from the room, and all was quiet again; the business went on down-stairs as before, and Henry resolved not to go out, but to keep himself respectable before those friends that were about his wife. A great change had come on Marian; her colour changed, her sight got dim, and the cold sweat of death was on her, and her lips became a yellow colour; they moved as if in prayer. She called her daughter as though she was in a distant part of the room, but in reality she was close beside her, and said—"I am here, mamma."

"Darling! I did not know you," she said; my sight is failing me." She was groping for something on the bed.

"Are you looking for any thing, my child?" said Father Murphy.

"The crucifix," she replied; she took it and kissed it; she then called Mr. Harper and Minnie, and shook hands with them. "You have been very kind to me, may God bless you both! I know you will not forget to look after Madeleine." They both promised; she then thanked the priest, and asked him to pray for her. Then she took her child's hand in the cold icy clasp of death, and said—"My darling, I am about to leave you, but God will protect you and provide for you, as he did for me; and if it be his will that your path should be thorny, as mine has been, try and bear it as your poor mother always taught you, patiently; and be good and kind to your father. Where is he? Ah! he is not here," she said, as she looked about her. They sent for him, but he was out. "When I am gone," she said (after she had kissed her child), "write to Sir John and Lady Milton; ask them to forgive my silence, and tell them *all* my sorrows, and say I loved them to the last."

"Whom do you wish to write, mamma?" said Madeleine.

"Father Murphy, of course, no one else knows; he has been the depositary of all my woes. Now, sir," she said to the priest, "will you read the litany for a happy death for me?"

They all knelt down, and joined in that beautiful prayer; she held the crucifix in her hand, and repeated the words distinctly until near the close of the prayer, when her voice died away, and her hands relaxed their hold; a little white froth came from her mouth, slightly tinged with blood, and all was over. Madeleine was taken from the room, and cared for by Mrs. Harper. At seven o'clock Henry returned, as he thought, very early; but alas! too late. When he put his hand on the knocker he started back, and for the first time noticed that the house was shut, and crape on the door: he had been drinking, but the shock sobered him. When the door was opened he asked no questions, but walked up to his wife's room, and stood at the foot of the bed. There he gazed long and painfully; he felt and looked like a criminal, as he looked on the remains of his once beautiful and loving wife, and who was still beautiful even in death. At her side sat a creature like an angel of pity, that reminded him of what her mother was (so fair, so good) eighteen years ago—he wept—he wept!

## CHAPTER XLVII.

Yet sometimes, with remorse, in vain  
I wish she had not loved again;  
She died! I dare not tell thee how,  
But look—'tis written on my brow!

BYRON.

HENRY FITZROY was very much affected by the shock of his wife's death, inasmuch as he was frightened, for as yet he did not feel the great loss he had sustained; and his once pure, good heart was so choked up by vice and selfishness, that his purer and better feelings had lain dormant for years, and *still* slept, but was "disturbed" (without being awakened) by the stings of conscience as he looked on the cold, lifeless form before him. It is awful to look on death! We are chilled by the rigidity and the solemnity of the scene; and, oh! we pity those who vainly look on the remains of those whom they have wronged in word or deed. They may grieve—they may weep; but 'tis all in vain! the injured one hears it not, knows it not. All earthly hope is o'er; the hour of retribution is past, Alas! alas! that we do not act wisely, and do good while we can, and thereby leave no food for that most terrible of all tormentors, "remorse." Henry would have given worlds if he could recall his beautiful but injured wife, that he might atone, by a life of penitence and kindness, for the sorrows that had brought her to an early grave; but 'twas past. He sat down and gazed on the helpless, stricken form of his beautiful child—"her child"—that bud of promise, so fair, so lovely, so like the lost one torn from the stem that supported it, and now drooped and lay withering, a still greater reproach to the destroyer.

"She does not even notice me," thought the wretched man; "I feel she hates me, and has reason to do so; it

is a fearful thing to be despised by one's own child ! Would I could speak to her, it would comfort me ; but I cannot—I dare not ! God forgive me !” he said aloud ; his wife's words were ringing in his ear. He kept himself sober as long as the picture of death was before him ; but no sooner were poor Marian's remains in the earth, than he yearned for some excitement, in the vain hope of stilling the voice of conscience. Madeleine was silent, but kind to him, and Mr. Jenkins begged him to look into his affairs, which were in a very deranged state. There was very little money coming in, and the expenses were heavy ; bills were coming due, and no means to meet them.

“ There must be a crash, I see no means of preventing it,” said the honest old man ; “ and you really must take your affairs into your own hands, I am not willing to have the responsibility.”

But Henry hoped against hope, until the fatal fourth of the month came, and the next month he was made a bankrupt ; his creditors had no mercy on him, and friends he had none, not even to go security for his appearance. His situation was pitiable. There he was, deserted by the world and despised by his friends ; he had no friends now save his beautiful child, who might be seen every morning at ten o'clock entering a certain narrow lane in the immediate vicinity of Thomas Street. Her deep mourning robes lent an additional charm to her graceful form, as she leant on the arm of a Protestant clergyman, who generally attended her to the Marshalsea every morning, and called for her in the evening (namely, Mr. Harper). He dared not go in to see the prisoner, in consequence of having refused to go security for him, but he promised to look after Madeleine, and he kept his promise, though she was forbidden by her father to accept any service from him ; but of course did not feel bound to obey such a command, particularly as she knew Mr. Harper's motive for refusing was a good one—which was to keep him from the further ruin of the gambling-table. She sat with her father all

day, and cooked for him, but he soon became tired of her society ; he would leave her for hours to play ball with some new acquaintances he had made, and with whom he spent any little money he was in possession of. Madeleine suffered many inconveniences during those visits, caused by the insolent curiosity of a number of degraded libertines who were always lounging about the yard ; they had heard of her extreme beauty, and sacrificed every feeling of pity and delicacy to get even a look at her as she passed in and out. But her thick crape veil nearly concealed her face ; and one would think her attention to her father and her sable robes would have secured respect, even from such men. Every morning of late she found her father in bed, and the room filled with the smell of tobacco-smoke and whisky-punch ; she knew *he* had no money, and was at a loss to know how he got the drink. At length she asked an old woman, who used to sweep up the dirty room, if her father had any visitors when she left.

"Oh, dear ! yes, miss ! he does have lots of company every night, but they must all turn out at eleven o'clock. He won a lot of money the night before last, and the gentlemen made him give a party last night ; it is a pity he is so good-natured. There are three gentlemen that come here every evening when you go, that appear to make a regular hand of him ; they are often waiting in the next room for you to go."

"Ah ! he need not be here but for those three men," said the poor girl.

"I heard the gentleman in the next room say they are professed gamblers," said the old woman ; "but, sure, it is nothing to me : they had a row last night about you, miss."

"About me !" said Madeleine, in surprise.

"Yes, miss ; you know they are all mad about you !"

"But they don't know me !"

"Oh, indeed they do, miss !"

"What did they say ?"

"One of the gentlemen that comes to your father was

very drunk, indeed they were all so (excepting a young gentleman that lives next room; he is in for attempting to run away with a ward in chancery); but your father's friend wanted to drink your health. Your father was only able to say, 'No, no—not here;' but the other, who saw he was nearly powerless, said—'Of course we are not good enough to utter the proud beauty's name.' They had the party in the next room, because it is larger than this; it is occupied by two, and they were asked to lend the room, and of course to join them. And my young gentleman, as I call him, said—'Of course you are not; and, if you were a gentleman, you would not mention any lady's name in such a company, and you must not attempt to name the lady in this room.' Mr. Birch said he would, and called on them to fill their glasses, and was just saying, 'Here's to the health of the beautiful Madeleine'—and, before he had time to finish your name, my young gentleman knocked him down. Your father was greatly hurt, and they all fell on Mr. Talbot and treated him very badly. Mr. Talbot says he knew your mother, that he met her in Paris at Sir somebody's—I forget the name; they had dreadful work, and the governor came and turned them all out—it was just the time for visitors to turn out; then your father had more drink by himself, and a smoke. Oh, my dear, it is a bad school for any young man!"

"And you say my father is hurt?"

"Yes, miss, his face is cut; but he has the hair drawn over it, to hide it from you."

"And where is my father now?"

"He is gone in to see Mr. Talbot, who is very ill."

Madeleine had breakfast ready for her father when he returned. He was in his shirt-sleeves and stocking-feet, unshaven, unwashed, and his beautiful hair matted with blood; his face was very pale, he was indeed a horrid picture to look on.

"Good-morrow, Madeleine."

"Good-morning, sir! What has happened to you, father? You look frightful; 'tis plain you have been



drinking all night ; you seem to have forgotten your promise to poor mamma."

He started at the sound of her name as though she stood before him, but made no answer ; he made a very bad breakfast. At length he said—

"I fear you must stop coming here ; it is not a fit place for you, and I can get my meals without you. I expect some persons whom I wish to see to-day, and I do not wish you to be here."

"Father, if they are persons whom you are not ashamed of, there can be no objection to your child's presence ; it can make no difference."

"They are gentlemen on business," he replied ; "and I do not think it a nice place for you to be amongst a lot of men."

"Even though my father be with me?" said Madeleine.

"Yes," said he, imperatively ; "it is no place for you, and you must not stay."

"Well, father, if you insist on it I shall go ; but I hope you do not intend to keep a gambling-table to entertain Mr. Birch, the man that insulted my mother, and the only one in the world she hated."

"Not at all, child ; what would bring Birch here?"

"I don't know, unless to ruin you."

"Have you any money?" he asked.

"No, father ; but I have brought you every thing you want."

When she returned, Mr. Harper (at whose house she was staying) was surprised. "What's wrong, dear?" said he.

She told him all she saw and heard.

"I tell you what it is," said Minnie ; "he just wants to have a meeting of all his bad companions, and, if I were you, I would just surprise them."

"Why, Minnie," said her husband, "you are a great little diplomatist."

"Yes, indeed!" she continued, not noticing her husband's remark, "and he will go with you ; your father will be ashamed of him, and it may cure him."

"I fear he'll kill himself drinking," said Mr. Harper.  
 "If I return, will you come with me?" asked Madeleine.

"Certainly, my child."

They had luncheon, and walked back to the Marshalsea, and entered the room without knocking; there indeed they found the object of their search, with three others. There was a black bottle and four blue cups on the table. Henry was just as she left him in the morning, but Birch was dressed in the extreme of fashion; the other two were prisoners, and presented something the same appearance as Henry. Madeleine was leaning on Mr. Harper, and they walked up to the table. She threw back her veil, and fixed her eyes on her father; Birch, with the coolest effrontery, rose, saying—

"Miss Fitzroy, this is an unexpected pleasure!" at the same time stretching forth his hand.

"How dare you, sir?" she replied. "Begone, sir! leave this room at once," and she pointed to the door.

The other two men, being ashamed at finding themselves in such a state of deformity in the presence of a lady, and struck with her beauty and dignity, left the room unbidden. She had to repeat her command a second time, and in an imperative tone, before Birch would leave; saying, as he left—

"The fool was always under petticoat government, and now the coward is afraid of a chit of a girl only sixteen!"

When the wretch was gone, Madeleine shut the door, sat down, and cried bitterly, while Mr. Harper spoke to her father—

"Alas! Henry, I thought Marian's death would have been the means of reforming you."

"Excuse me, Mr. Harper," said Henry, "I am in no mood to listen to a sermon, nor can I see by what right you intrude on the privacy of my apartment. And as for you," he said, turning to his daughter, "don't dare take such a liberty again!"

"Dear Henry," said the good young man, "I claim the right of friendship to protect you as far as I can;

and my promise to the lost Marian, your late wife, binds me to protect your daughter; hence I am here, and I trust for the future we shall be friends."

"Father," said Madeleine, "you may as well know that, but for Mr. Harper, I would be without a home to shelter me, unless I remained *here* to witness your revolting night-meetings; and *you* would be here as a pauper but for his bounty. And yet you insult him, because, forsooth, he intrudes on you!"

"Never mind such matters; only let us be friends," said Mr. Harper.

"I need not be here had you acted as a friend," said Henry.

"I acted for the best; I thought that villain would never seek you here—but he is determined to ruin you. To-morrow you are to be heard, and your appearance will be very much against you. Have you looked in the glass to-day?"

"No, indeed, I have not."

"Well, do so now, and then you will not wonder at your child's anxiety about you. Go now, like a good fellow, and dress yourself, and Madeleine and I will dine with you; Minnie arranged it, and will send some eatables and drinkables."

"You all seem bent on placing me under obligations that are very painful to me," said Henry; "but, I suppose, I must submit."

"That's a good fellow!" said Mr. Harper, not noticing the rudeness of his remark.

They tried to cheer him, and remained till eleven o'clock, and by that means tired out Mr. Birch. All things were against Henry. His creditors were all down on him; and he found himself a pauper. 'Tis true, he was free from debt; but how was he to support his child and himself? He could not attempt business, for he had neither credit nor money. Mr. Harper asked him to stay at his house until something would turn up. He accepted the invitation; and, after some time, got a very lucrative engagement as traveller for a London house, and Madeleine was employed by the persons that

purchased her father's business. They felt she would be an acquisition to them, being known to all the customers. For so far all things went on well, and they anticipated a complete reformation in Henry; he corresponded regularly with his daughter, which made her very happy, and she gave great satisfaction to her employers, who respected her very much. One day a traveller came in, and was speaking to the lady of the house. "Wasn't that a sad affair about poor Mr. Fitzroy?" he said. "By the way, how is his daughter? how did she take it?"

"Take what?" said the lady, quite bewildered.

"Did you not hear he was found dead in his bed yesterday morning in Belfast? Is it possible the people of the hotel did not write?"

"Not a word," said the lady; "at least not to me; but there is a letter for Miss Fitzroy."

She sent to the desk for it, and sure enough it was from Belfast. The gentleman, Madeleine's employer, came up and joined in the conversation, and his wife told him.

"I am not at all surprised," said he; "the man could not last and drink as he did."

"God help his poor child!" said the lady; "it will be a severe blow to her."

"Where is she?" asked the traveller; "she should be told at once."

"She goes every Saturday night to the Rev. Mr. Harper's to spend the Sunday, and comes home on Monday morning; but Mrs. Harper came on Saturday and asked if we could spare her till Tuesday morning, so, as we are not busy, we gave her the day; but we must send this letter to her."

"It would be better, dear," said her husband, "if you went yourself, and give the letter to Mrs. Harper, and tell her all. If the girl is told suddenly, it may kill her."

The lady, who liked to be intrusted with matters of importance, hastened to Mrs. Harper's house. The carriage was at the door, and she met Madeleine there, looking bright and happy.

"Oh, ma'am, am I wanted home?" said she.

"No, my dear, I only want to see Mrs. and Mr. Harper."

"Walk into the parlour," said Madeleine.

Mr. Harper was there writing, and looked surprised to see Madeleine's mistress.

"You are not going to take her away?" said he—"remember you gave her the day."

"No, sir," she replied; "but I wish to speak to you privately."

"Certainly," said he.

Madeleine retired, and told Minnie, whom she met on the stairs. "I know there is something wrong," she said—"perhaps papa is sick."

"Oh no, dear!" said Minnie.

They both foreboded some coming evil, and sat down without another word. After some time the lady departed, and Mr. Harper came up and said—"Dear child, you must prepare at once to come with me to Belfast."

"Papa is ill?" said Madeleine.

"Yes," said he, "and we have only half an hour to get ready, and be in time for the one o'clock train."

The poor girl ran off, all excitement, to make a few arrangements, and Mr. Harper said to his wife—"I have got through it better than I expected."

"What is wrong, dear?" asked his wife.

"Don't be alarmed, love," said he; "Henry has been found dead in his bed. Yesterday morning the people sent this letter; but it might have lain there till the poor child went back, but that a gentleman came in and told them, and that is what brought Mrs. ——. Indeed, it was very kind of them to take so much interest, inasmuch as Henry acted very badly towards them on two or three occasions."

Madeleine was barely in time to see her father's remains; the coffin had been closed, but the men at her entreaty opened it. She never recovered the shock she received on looking on his remains. She had to be taken from the room. Mr. Harper had been reading an account of the inquest; it was sudden death from apoplexy.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

Into such beauty blown, and spread so fair,  
Though poverty's cold blast and chilly rain  
Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years.

THOMSON'S *Seasons*.

LADY MILTON had written to Marian several times before her death, but by some mischance her letters never reached Marian. Father Murphy had written her dying wish to Sir John and his lady, but as yet had received no answer, though it is nearly a year since he wrote. At length he received a reply, in which Lady Milton informed him they had been travelling, by which means his letter did not reach them. They intended visiting Ireland, and would take Madeleine with them to England. This letter arrived about a week after poor Madeleine had seen her father taken to the grave. The kind woman concluded her letter by saying she longed to fold Marian's child to her bosom, and sincerely hoped she was like her mother. This letter was a great comfort to Madeleine. She was ambitious to have friends who occupied a high place in the world, and she disliked her present position as being painful to her, and unsuited to her taste; besides, she was so often slighted and snubbed by persons who often accepted a seat in her mother's carriage; but now the daughter is a "shop girl," and they cannot recognize her. She felt all this acutely, while her education and manners fitted her for the best society; her beauty, too, exposed her a good deal to many annoyances. At night, crowds would stand at the window to look at her, and numbers of gentlemen would come in and buy quantities of gloves, ties, &c. &c., which were in her department, merely as an excuse to look at her, and talk to her. She never told Mr. Harper, because she knew he would insist on her leaving her situation, a circumstance which would leave her a dependant on them; and, though Minnie was kind and attentive to

her as an occasional visitor, she knew it would be very different if she were a dependant on her bounty. Thus she suffered on for some time ; at length she asked her employer to remove her to another department ; but that would be against his own interest, as she brought him a good trade, therefore he refused. There was an old gentleman who came in very often, so often that he became quite familiar : his age and venerable appearance gave him a licence that a young man could never get ; besides, he always bought something, which secured to him the greatest civility from the proprietors. He would take a chair and wait if Madeleine was engaged, though there were others ready to attend him : the young people all quizzed her, and tormented her about him ; she felt flattered and annoyed, more particularly because she had no one to whom she could open her mind. Father Murphy was gone to Rome, and would not be back for a month or two. We shall describe the gentleman to our readers, by way of introduction. He was a tall, handsome man, with silvery white hair and long beard, beautiful bright black eyes, and the rest of the face decidedly handsome ; in addition to these attractions, he possessed a most insinuating, soft, kind manner, and gave his name as Captain Williams. No wonder the young, artless girl felt flattered, for, though he was grey, he looked by no means old ; there was no secrecy, no concealment ; the lady of the house used to salute him graciously, and often chat with him. Once, while chatting with her as he waited for Madeleine to make up his parcel,—

“May I ask you,” said he, “this young lady’s name ? What first attracted me to the house, was the strong resemblance she bears to a lady I knew and admired in early life. She was very beautiful,” said he, as he fixed his dark eyes on Madeleine, “but the proud beauty slighted me ; and here I am, an old bachelor on her account.”

“This is Miss Fitzroy,” said the lady, “daughter of one of the wealthiest merchants in the trade.”

"Fitzroy!" said he, knitting his brow as if to connect circumstances. "Fitzroy!" he repeated; "may I ask your mother's name before her marriage?" said he, looking at Madeleine.

"Leslie, sir," she replied.

"Ah! 'tis the same," said he; "there could not be such a likeness otherwise. My dear child," he said, taking her hand, "your mother was my most intimate friend, as also your grandfather and grandmother. I knew them all, and was grieved when the news of their death reached me. I was away with my regiment at the time."

"I never heard my mother speak of you," said she.

"Oh, my dear! ladies don't like to talk of their love affairs. Once they are married, it would not be prudent. Good-evening, my dear child, and henceforth I shall claim the privilege of your mother's old friend; and, with your mistress's permission, will come often as your visitor and friend."

"I shall be always happy to receive you as Miss Fitzroy's friend," said the lady.

"Thank you," he replied. "It is wonderful how we cling to old love and old friendships; I fear I shall forget that I am an old man, and that this little girl might be my daughter. But, alas! those grey hairs tell on me."

When he was gone, "My word," said Mrs. —, "but this will be a match! He is old, to be sure; but if he made a handsome settlement on you, what matter?"

"We must not tell Mr. or Mrs. Harper," said Madeleine; "they would be angry, and take me away."

"Very well," said her mistress; "they need not know any thing about it. Besides, I can receive him as my friend and customer, and of course you cannot help people admiring you."

Thus the thoughtless, giddy woman advised the poor, inexperienced girl. She had several reasons for acting so. First, Captain Williams' custom was worth a good deal, as he brought a great many gentlemen to the house; and beside she had a sister, who, by the way, was a most consummate flirt, and very pretty. There



was an opera company in town, and the captain took Madeleine and Miss Wiley every evening to the dress circle, where they were not unfrequently joined by gentlemen-friends of the captain, who, with much gallantry, would say they were attracted by the blaze of beauty that surrounded him. Miss Wiley always came in for such admirers, but the captain carefully guarded Madeleine, so that no one could approach her, or interfere. On the last evening of the engagement, Mr. and Mrs. Harper were going, and invited Madeleine to go with them, but she declined on account of her deep mourning. It is wonderful how much evil is done by the influence of bad example! She was engaged to go with the captain, unaccompanied by Miss Wiley, and had to write an apology explaining the cause, and acknowledging the receipt of a handsome present, which came in the morning, enclosed with his likeness. She praised the likeness in strong terms, and concluded by hoping soon to have the pleasure of seeing him. Next day a splendid carriage drove up to the door, and a very elegant, elderly lady alighted. She asked to see the lady of the house. She and Madeleine were at dinner; but when told the lady had a splendid carriage, she would not allow Madeleine, who offered to go in her stead. Curtsying, she approached the lady.

"Can you show me into a quiet room? I want to speak on business."

"Certainly, madam; walk up to the drawing-room."

When she was seated, she asked if a lady named Miss Fitzroy lived there?

"Yes, ma'am; do you wish to see her?"

"If you please; and will thank you to remain also."

She pulled the bell. It was answered by a lad.

"Tell Miss Leslie she is wanted in the drawing-room."

The lady viewed her hostess with any thing but a favourable eye; nor was she prepared to like Miss Fitzroy better. She expected to see a bold, forward girl, and was not a little surprised when Madeleine, in all her beauty and modest dignity, entered the room.

"This is Miss Fitzroy," said Mrs. —.

"And I am Lady Binton," said her visitor. "I wish to know if you wrote this letter?" handing Madeleine her own letter to the captain.

"Yes, my lady," said she, blushing scarlet.

"Do you know the man?"

"Oh, yes!" said Mrs. —; "he is an old friend of the family."

"Let her answer for herself," said the lady.

"He says he knew my mother, and grandfather, and grandmother," said Madeleine.

"Did you ever hear your mother speak of 'Lord Binton'?"

"Yes, my lady," said she starting.

"Well, then, Captain Williams is 'Lord William Binton,' and my husband. I am sorry to say," she added, "this letter came into my hand by mistake; I thought you were a different person, but see you are young and innocent."

The poor child sunk on a chair, and gave way to tears.

"Where is your mother, my dear?" said the lady kindly.

"My father and mother are both dead," sobbed Madeleine.

"And have you any friend that you can go to, because you are in great danger here if you wish to remain good or virtuous."

"I have friends," said Madeleine; "but I dare not tell them, because I have kept it a secret from them, and they will despise me: I despise myself for knowing the horrid wretch that persecuted my mother!"

"Well, thank God, child, I have saved you!" said the lady; "and let it be a lesson to you never to deceive your friends again. I must say, your mistress has acted very imprudently to allow so young and so desolate a girl out in company with a man she knew so little of."

"But, my lady," said Mrs. —, "who could think an old greyheaded man would frame such lies?"

"Your years should have taught you that there are

men, and women too, old in iniquity as in years; and the disparity in their years and position was enough to put you on your guard."

Madeleine felt hurt at the allusion to her position, and said—"Lady Milton, my mother's friend, has written to my guardian to say she is on her way to Ireland, and will take me back with her."

"As her maid?" demanded the haughty woman.

"No, madam; as her adopted child!" said Madeleine, quite as haughty.

"Hem!" said Lady Binton.

"I have got her letter, madam, and will show it to you."

She opened her desk, which lay on a side table, and handed the letter to her extraordinary visitor, who read it, and said—"Excuse me if I have been rudely incredulous, but the world has so often deceived me that I believe no one. I cannot rest until you leave this: I know my husband would go to hell, if it were possible, to gain his purpose; I know Lady Milton, and will write to her; meantime come with me, and I will leave you in care of those friends you have deceived, and they must make arrangements for removing you out of Dublin. Who are those friends?"

"The Rev. Mr. Harper and his wife."

"Come with me, and your effects can be sent after you."

She saw that Madeleine hesitated.

"I tell you, child, it is the only thing to save you; and, in order to put him off your track, this lady must say you have gone to London on some business: he is sure to follow you, and thus you can escape. Bring any letters or presents, and leave them with Mr. Harper to return."

The poor girl obeyed, and soon found herself seated in the magnificent carriage, whirling away towards Mr. Harper's house. At length they arrived, and Madeleine was justly punished by the mortification. Mr. and Mrs. Harper were very much hurt at the deception of Madeleine, and said—"We expect the woman who nursed her mother in a few days; she has a

daughter married in Wicklow ; if the detestable wretch can be put on the wrong scent, she can easily escape."

"I trust she feels grateful to you, my lady, for what you have done to save her ; I am, at least, and beg to thank you in her father and mother's name."

Lord Binton, as his wife expected, was savage at being defeated, and got the supposed address in London, and started off in the next boat ; he was not a man to be foiled in his purpose. Meantime, John Connor and old Mary his wife arrived, and, without doing the business they came for, carried Madeleine off. She made her own arrangements ; Mrs. Harper did not interfere ; she forgot, or at least pretended to forget, the same man deceived herself. Madeleine was very ill, but would not delay, and took her leave ; and directed them to go to the Enniskerry Hotel, where we met her in the opening chapter. When she reached her journey's end, she was so ill she had to be carried to the house or cabin. The poor people did all in their power for her, but there was no doctor within seven miles of the place, Luggylla being quite an isolated spot, but perfectly beautiful.

When Sir John and Lady Milton arrived, they first called on Mr. Harper, and were shocked to hear that the demon Binton (as her ladyship called him) still lived, and was, as usual, employed in his wicked works : they felt hurt at the way Mr. Harper spoke of the poor child, and more so at their sending her away. Mr. Harper said he did so because he did not wish to come in contact with Lord Binton. Neither he nor Minnie thought that Sir John or his wife knew the reason. They got Madeleine's address, and also the address of Lady Binton, on whom they waited, and thanked her for her timely services to their young friend ; they told her of his daring conduct to her mother, and the discovery of his lawful wife, whom he buried alive, and, being saved, was still alive. Sir John vowed he would seek him, and demand satisfaction.

"He shall not escape," he said, "this time."

## CHAPTER XLIX.

But I! my youth was rash and vain,  
And blood and rage my manhood stain,  
And must I raise the bloody veil,  
That hides my dark and fatal tale?  
I must—I will—pale phantom, cease!  
Leave me one little hour in peace.  
Fix'd is my purpose to atone,  
Far as I may, the evil done,  
And fix'd it rests.

*Rokeby.*

REV. JOHN KING is sitting in his quiet parlour. Our old friend, James O'Brien, is his only companion. Mr. King has a Bible before him, as if he were explaining some passage to his humble but sincere friend, when a knock was heard. Mr. King was prison chaplain; he was sent for to attend a gentleman who had murdered his servant, and was to stand his trial. He had given his name as Captain Williams. Mr. King hastened to obey the call. When he entered the criminal cell, the wretch screamed, and called on the keeper not to let that woman near him. The man was raving mad.

"Ah! *she* is come for vengeance, too; keep her off! keep her off!"

Mr. King approached him, and begged him to compose himself; that he was the minister of God come to speak words of comfort.

"Well, then, if you are, keep those people off that are crowding round me; they will suffocate me before I can tell you all."

"Can you pray?" said Mr. King. "Try, and I will help you."

"Yes, I could pray if they would take their fingers off my throat. Come near me, and I will tell you all. See! see! there is Lizzie!" and he sank down insensible. When he recovered, he had forgotten his horrid vision,

and spoke calmly—"I wish to tell you a great deal," said he; "sit down. I am here to be tried for the murder of my servant; but a trial for *that* would be mockery, as my hands are full of blood, and I am surrounded by my victims: they come to demand justice."

Mr. King thought he was wandering again, and begged him to pray; and that he would yet be saved by relying on the mercy of God.

But he said—"Oh, no! there is no mercy for such as I have been. Have you ever heard your mother was murdered?" Mr. King turned pale; a fearful light dawned on him, which was explained the next minute. "*I am her murderer—come nearer; and your father!*"

The poor young man heard no more, but was carried out by the keeper, who remained in the cell, as the prisoner was violent. The keeper did not hear the words that affected Mr. King so much; but a lawyer who was present, and who was with the prisoner for two or three hours, said that Mr. King should be removed home, and not brought to the prison again, as he had reason to believe he was nearly related to the prisoner. The wretched man continued to howl and curse, and became so violent that they had to fetter his hands and feet, to prevent him doing harm to himself: the lawyer, at his request, had written for his wife, and by that means, and in drawing up his will, his real name transpired. It caused great public excitement, and the London journals were teeming with comments on his misdeeds; for, wherever he went, he left sorrow and desolation. When his wife received the letter, she knew the cause of his murdering the servant was all about the mistake in delivering Madeleine's letter, and his consequent disappointment; beside, the man had become troublesome and tyrannical. Having been his confidant and accomplice all through life, therefore he found him dangerous, and determined to get rid of him. At first the lady refused to attend her detested husband; but then she thought of his property, and changed her mind. Alas! what will not people do for money? When she

arrived, she got a friend to accompany her to the prison; they were conducted to the prisoner's cell. She trembled as she leaned on her friend.

"He is very quiet now, and all right," said the keeper, as he unlocked the door. They looked around the gloomy cell, and saw him whom they sought, lying dead on the ground; he had managed to get hold of his shirt-collar and strangled himself. His fingers still clutched his throat in the rigidity of death, and his features wore the agonies of death, and presented a most horrible spectacle. The lady shuddered and turned away; and coldly remarked—"He deserved his doom."

Mr. King has just recovered from a severe illness; for a long time his life was despaired of. He was attended all through by his old friend, James O'Brien, who now sat chatting with him at the open window. A gentleman was announced whom Mr. King knew well.

"I have come, sir, to inform you, that Lord Binton's will was opened to-day. He has left you sole possessor of all his foreign property, which is considerable."

"I am sorry for it," said Mr. King calmly. "I would beg before I would touch a farthing of it; the crown may dispose of it as it pleases. A curse must follow it," he added; "there is no use pressing the subject—if you do, I shall leave the room. I am determined."

Madeleine is quite recovered, and Sir John and Lady Milton and suite have arrived at Morrison's Hotel, where their youngest son, Captain Milton, and his sister, are awaiting their arrival; the young people embraced and kissed Madeleine, and exclaimed—"How like her mother the darling is!"

"She is not able for much fatigue," said Lady Milton; "besides, she is tired after her journey. You must not tease her with conversation; you will have her in future as a sister: as such I introduce her, and wish you to look on her."

Miss Milton kissed her, and embraced again, and bade her welcome. It was a great change to Madeleine, compared to the boisterous, uncertain life she had been leading since her mother's death; the peaceful quiet and affection that reigned wherever Lady Milton presided, affected every one about her. Under such influence, it is not to be wondered at that Madeleine became a new creature: she viewed things differently, and acted very differently; she ever repented the deception she practised on Mr. and Mrs. Harper, because they were exceedingly kind and attentive to her in the hour of need, and deserved her unlimited confidence; she saw her error in its true colours, and wrote the most penitent letters to her ill-used friends, which were kindly received, and so far all things were right again. Madeleine has been taking lessons in riding, and has become an excellent horse-woman; it afforded her a great deal of pleasure, as she was now able to ride out with Captain Milton and his sister. Madeleine was a very beautiful and spirited girl, and gave a decided preference to young Milton before all others, no matter how they flattered her, or what their rank might be. In return, the young captain idolized her, and paid her all those kind, delicate attentions so agreeable to a nice-minded woman, which she received with the most perfect ease. He never flattered her; still she knew he admired her above all others; she was happy—she loved and was beloved. When they returned to England, they visited Lady Binton “the second;” Madeleine offered her what consolation she could, and warmly thanked her for her kind services. The lady did not pretend to lament her wicked husband, but only wished his death had not been such a public disgrace.

“’Tis well my long lamented lost child has not been spared to share and feel his father's disgrace,” she said; “and now, farewell; we meet no more! I am about to retire from a world that had many sorrows, and few joys, for me.”

We introduce our readers once more to the happy



circle at Milton house; it is now six years since we last met them. Alas! how many changes will come in six years, but in the present instance they are happy changes; the certain reward of virtue, charity, and kind-heartedness, which always directed the lives of the highly-gifted Sir John and Lady Milton. We find them now, in the early autumn of life, surrounded by their children and their grand-children. Madeleine and Captain Milton have been married nearly five years; she has presented her husband with three lovely children; her eldest, a beautiful nut-brown boy, with heavenly brown eyes, and rosy cheeks; the second, a little cherub girl, the *facsimile* of her mother; the third is a fine boy, and is considered the finest of all. It is delightful to see the pride that Sir John and his amiable wife take in the little rosy urchins as they join in their infantine sports; the only wish that Madeleine has left ungratified is, that her dear mother has not been spared to witness and share her happiness. Miss Milton has been married to Colonel Howley, who had wooed and won her during his leave of absence, after earning a name, rank, and fortune for himself, by courage, industry, and general good conduct; they have just returned from their wedding tour, to stay a few months at the old house at home, previous to their departure for India. It would be difficult to paint a more truly happy picture; they have all felt the imperious frown of fortune at some period of their lives, but went boldly on, never turning back until they reached the end of their journey and the summit of their wishes, and have found the silver lining that is in every cloud, from whence capricious fortune gives them her most propitious smile.

THE END.

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